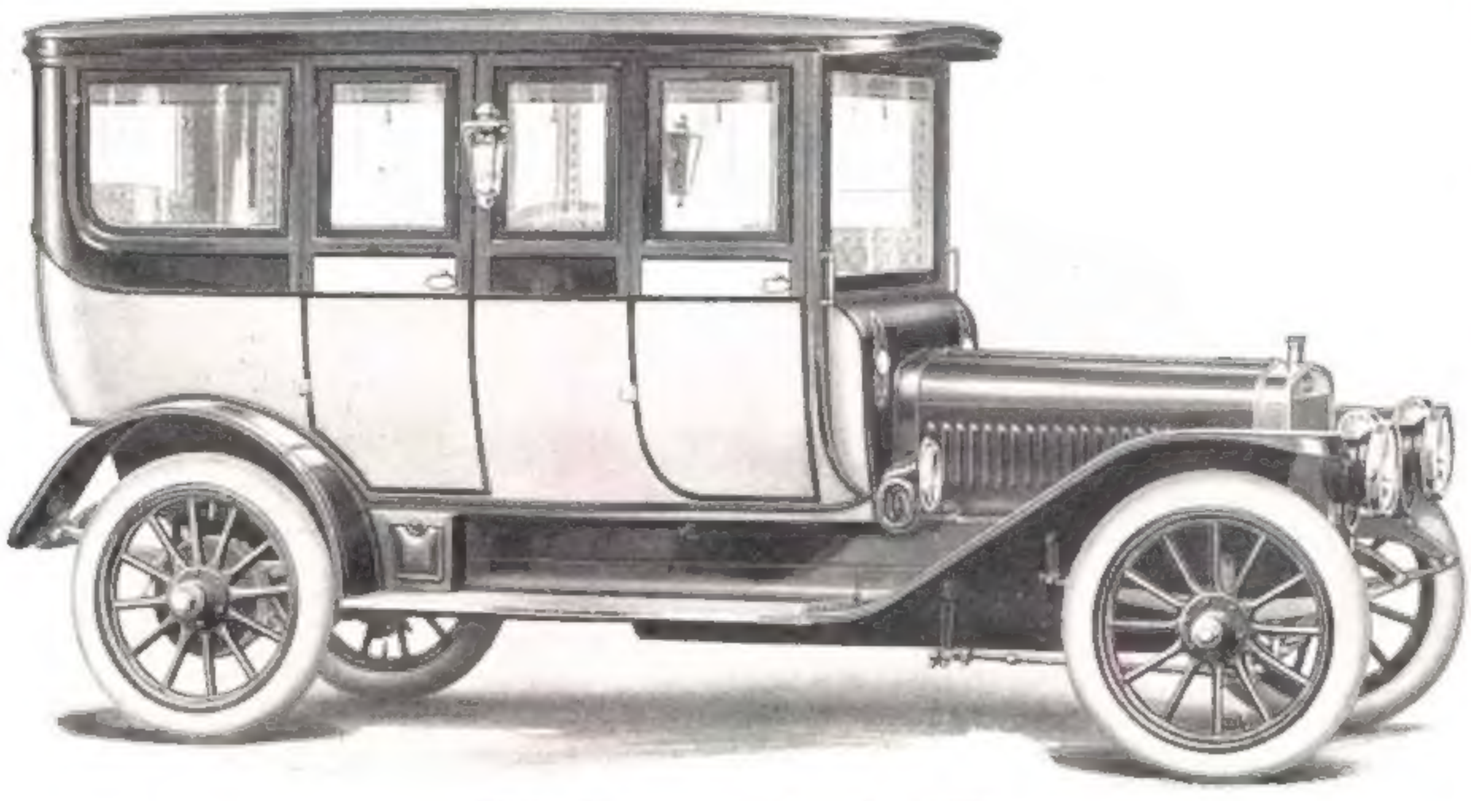
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benj. Franklin

SEPT. 30, 1911 — 5cts. THE COPY

MORE THAN A MILLION AND THREE-QUARTERS CIRCULATION WEEKLY

Closed Car Luxury at Reasonable Cost



Winton Six Four-Door Limousine, $4500

WINTON SIX

WINTON SIX closed cars are superb creations. Luxury is evident throughout.

Down to the smallest detail of finish and equipment, these cars are made to satisfy the most fastidious and exacting buyer.

And especially to win the approval of My Lady.

* * *

Because these bodies are made in our own efficient plant, the cost is not extravagant.

Indeed, we purposely keep the price down, because the Winton Six is a year-around car, and we want to make it possible for all Winton Six owners to enjoy the services of their cars in winter as well as summer—especially on those zipping cold days when an open touring car affords no comfort.

With a limousine or landaulet body, the Winton Six owner can always have at his command a thoroughly comfortable, weather-proof car.

* * *

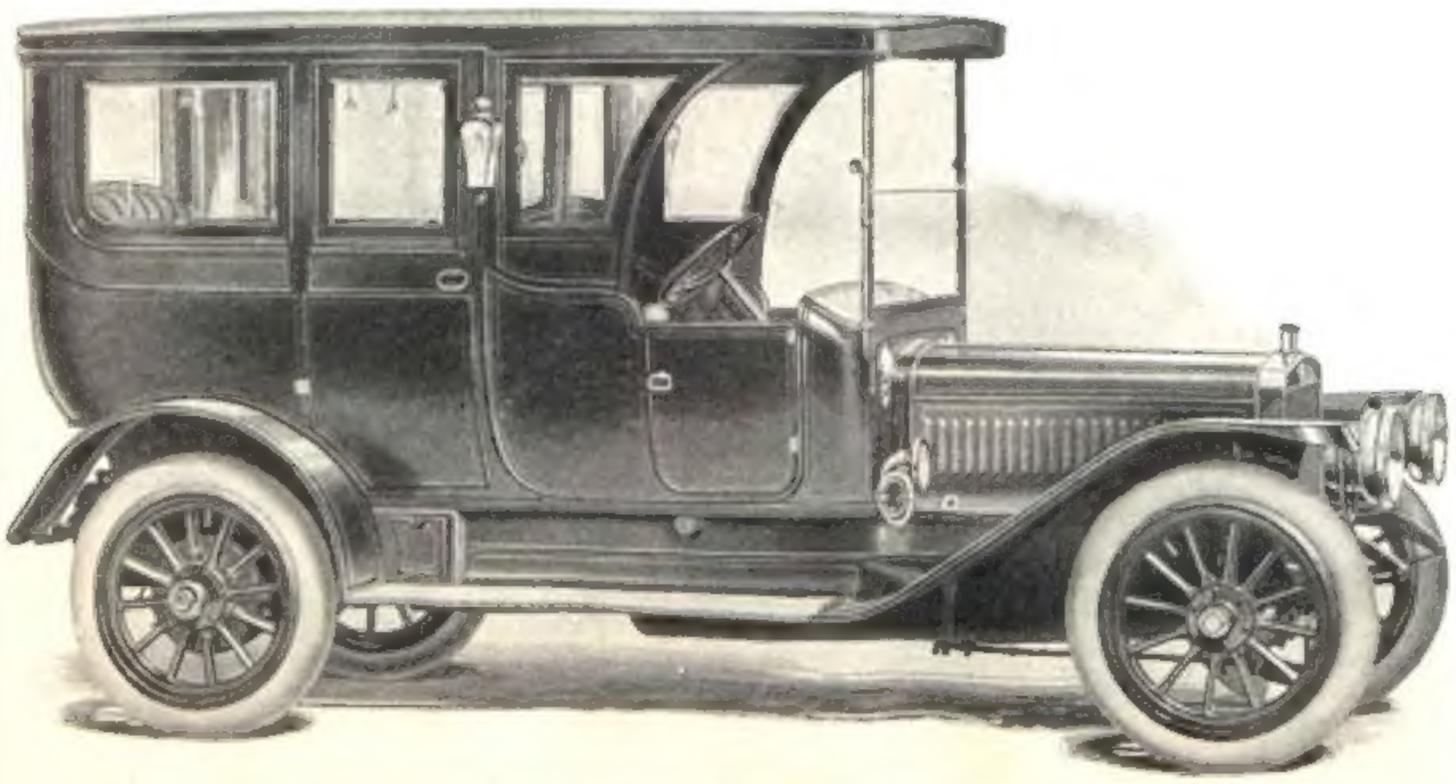
The 48 H. P. Winton Six with genuine *four*-door limousine body or landaulet body (operating levers *inside*) sells at $4500.

The 48 H. P. Winton Six with three-quarter limousine body sells at $4250.

When standard touring car body is ordered at the same time, the cost of this body is $250—a 50 per cent reduction from the regular price of $500.

We are now making deliveries of limousines and landaulets. Write for photographs and specifications, or call at any Winton branch house or dealer's. A comparison of Winton Six limousine or landaulet with other high-grade closed bodies will be worth your while.

The Winton Six is the big success of the year. We have booked more orders than ever before at this season. Catalog upon request.



Winton Six Three-Quarter Limousine, $4250

The Winton Motor Car. Co.

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Winton Branch Houses

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Big Ben

A National Alarm Designed
A°. D°. 1908, *after* Benj. Franklin.

SEPTEMBER 30, 1911 $2.50 THE COPY

They who rise to be Big Men, rise early every morn--Big Ben

AMERICA has had two Big Bens. Big Ben the first said "Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise."

Big Ben the second is helping us keep this injunction. He is relied on by men who follow Franklin's advice to "plow deep while sluggards sleep."

"Better late than never say men—better never late" says Big Ben.

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He is strong, sizable, handsome.—If he's oiled every other year there's no telling how long he will last.

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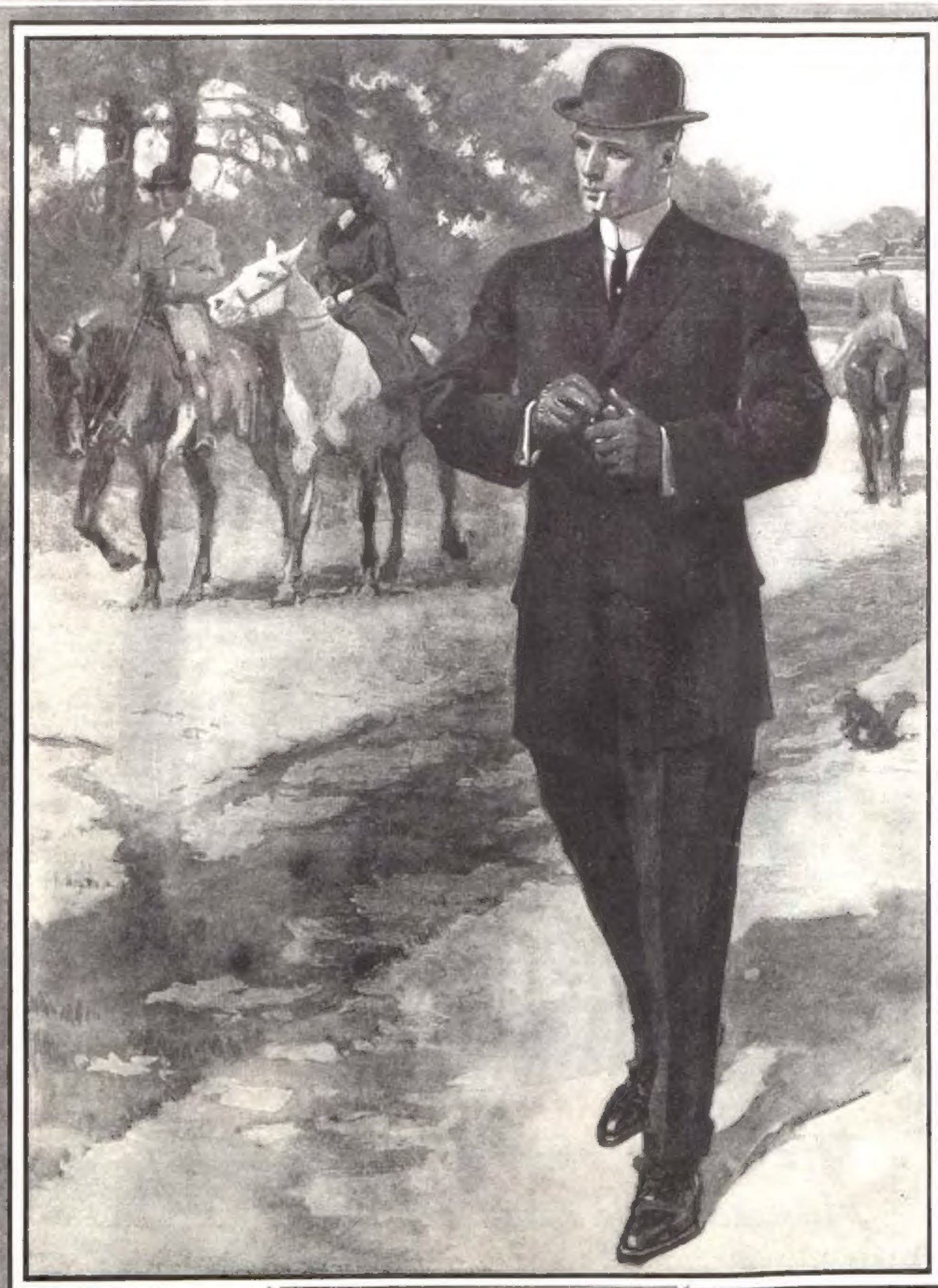

The bridle path, Central Park

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YOUNG men, as a rule, like the dignity and distinction which accompany the smart style in our clothes. Add these things to all-wool fabrics and fine tailoring and you get the best clothes possible.

Send for the fall Style Book.

Hart Schaffner & Marx

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New York Boston Chicago

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square
Philadelphia

London: Hastings House
10 Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1911
by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department Ottawa, Canada

Volume 184 PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 30, 1911 Number 14

FIVE THOUSAND AN HOUR

Johnny Gamble Starts After a Quick Million

By GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

His Eyes Were the Most Remarkable Blue She Had Ever Seen

ABOUT the time the winner of the Baltimore Handicap flashed under the wire, Johnny Gamble started to tear up a bundle of nice pink tickets on Lady S. Just then Ashley Loring came by swiftly in the direction of the betting shed. Loring stopped and wheeled when he caught sight of Johnny Gamble, as did most men who knew him.

"Hello, Johnny! I didn't know you had run over. How are you picking them today?" he asked.

"With a dream-book," answered Gamble, smiling; "but I ate lobster last night."

"I didn't know you cared for the ponies," said Loring.

"I don't; and it's mutual. Thought I'd take one more whirl, though, before the Maryland governor also closes the tracks forever. How are you doing?"

"I'm working on a new system," stated the tall young man with elation. "With this scheme, all you have to do is to bet on the right horse. What did you have in the handicap?"

"The off bay over there," replied Gamble, indicating a team attached to a sprinkling wagon, away on the farther side of the course. "Have one of her calling cards, Loring," and he proffered one of the ex-tickets.

"Lady S?" translated Loring. "I cut her acquaintance three bets ago." And, turning just then toward the grandstand, he smiled up into one of the boxes and lifted his hat.

Glancing in that direction, Gamble was shocked to find himself looking squarely into the dark eyes of a strikingly beautiful young woman who stood with her hands resting upon the rail.

"What do you know about Collaton?" he asked; and, in spite of himself, he looked again. The young lady this time was laughing with a group of likable young idlers, all of whom Gamble knew; and, since the startling stranger was occupied, he could indulge in a slightly more open inspection.

"I saw Collaton on the track today and he was making some big bets," replied Loring with a frown. "He's not broke, Johnny. He's merely been letting you hold the bag."

"Well, help me let go. Loring, I must dissolve that partnership."

The young lawyer shook his head.

"No way to do it so long as the books remain lost. Unless one of you buys outright the practically defunct Gamble-Collaton Irrigation Company and assumes all its liabilities, you will remain responsible, since Collaton possesses no visible property. I'm sure that he stung you, Johnny."

"Stung me! I'm swelled up yet."

"It's your own fault. You trusted him too much."

"He trusted me. I sold land."

"Of course he trusted you. Everybody does. Meantime he was out West incurring obligations. You should have gone into bankruptcy and settled at twenty cents on the dollar when you had a chance, as I advised you."

"Couldn't. I look in the glass when I shave. Anyhow, it's all paid now."

"How do you know, with the books lost? You started in with an equal amount of money. When that was gone Collaton announced himself broke—and let you foot the bills. If he only raked off half of what he spent he got back his own and a tidy fortune besides. Your only chance is to have that enormous land deal turn out a winner."

"It's worse than Lady S. Tore up my ticket long ago."

"Quite a plunge on a long shot, with a welsher like Collaton making the book," commented Loring. "He stripped you clean."

"I have my appetite," insisted Gamble with a grin. His cheeks were ruddy and his skin as flawless as a babe's, and his eyes, exceptionally large, were as clear as they were direct.

"An appetite like yours only makes it worse to be broke," laughed Loring.

"There's a plenty of money in New York if I want any," responded Gamble. "I don't need money, anyhow, Ashley. I have my mother fixed—and there's nobody else. Besides, I'm not broke. I have a hundred. Do you know a good horse?"

"Nautchautauk," advised Loring, and they both turned in the direction of the betting shed. "The price will probably be short; but I look on it as an investment."

"You can't invest a hundred dollars," argued Gamble.

"You don't mean to say that a hundred's all you have in the world!" returned Loring. "I thought you'd saved a good deal more than that out of the wreck."

"I did; but my brother was broke," replied Gamble carelessly, and stopped in front of a blackboard. The price on Nautchautauk was one and a half to two. "I don't want a bet," he remarked, shaking his head at the board; "I need an accident. I wonder if that goat Angora has horns and a beard?"

"People try fifty-to-one shots just before they cut their throats," warned Loring.

"Hide my safety razor then. Angora carries my hundred. I'll feed a sawbuck apiece to ten books."

Loring lost sight of him for a few moments, but found him outside, by-and-by, in conversation with "Colonel" Bouncer, a heavily jowled man with grizzled hair and very friendly eyes which, however, could look quite cold enough on occasion. The Colonel was staring up at the box occupied by the young lady to whom Loring had bowed.

"Bless my soul, I'm getting nearsighted!" he was saying as Loring joined them. "Isn't that Paul Gresham up there with Miss Joy?"

"Is that her name?" asked Gamble eagerly. "Well, I believe it."

The Colonel turned from him impatiently.

"You know Gresham, don't you, Loring? Is that he up there in that box?"

"That is Saint Paul all right," answered Loring with a smile, as he glanced up at the prim and precise Gresham, who had now succeeded in fencing Miss Joy in a corner, away from the other young men.

"Thanks," said the Colonel, and walked away abstractedly, his eyes still turning in the direction of the box, although he did not even start to go up into the grandstand.

"The Colonel is still bargain-hunting," observed Loring with a laugh. "His shoe-manufacturing business has increased to the point that he must have more space—and he must have it at once. The only available ground is Gresham's adjoining property, which Gresham long ago gave up trying to sell him. The Colonel is crazy to buy it now, but he's afraid to let Gresham know he must have it, for fear Saint Paul will run up the price on him. In consequence, he trails the man round like a lovesick boy after an

actress. When he finds Gresham he only looks at him—and goes away. That's only half of the laugh, however. Gresham wants to sell as badly as the Colonel wants to buy, but he don't know where to find a fancy market. Queer case, isn't it?"

"Yes," replied Gamble. "Who's Miss Joy?"

"For Heaven's sake, Johnny, don't say you're hit too—even at long distance!"

"Hit!" repeated Gamble—"I'm flattened out. I'm no lady-fusser, Ashley, but I'm going to buy a new necktie."

"You don't even know she's rich, do you?" asked Loring, looking at him with a curious smile.

"Of course I do!" asserted Johnny. "I saw her eyes. Who is she?"

"That's Miss Constance Joy—an orphan worth an exact million dollars; although I believe there is some sort of a string to it," Loring told him. "She lives with her aunt, who is Mrs. Pattie Boyden, and she's so pretty that even women forgive her. Anything else you want to know?"

"Yes. Why do I want to bite Paul Gresham?"

"Hush!" admonished Loring. "He is the remnant of one of our very best imported families, and he needs the money. He sells a piece of father's property every year, and he haunts Miss Joy like a pestilence. I think he's mixed up in her million some way or other. Aunt Pattie approves of him very much; she is strong for family."

"I'll bite him yet," decided Gamble. "Say, Loring, how am I going to make a stringless million?"

"If I knew that, I wouldn't be your lawyer," declared Loring—"Excuse me, Johnny; there's a client of mine."

II

INTO the box where Miss Constance Joy, slender and dark and tall, entertained her bevy of admirers, there swished a violently gowned young woman of buxom build and hearty manner, attended by a young man who wore a hundred-dollar suit and smiled feebly whenever he caught an eye. In his right hand he carried Miss Polly Parsons' gloves and parasol; in his left, her race-card and handbag. Round his shoulders swung her field-glasses; from his right pocket protruded her fan and from his left pocket her auto veil. She carried her own vanity box.

"If you aren't the darlingest thing in the world!" she greeted Miss Joy, whose face had lighted with a smile of both amusement and pleasure. "You certainly are some Con! Every time I see you in a new gown I change my dressmaker. Hello, boys!" She shook hands cordially with all of them as soon as she had paid her brief respects to Mrs. Pattie Boyden, who was pleasant and indulgent enough in her greeting, but not needlessly so.

"You're looking as happy as ever, Polly," observed Constance.

"I'm as happy as a mosquito in a baby's crib," avowed Polly. "I've added three thousand today to the subscription list for our Ocean View Baby Hotel. Where's that list, Sammy?"

Sammy Chirp passed a few things from his right to his left hand and searched a few pockets; passed a few things from his left to his right hand, dropped the lady's handkerchief and picked it up, smiled feebly upon everybody, and then at last produced the subscription list, which Miss Joy read most interestedly.

"That's splendid, Polly!" she approved. "Another day's work as good as this, and we'll be able to buy our hotel."

Paul Gresham, standing stiffly between her and Polly, looked down at her and smiled correctly.

"I guess we'd better go, don't you think?" he remarked to the other young men.

"You're safe enough," retorted Polly. "You're safe any place with your checkbook. Besides, we don't want to double names on this list. We'll spring another one when we're ready to equip and run the place. Oh, there's Johnny Gamble! Hello, Johnny!" And she leaned far over the rail to call to him.

It was strange how quickly Johnny Gamble was able to distinguish a sound coming from that direction, and he looked up immediately.

"Come right up here, Johnny," she commanded him. "I have a great surprise in store for you."

"Go any place you say if it's not too hot there," he cheerfully assured her, and started off toward the staircase.

"When I get Johnny Gamble's name this list is closed," said Polly confidently.

"I'll bet with you on that," offered Bruce Townley. "Johnny probably hasn't enough money to buy a tin rattle for your babies' hotel."

"No!" she protested, shocked. "I'm so used to seeing him with money that I don't think I'd know him if he had it shaved off."

"He was too honest, as usual," supplemented Val Russel, lounging carelessly against the rail. "Here comes Ashley Loring. He can tell you all about it. Johnny Gamble hasn't a cent left, has he, Loring?"

"It would be most unprofessional to discuss Mr. Gamble's private affairs," said Loring reprovingly as he came into the box. "Aside from a mere detail like that, I don't mind saying that Johnny Gamble has just bet the last hundred dollars he has in the world on an absolutely criminal long shot."

"I hope he wins!" stated Polly heartily. "I think he's the only real gentleman I ever knew."

"Well, I like that!" protested Val Russel, laughing.

"I don't mean a slam at you boys," she hastily corrected. "You're a nice, clean bunch; but I know so much about Johnny. He helps people, then hides so he can't be thanked. He's the one man out of a thousand that both women and men can trust."

"I Want Him Broke!" Explained Gresham, His Face Suddenly Twitching Viciously in Spite of Himself

"That's rather a broad statement," objected Paul Gresham who had eyed Polly with fastidious distaste every time she spoke. He was a rather silent young man with a thin, high-arched nose and eyebrows that met, and was so flawlessly dressed that he sat stiffly.

"I'll make it two in a thousand, Mr. Gresham," said Polly pleasantly. "I hadn't noticed you; and whatever I am I try to be polite."

The four other young men, who were used to Polly's sweeping generalities, laughed; for Polly had their hearty approval.

Johnny Gamble arrived.

"Where's the surprise?" he demanded with a furtive glance in the direction of Miss Joy, a glance which Gresham jealously resented.

"Me!" she gayly told him, thrusting her subscription list into the pocket of Sammy Chirp. "You haven't seen me since I got back."

"You're no surprise—you're a gasp!" he informed her, heartily glad to see her. "That sunset bonnet is a maraschino."

"Pinkest one they had," she complacently assured him. "I want you to meet some friends of mine, Johnny." And, with vast pride in her acquaintanceship with all parties concerned, she introduced him to Constance and Aunt Pattie.

Johnny Gamble and Constance Joy, for just a moment, looked upon each other with the frank liking which sometimes makes strangers old friends. Gresham saw that instant liking and stiffened. Johnny Gamble, born in a two-room cottage and with sordid experiences behind him of which he did not like to think in this company, dropped his eyes; whereupon Miss Constance Joy, who had been cradled under silken coverlets, studied him serenely. She had little enough opportunity to inspect odd types at close range—and this was a very interesting specimen. His eyes were the most remarkable blue she had ever seen.

"Where Did You Find It? Follow You Home One Cold Night, or Did a Friend Give it to You?"

"Cousin Polly has been telling us most pleasant things about you," she observed.

"Your cousin Polly?" he inquired, perplexed.

"Yes; we're cousins now," announced Polly happily. "It's the first time I ever had any relations, and I'm tickled stiff!"

"So am I!" agreed Johnny heartily, figuring vaguely that somebody or other must have married.

"You are just in the nick of time, Gamble," Gresham quietly stated with a deliberate intention of humiliating this child of no one. "Miss Polly has a subscription list which she wants you to complete."

"He's too late," replied Polly with a flash of her eyes in Gresham's direction. "Mr. Loring just closed up that list," and she winked vigorously at Loring.

"Loring's my friend," Gamble said with a cheerful laugh. "I have check-writer's cramp. Who's to get the loving cup?"

"The loving cup's a bottle," Polly returned. "This is a babies' benefit. It's Constance's pet scheme and I'm crazy about it. We've found a big, hundred-room summer hotel, with two hundred acres of ground, on a high bluff overlooking the ocean; and we're going to turn it into a free hotel for sickly babies and their mothers. Isn't that some scheme?"

"I'm so strong for it I ache!" announced Mr. Gamble with fervor. "Put me down for ——" He checked himself ruefully. "I forgot I was broke!" Gresham shrugged his shoulders in satisfaction.

"You'll take something for that," Polly confidently comforted her friend Gamble. "There's G. W. Mason & Company, Johnny. Take me over to him and watch me fool him when he says he has no checkbook with him. I have checkblanks on every bank in town. Bring along my handbag and my subscription list, Sammy."

When they had gone, with the feebly pleased Sammy dutifully bringing up the rear, Gresham looked after them with relief.

"Handicap day brings out some queer people," he observed.

"If you mean Mr. Gamble I think him delightful," Constance quickly advised him. "I'm inclined to agree with Polly that he is very much a gentleman."

"He would be quite likely to appeal to Polly," remarked Aunt Pattie as she arose for a visit to a near-by box.

"You mean Cousin Polly," corrected Constance sweetly.

Gresham was very thoughtful. He was more logically calculating than most people thought him.

III

IT WAS Polly's cousinship that puzzled Johnny Gamble. "When you picked a cousin you made some choice," he complimented her. "How did you do it?"

"They made me," she explained. "You know that Billy Parsons was the only man I ever wanted to marry—or ever will, I guess. His folks met me once and wouldn't stand for me at all; then Billy took sick and went out of his head. He cried for me so that the doctor said he had to have me; so I canceled the best engagement I ever had. I wasn't a star, but I was featured and was making an awful hit. I went right to the house, though, and stayed two months—till Billy died. Then I went back to work; but I hated it. Well, along toward the last they'd got so friendly that I was awful lonesome. It wasn't long till they got lonesome too. They're old, you know; and Billy was all they had. So they came after me and I went with them; and they adopted me and we all love each other to death. Constance's my cousin now—and she stands it without batting an eyelash. She's about the cream of the earth, Johnny!"

He drew in his breath sharply.

"You're a lucky kid!" he told her.

There was something in the intensity of his tone which made her look up at him, startled.

"Now don't you fall in love with her, Johnny!" she begged.

"Why not?" he demanded. "I never tried it; but I bet I can do it."

"That's the trouble," she expostulated; "it's too easy. You can fall in all right, but how will you get out?"

"I don't want out," he assured her. "I play marbles for keeps."

"All right then; take to pickles and perfume. Look here, Johnny; if none of her own set can ring her with an orange wreath what can an outsider do?"

"How do I know till I try?" he inquired. "I get you, Polly. You mean I'm not in her class; but, you see, I want her!"

"So do the others," she objected.

"They're not used to hard work," he earnestly informed her. "Say, I need a million dollars."

"Take enough while you're at it! What do you want it for?"

"Her stack's that high."

"She'd never count it."

"I know; but Aunt Pattie and I would. I have to have it, Polly."

"Then you'll get it," she resignedly admitted. "Why, Johnny, I believe you could get Constance too!" she added with suddenly accelerated belief in him. "Well, I'm certainly for you. Tell me, what can I do to help you?"

"Poison Gresham for me," he briefly directed.

"Give me your fifteen cents," she directed. "He's about as popular with her as a flea with a dog; but he goes with the furniture. He was wished on her by her Aunt Gertrude."

"Why did her aunt hate her?"

"She hated everybody; so she went in for charity. She made six wills, each time leaving all her money to a different public institution; but they each one did something she didn't like before she could die. The last time she decided to give Constance a chance, made a new will and took sick the same night. Constance has the interest on her million till she marries Gresham; then she gets it all. If she marries anybody else before Gresham dies the money goes to a home for blind cats, or something like that."

"Healthy soul, wasn't she?" commiserated Johnny. "But why Gresham?"

"The bug for family. Aunt Gertrude's father didn't make his tobacco-trust money fast enough for her to marry Gresham's father, who would have been a lord if everybody in England had died. Constance is to bring aristocracy into the family now."

"Tell her to tear up that million. I'll get her another one," offered Johnny easily.

"You'll need some repairs before you start," she suggested. "They tell me you're down and out."

"Tell them to guess again!" he indignantly retorted. "I own all the tomorrows in the world. There's money in every one of them."

"I've got an awful big bank account that needs exercise," she offered. "Now, look here, Johnny, don't yell like I'd hit you with a brick. You told me to help myself once when I needed it, and I did. You ought to let me get even. All right, then; be stingy! Where's Sammy?" She had been feeling in both sleeves with a trace of annoyance, and now she turned to discover Sammy a few paces back, idly watching a policeman putting an inebriated man off the track. "Sammy!" she called him sharply. He came, running and frightened. "I've lost my handkerchief," she informed him. "Go get it." Sammy smiled gratefully and was gone.

"Where did you find it?" asked Johnny, indicating the departing messenger. "Follow you home one cold night, or did a friend give it to you?"

"Oh, no," she said carelessly; "it just sticks around. I can't get rid of it, so I've trained it to be handy when I need it."

She fastened upon Colonel Mason just as the horses came to the post, and she was supplying him with a check-blank just as they got away from the barrier. Gamble turned to the track and distinguished his long shot off in the lead. He smiled grimly at that irony, for he had seen long-shot horses raise false hopes before. Mildly interested, he watched Angora reach the quarter pole, still in the lead. Rather incredulously, he saw her still in the lead at the half. He was eager about it when she rounded the three-quarters with nothing but daylight before her; and as she came down the stretch, with Nautchautauk reaching out for her flanks, he stuck the ash-end of his cigar in his mouth and did not see the finish. He knew, by the colossal groan from the grandstand, however, that Angora had beaten the favorite; and, though he was not in the least excited, he felt through all his pockets for his tickets, forgetting that he had taken them out at the beginning of the race and still held them in his hand; also, he forgot completely that he was supposed to be escorting Polly, and immediately sauntered down to the betting shed—to collect the largest five thousand and one hundred dollars in captivity.

IV

A GENERAL desire to bet upon the last race had sent all the occupants of the Boyden box, except Constance, Polly and Gresham, down to the betting shed when Gamble returned; and he was very glad there was room enough for him to sit down and enjoy himself. He had evil designs upon Gresham.

"This is my lucky day," he observed, smiling upon Miss Joy. "I began this afternoon to pile up an exact million. A near horse gave me a five-thousand-dollar start."

"If you keep on at the rate of five thousand dollars an hour you'll have your million in two hundred hours," Constance figured for him.

"I won't work Sundays, evenings, holidays or birthdays," he objected.

"How fussy!" commented Polly. "Which was the kind horse?"

"A goat by the name of Angora," he replied.

"That race should call for an inquiry," sternly stated Gresham.

"You must have bet on the favorite," returned Gamble, and laughed when Gresham winced. Not a shade of Gresham's expression was escaping him now.

"Here's My Fountain Pen. Indorse That Check Over to Me, Won't You?"

"We all did," acknowledged Constance smilingly. "This is the first time I ever bet on the races; and I sent down to bet on every horse in this last one, so I'll be sure to win just once. I suppose you attend the races frequently, Mr. Gamble?"

"I'll give you one more guess," he returned. "I don't like to walk home."

"You won't have to walk this time," she reminded him.

"Not while I ride!" asserted Polly stoutly. "I'm so glad you won, Johnny. I guess you'll stay in Baltimore now."

"And give this back? I'll get an injunction against myself first. Polly, I owe you twenty-five hundred dollars. Here's the money."

"This is so sudden," she coyly observed. "My memory's poor, though, Johnny."

"It's a promise I made myself: If I won this bet half of the winnings belonged to the babies' hotel."

"Wait, Johnny," objected Polly, pushing the money away from her. "I'd rather have you on the new subscription list, by-and-by, for the furnishing and remodeling fund."

"I'll go on both of them," he offered, putting the money in her lap. "You ought to know that I stick."

"Yes, you do," she sighed, and passed him the list, covertly pointing out Gresham's name as she did so and showing the amount opposite it to be one hundred dollars.

"Mr. Gamble wants to make sure that you'll get it," sneered Gresham, and laughed. He was anxious to belittle Gamble in the eyes of Constance.

"If Johnny Gamble puts his name down it's as good as paid!" flared Polly. "By-the-way, Mr. Gresham, I have that Corn Exchange checkblank for you now."

She handed him the blank and her fountain pen; and, with some slight reluctance, Mr. Gresham paid his subscription.

"Thanks," said Polly briskly. "Johnny, did you say I should put you on the other list for the same amount?"

Constance leaned hastily forward, with the impulse to interfere against so foolhardy a thing, but caught herself; and, leaning back, she looked at Johnny Gamble in profile and smiled. There was something fascinating about the fellow's clear-eyed assurance as he cheerfully answered:

"If you please, Polly."

"It will take you four hundred hours now to make your million," Gresham advised him, with scarcely concealed contempt.

"I'm no loafer," Gamble declared.

They all laughed at that.

"I beg your pardon," apologized Gresham. "Let's see. How long will it take you to make your million at the rate of five thousand an hour? How many hours a day?"

"About seven on regular days; three on Saturdays."

Both the girls were still laughing at the absurdity of it all.

"Counting off for Sundays, you should have your million in about forty days," persisted Gresham, figuring it with pencil and paper.

Johnny studied the problem carefully.

"All right; I'll do it," he announced, and looked at his watch.

"Bravo!" applauded Constance. "If you could succeed in that you would display a force which nothing could resist."

Gresham looked at her with a quick frown.

"And if he failed he would display a presumption which nothing could forgive," he sneeringly paraphrased. "If it's not asking too much, Mr. Gamble, I'm curious to know how you propose to accumulate your million." And he smiled across at Miss Joy, who turned to Gamble, waiting interestedly for his reply.

"Work a lot of neglected stunts. I never wanted to make a million till now. I know how, though. I think I'll start with real estate." And he watched Gresham narrowly.

"That's a dismal enough opening," announced Gresham with a pained expression. "It is impossible to get a decent price for property, especially when you want to sell it."

"If you want to get rid of some I'll buy it," offered Gamble promptly.

"I want cash." And again Gresham smiled over at Constance. The slight trace of a frown flitted across her brow. She had always thought of Gresham as a man of perfect breeding.

"Name the right figure. I'll make a deal with you on the spot."

"This is scarcely the place for business," Gresham reproved him.

"I beg pardon," Gamble quickly said, and looked at Constance, a trifle abashed.

"Please go ahead," that young lady urged. "This is more fun than the races."

"Thanks." He smiled gratefully. "Now, Gresham, let's get down to statistics. These are working hours. Here's twenty-five hundred."

"What for?" asked Gresham, looking at the money avariciously.

"To show confidence in the dealer. You have a vacant lot uptown. What's it worth?"

"Forty thousand dollars," recited Gresham.

"If you want forty it's worth thirty," Gamble sagely concluded. "I'll split it with you. Give you thirty-five."

Gresham shook his head; but Gamble, watching him closely, saw that he was figuring.

"I can't let the property go for less than its value."

"I don't want you to. I offered you thirty-five."

"On what terms?" inquired Gresham cautiously.

"Thirty days cash. This twenty-five hundred is a first payment. I want a renewable option. If I don't cross over with the balance in thirty days spend the money."

"What do you mean by a renewable option?" asked Gresham, hesitating.

"When this option runs out I get another at the same price—and twice more after that."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Gresham, turning away. "Why, I'd be letting you tie up my property for four months."

"I'm offering you over seventy per cent a year. You'd rather stay tied."

Gresham pondered that problem a moment.

"By Jove, you're right!" he said. "I'm selfish enough to hope that you can't pay for it in thirty days." He reflected that in all probability this reckless person was playing another long shot. "I'll take you."

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DANGERS OF THE AIR

Aviation Contests and Their Perils

By Waldemar Kaempffert

TWO flimsy planes consisting of fabric stretched over a wooden frame and extending to the right and to the left of a light, canvas-covered body; a wooden propeller and a motor whirling round with the speed of an electric fan; vertical rudders and horizontal rudders—these are the few structural elements of the delicate machines in which reckless men risk their lives to win purses of fifty thousand dollars offered by newspaper owners. If the flying-machines were markedly improved after each ghastly death, so that the day would be brought appreciably nearer when you and I may take out our aeroplanes with the same confidence that marks our preparations for an extensive automobile tour, if the winning of much prize-money were accompanied by the discovery of some new mechanical principle, we might view with more equanimity the formidable list of those who have given up their lives. As it is, there has been only slight progress in flying-machine design since the time when Blériot flew across the Channel. The flying records of the day are made, not by machines but by men. Since the sixth of July, 1908, when Farman won the Armengaud prize for flying a circular kilometer, there has been a wonderful improvement in the handling of machines, but beyond that little to boast of.

Earl Ovington Wearing the Latest French Fashion in Life-Saving Aviation Head-Gear

If you seek the reason for this stagnation in the mechanical perfection of the flying-machine you will find it in the balance sheets of the more prominent French manufacturers. On a paid-up capital of $260,000 one of these manufacturers in 1910 made a net profit of $66,000, and another, the company by which the motor used in races is manufactured, made a net profit of $459,358 on a paid-up capital of only $240,000. Necessity may be the mother of invention, but prosperity may under some circumstances be its death. It pays to adhere to the old type, wherefore the old type is still with us. No manufacturer or champion of the air is likely to risk the loss of a $50,000 purse with an untried machine of radically new design.

Is the Game Worth the Candle?

THE profits of the aviators themselves are fully equal to those earned by the manufacturers. Paulhan, who used to make fifteen dollars a week as a hand in an aeroplane factory near Paris, learned to fly in order to try out machines. One day he made an altitude record. Forthwith he became an aeronautic lion very much in demand at meetings. Within two years he captured $200,000 in prize-money. Blériot is said to have made about $100,000 before he confined his attention to the building of the machine that bears his name. More than $1,000,000 in prizes has been offered for the year 1911. The wonder is that more men in high-powered machines are not chasing dollars. Perhaps the reason is to be found more in the cost of racing than in the personal risks involved.

A Blériot monoplane is worth from 12,000 to 28,000 francs—$2400 to $5600—and an Antoinette is worth 20,000 francs—$4000—in Paris. These are ordinary or "stock" models, fitted with engines that vary in horsepower from twenty-five to fifty. A one-hundred-horsepower racing monoplane may be worth from $8000 to $10,000. The cost of repairs necessitated by inevitable accidents is difficult to estimate, but it is certain that in comparison the maintenance charges for an automobile, even when intrusted to a dishonest chauffeur who battens on commissions received from garage keepers, are vanishingly small. Add to the repair bill the salaries of two or three mechanics whose duty it is to keep a racing aviator's several machines in trim—a crack airman must have more than one aeroplane—and it is not difficult to understand why most of the men who are earning fortunes in the air are supported by manufacturers with whom, in America at least, they are compelled to share their winnings.

Is the game worth the candle? The Wrights, Sommer, Blériot, Farman, Paulhan, Morane, Curtiss, Breguet, the dare-devils of yesterday, are the staid manufacturers of today. No longer does the press ring with their exploits. It is not because the shop is safer and perhaps more respectable than the racing-ground; it is because the record-breakers of yesterday are shattered in nerve and body.

The preparations for a great race, such as the one-thousand-mile English circuit won by Lieutenant Conneau, are in themselves a severe tax on a strong man's nerves. In a score of hangars mechanics are tightening wires, repairing motor troubles, stopping leaky fuel-tanks, with almost feverish haste. The tense atmosphere is like that of a greenroom on the first night of a new play. Aviators stalk about, for the most part smoking one cigarette after another, trying their best to appear calm, yet chafing inwardly at the seeming slowness of their men. Sometimes it happens that in this haste the simplest precautions are overlooked. Leblanc, for example, lost the Gordon-Bennett race at Belmont Park in 1910 because some one had forgotten to fill his fuel-tank, and that after his mechanics had slaved for hours on his one-hundred-horsepower Blériot. The European circuit, a race of one thousand miles from Paris to Liège, Utrecht, Brussels, Calais, London, and thence by way of Calais back to Paris, was scheduled to start at four o'clock in the morning; but it was not until two of the following afternoon that Lieutenant Conneau, the first to start, whirred on his way—all because of the difficulty of getting motors to work and of assembling parts. Twenty-three machines were eliminated in the first one hundred and eighty miles of the race, and all the serious accidents occurred on the first day—proof enough that nerves played their part in that great contest.

The high flier, the man who, for the sake of a prize offered by the management of a meeting, slowly worms his way into the blue until he is a mere speck or is actually lost to view in a cloud, pays even more dearly for his ephemeral glory and his newspaper honors. His case has been pathologically considered in a paper read before the Académie des Sciences by Doctors Cruchet and Moulinier. As the aviator ascends the temperature falls about one degree Fahrenheit for every one hundred and eighty-three feet. At a height of about ten thousand feet, which is the cabalistic figure that fascinates high fliers at American meets, the temperature is that of a cold winter day, even though on the ground thousands may be mopping the perspiration from their brows. When he has climbed to a height of over a mile the aviator notices that his heart is beginning to beat faster; that there is a buzzing in his ears; that his head aches; that there is an indescribable feeling of discomfort, utterly different from the nausea experienced by mountain-climbers. This *malaise*, as Morane tells us from actual experience, may be partly attributed to an overwhelming sense of solitude, an unutterable anguish of mind. If the sun is shining over a bank of clouds the light is reflected back as in a mirror. Despite the resultant blinding glare, which seriously interferes with the proper guidance of the machine, the aviator forces his way up and up in a winding path. At seven thousand feet he is numb with cold. His voluntary movements are mere lethargic jerks, such is the effect of thin air and low temperature; yet not for a single instant may he relax his grasp of the control-levers or take his foot from the tiller-bar. He may have hallucinations, like Morane, who on one occasion had a vision of the cathedral of Notre Dame before him, although he knew that Paris was hundreds of miles away. He may be haunted, as Renaux confessed he was, by the fate of Chavez, who soared high over the Alps to Italy only to meet a terrible death. Much beyond eleven thousand feet he cannot go. At that height his motor refuses to work because of the poor compression. It has taken him about an hour to reach that giddy altitude. He tilts his horizontal rudder down. In seven sickening minutes he has glided to earth. That long, swift, hawklike swoop, however graceful and facile it may seem from the grandstand, makes a coward of even the bravest man. The fear of a horrible end assails him. To add to his wretchedness he experiences a sensation of heat and pain. His face flushes; his eyes smart; his heart beats violently. As he nears the ground a strange drowsiness seizes him. It is only with an effort that he succeeds in keeping his eyes open. When at last he touches the grass he is more like a torpid, hibernating snake than a human being, so far as sensation is concerned. He steps out of the machine with the slow, awkward movements of a drunken man who cares not whither he stumbles if he can only sleep.

In the paper referred to, Doctors Cruchet and Moulinier cite the case of a young aviator who had failed to return to his hangar. He was found seated in his machine in the open country, sound asleep. When he was awakened he could not explain how he came to alight in the place where he was discovered. Who knows but Hoxsey may have met his death at Los Angeles because he no longer had the will-power to control his machine after a drop of seven thousand feet in less than three minutes? Who knows but Chavez, after his remarkable passage of the Alps, may have rocked his steering-column too far in his lethargy and plunged in consequence to his death? Who knows but many an accident that cannot be explained by an examination of splintered wood, tattered fabric and twisted metal may be thus accounted for?

A Lonely Drive to Death

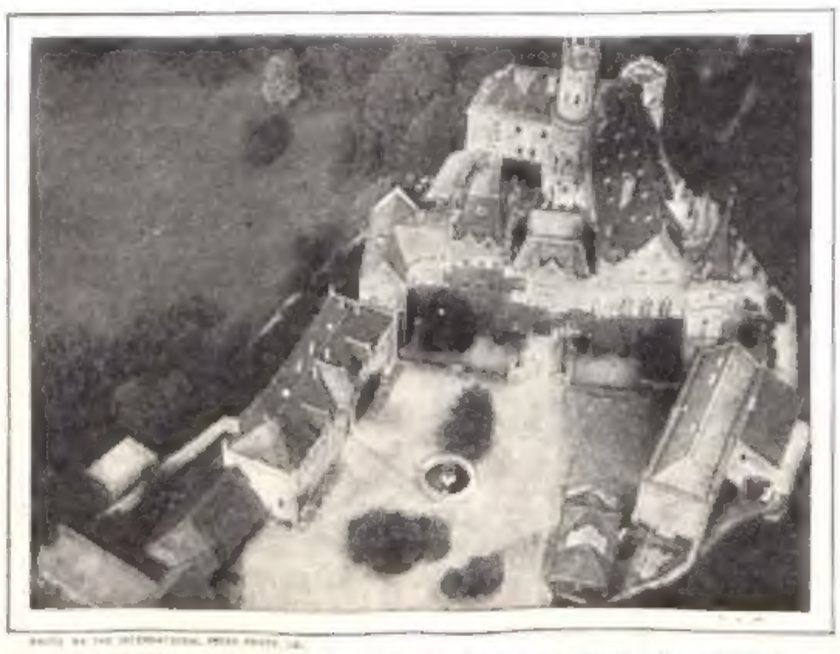
TO THE tragedies of racing and high flying must be added the gruesome fatalities that mark attempts to carry off prizes offered for exploits of a special character. Such a prize was that put up in 1910 by Baron de Forest for the longest flight from England into the continent of Europe made before the end of the year. The sum to be won was four thousand pounds. One of those who resolved to win it was Cecil Grace, an experienced English aviator. He crossed the Channel on December twenty-second, but alighted at Calais because of adverse winds. After a brief rest he started back for England, determined to renew the attempt on the following morning. High over the cross-Channel boat he soared. Those on deck craned their necks in the effort to follow him.

"That man's heading the wrong way for Dover," said the captain of the steamer to a Mr. Le Cren, a friend of the aviator.

Later two Calais steam tugs, standing in the Channel ready to give assistance when necessary, spied the machine, no bigger than a sparrow, floating off to the north. Through a patchy fog the men on the East Goodwin light-ship caught a fleeting glimpse of the machine still heading for the north. A few minutes later the skipper of a Ramsgate fishing-smack heard a buzzing over his head. He looked up and saw a biplane. That was the last seen of Grace. A few weeks later an aviator's cap with a pair of goggles attached to it was picked up on the beach near Ostend.

What became of man and machine? We can only guess. Skilled aviator though he was, Grace had made no allowance for leeway caused by a southwest wind. Steadily he was driven to the northeast—steadily toward the North Sea.

It is not difficult to imagine the anguish that must have been his. The watch that he always hung in front of him on a convenient upright tells him that half an hour has elapsed—time enough for the crossing. Yet there is no land below; only a fishing-smack. Another half-hour passes. Still no land in sight. The fuel-tank holds enough gasoline for a seven hours' journey. Why worry? In seven hours, if the motor be not stalled, the cliffs of Dover must loom up. Besides, there are the Calais steam tugs slowly threading the Channel, ready to help. Another hour passes. Still no land, no tug, not even a fishing-smack.



Looking Down on a Castle Near Wurzen, Saxony. Photograph Taken From a Parseval Airship

He is becoming anxious now. Can the compass be wrong? Have the occasional fog-banks through which the machine has plowed veiled the land from his eyes? He glides down to a height of about a hundred feet. Only the wrinkled sea meets his eye. In desperation he soars up again, only to glide down in the hope of spying one of the many steamers that ply the Channel. But is this the Channel? The Channel would have been crossed long ago. He realizes that he is lost in the air, hopelessly lost somewhere between water and sky. The fuel is giving out. He knows not that a relentless southwest wind is driving him farther and farther to the northeast, inevitably toward the North Sea, where only a miracle can save him. Hoping against hope, he does what little he can to husband his gasoline. Drop by drop it is converted into gas and detonated in the motor. Then comes that awful moment when the last charge is exploded in the cylinders, when the pistons travel back and forth for the last few times, when the propeller-blades cease to revolve. Who can picture the despair that is his when against his will he sinks to his doom with only a few screaming gulls to watch the waters of the North Sea close over him?

The fate of Grace drives home the mechanical fact that motion is the secret of an aeroplane's flight. It cannot hover over a single spot. The late Professor Langley used to liken the aeroplane to a skater gliding on thin ice. Both must travel so fast that they literally have no time to fall. Obviously much depends on the motor. That at least ought to be absolutely trustworthy.

It so happens that because of the requirements of the flying-machine the aviation motor is anything but trustworthy. Above all it must be extraordinarily light, yet it must deliver a great amount of power despite its excessive lightness. The ideal motor has not been invented, and until it is the flying-machine cannot compete with the motor car for touring, and accidents more or less serious will occur. The motor at present most widely used in flying-machines bears no outward resemblance to the automobile engine. Its cylinders are not arranged vertically in a row, but are grouped spokewise around the driving shaft, with the object of dispensing with a long, heavy crankcase. Cylinders, shaft and propeller whirl around as one piece at a speed of approximately fourteen hundred revolutions a minute. There is no flywheel, because the motor acts as one. There is no cooling system, because the motor is cooled by reason of its very spinning. There is no carbureter—although in some other types carbureters are employed—because the fuel is fed dropwise to the motor. There is no change-speed gear.

The motor is started not with a crank, as an automobilist would expect, but by means of the propeller. To prevent the throbbing machine from leaping forward from three to six men must cling to the framework and dig their feet into the ground in the teeth of the hurricane generated by the glittering propeller and roaring motor. They cannot hold a high-powered machine in leash indefinitely. When the pilot nods or gestures—a spoken command could not be heard—they release their hold with the readiness of men who have been restraining a wild beast. Even one who is not an engineer must realize that such a power plant is very crude; that the necessity of starting the

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Chicago Turns Out to See Men Fly to Make an Aviation Holiday

"THE BRISTOW AMENDMENT"

The Inside Story of the Fight for the Direct Election of Senators

By Senator Joseph L. Bristow

DECORATION BY MILLS THOMPSON

THE really historic incident of the first session of the Sixty-second Congress was not the passing of the reciprocity bill, the enactment of the corrupt-practices act, the tariff discussion, or the admission of two new states, but the passing by the Senate of the joint resolution providing for the election of Senators by direct vote. Many tariff bills have passed the Senate and many states have been admitted to the Union, but it has taken more than sixty years of effort to induce the Senate to agree to give the people an opportunity to change the method of electing its members. If it had not been for the demand of Senator Bacon, of Georgia, that section four of article one of the Constitution be changed so as to take from the Federal Government all control of the times and manner of electing Senators—an authority that has existed since the Constitution was framed—the proposition for the direct election of Senators would now be before the states for their ratification.

The fight for the direct election of Senators has been long and interesting. Among the numerous compromises that were agreed to by the framers of the Constitution was one providing for the election of Senators by the state legislatures instead of choosing them by appointment or by a popular election. After the animosities growing out of the discussion and adoption of the Constitution had passed away, for almost half a century there appeared to be little dissatisfaction with the method provided for the election of Senators. It was not until 1826 that any action was taken in Congress looking to a change in this provision of the Constitution. During that year Mr. Storrs, a Congressman from the state of New York, introduced a resolution providing for an amendment to the Constitution making Senators elective by a direct vote of the people. And since that date there has been a growing demand for such a change in our Constitution.

Mr. Storrs' effort was followed by the introduction of a similar resolution by Mr. Wright, of Ohio, on February 19, 1829. This resolution limited the senatorial term to four years. Six years afterward, in 1835, another resolution similar to that presented by Mr. Storrs was introduced, but no serious consideration was ever given to any of these resolutions. As time went on, however, the sentiment in favor of the direct election of Senators grew; and between 1850 and 1855 there were at least five such resolutions introduced in the lower house of Congress. None of them was ever reported from the committees to which they were referred.

The first resolution introduced in the Senate providing for a change in the method of electing Senators was presented on January 14, 1850, by Senator Clemens, of Alabama. It is interesting to note that the most ardent advocate of changing the method of choosing Senators, from election by the state legislatures to that of a direct vote of the people, was Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee. While a member of the House of Representatives he introduced two resolutions providing for this change in the Constitution; and in 1860, when a member of the Senate, he renewed the agitation. In 1868, when President of the United States, he sent a special message to Congress advocating the measure, and he repeated the same recommendations in his annual message. Johnson was the advocate not only of the direct election of Senators, but also of abolishing the electoral college and electing Presidents by a direct vote. If it had not been for the tragedies of the Civil War, which absorbed the attention of the public for so many years and which completely changed the course of Johnson's life, he might have accomplished more than he did in enlarging this democratic principle in our national affairs.

From the effort which Johnson made in 1860 there seems to have been no interest taken in the matter in the Senate until 1873. On January thirty-first of that year Mr. Harlan, of Iowa, introduced a resolution providing for the direct election of Senators; and in December of the same year Mr. Windom, of Minnesota, presented another. Both of these resolutions were referred to the Committee on Privileges and Elections, but never reported from the committee. In 1876 Mr. Wright, of Iowa, introduced another resolution, which was referred to the same committee with a like result. The matter was then permitted to sleep for ten years, when Senator Van Wyck, of Nebraska, introduced a resolution—December 16, 1886—which was referred to the Committee on Judiciary but never reported. In 1888 Mr. Mitchell, of Oregon, introduced another resolution, which was referred to the Committee on Privileges and Elections and met the fate of all that had preceded it.

The House of Representatives of the Fifty-second and Fifty-third Congresses passed resolutions providing for the direct election of Senators. These resolutions, when they reached the Senate, were referred to the Committee on Privileges and Elections, but none was reported until the third session of the Fifty-third Congress, when the committee reported one of the resolutions adversely. During the first session of the Fifty-fourth Congress there was a favorable report from the committee on a resolution that had passed the House of Representatives, but no action was taken by the Senate. Again a resolution passed the House on May 11, 1898, by a vote of one hundred and eighty-five to eleven, but in the Senate it likewise met the fate of all that had preceded it.

On April 13, 1900, a resolution again passed the House by a vote of two hundred and forty to fifteen. When it reached the Senate it was referred to the Committee on Privileges and Elections, but never emerged from the committee room. Again, on February 13, 1902, the House passed a resolution by a practically unanimous vote, there being no division; but it, too, was buried in the Senate

committee room. It will be noticed that the Senate itself has been the barrier that for over half a century has blocked the movement for the direct election of Senators. This year, for the first time that barrier yielded to the force of public opinion and a resolution for such a change in our Constitution passed that body.

With the development during recent times of the great corporate interests of the country, and the increased importance of legislation relating to their affairs, they have tenaciously sought to control the election of Senators friendly to their interests. The power of these great financial and industrial institutions can be very effectively used in the election of Senators by legislatures, and they have many times during recent years used that power in a most reprehensible and scandalous manner. They have spent enormous amounts of money in corrupting legislatures to elect to the Senate men of their own choosing.

Through the influence of the Senators so elected, who have become known as corporation Senators, legislation to control the Trusts and monopolies has been smothered in committees and defeated in the Senate. Under the operation of our political institutions Senators exercise great influence in the appointment of Federal judges; and by controlling the election of Senators these great interests have to a large extent been able to secure the appointment of judges who are more devoted to their interests than to the public welfare. These various abuses have been responsible for the rapid growth of the sentiment for a change in the method of electing Senators and for the adoption of a method that would make the power of the great financial interests less potent.

So, as I said in the beginning, this session of Congress has been made historic by passing through the Senate a resolution for the direct election of Senators by the people. The historian will record that in 1911, eighty-five years after the first resolution was introduced in the House of Representatives, a joint resolution providing for an amendment to the Constitution changing the method of electing Senators passed the Senate for the first time. The narrative of its passage and its imprisonment in a conference committee is an interesting story.

What Went On in Subcommittee

ON DECEMBER 13, 1909, I introduced a resolution in the Senate providing for the direct election of Senators and asked that the resolution be referred to the Committee on the Judiciary, realizing that if it went to the Committee on Privileges and Elections it would meet the same fate that other resolutions referred to that committee had encountered. That committee had been organized apparently for the purpose of preventing any such proposition being brought before the Senate. My resolution was in substance the same as those that had passed the House in 1898, 1900 and 1902. It changed section three of article one of the Constitution and provided that

> The Senate of the United States shall be composed of two Senators from each state, chosen at a general election by the electors thereof for a term of six years.

I had some difficulty in obtaining a report on the resolution from the committee. On February 7, 1910, in the open Senate, I inquired of Mr. Clark, of Wyoming, the chairman, as to the probable time of a report. On February 14, 1910, I brought the matter up again, renewing my request for a report. On June 17, 1910, I moved to discharge the committee from further consideration of the resolution; and on the following day I spoke briefly to that motion, calling attention to the fact that thirty-seven states had declared practically for direct election of Senators—thirty-three by resolutions of their legislatures asking for such a change in the Constitution and four others by adopting primary systems for the nomination of Senators. Up to that time I had received little encouragement from the committee as to its probable report.

The resolution had one very ardent friend on the committee, Mr. W. E. Borah, the junior Senator from Idaho. During this long period of delay Mr. Clark had advised me that he was going to appoint a subcommittee to consider the measure and kindly asked if there was any member of the committee that I was especially desirous of having on that subcommittee. I told him I would be greatly pleased if he would make Mr. Borah one of its members. This he did, and every friend of the measure should feel grateful to Mr. Clark for so doing; for, if it had not been for Mr. Borah's tireless work in behalf of the resolution, in my judgment it would have died in the committee as most of its predecessors had done.

The subcommittee consisted of Mr. Dillingham, of Vermont; Mr. Rayner, of Maryland, and Mr. Borah. Dillingham was opposed to reporting any resolution. Rayner was opposed to the resolution in the form that I had introduced it and wanted it in the same form as passed by the House in 1893. Mr. Borah preferred the resolution as introduced, with some changes; but in order to secure a favorable report from the subcommittee he agreed to join in reporting the resolution in the form Mr. Rayner desired.

At the time the resolution was reported in that form none of us realized what were to be the serious results of this change in its provisions. As introduced, it provided only for changing section three of article one, which relates to the election of Senators. As reported, it not only changed the method of electing Senators, but also changed section four of the same article, thereby taking from the Federal Government all control over the times and manner of electing Senators.

Section three now provides that

> The Senate of the United States shall be composed of two Senators from each state, chosen by the legislature thereof, for six years; and each Senator shall have one vote.

My resolution simply proposed to amend this section by substituting for the words "chosen by the legislature thereof" the words "chosen at a general election by the electors thereof," so that it would read:

> The Senate of the United States shall be composed of two Senators from each state, chosen at a general election by the electors thereof for a term of six years.

It did not change section four in any way, thereby leaving the Federal authority over the times and manner of holding elections just as it is now and as it has been since the Constitution was written by the Fathers of the Republic. Section four, which the committee sought to change, reads:

> The times, places and manner of holding elections for Senators and Representatives shall be prescribed in each state by the legislature thereof; but the Congress may at any time by law make or alter such regulations, except as to places of choosing Senators.

The committee resolution proposed to strike out the following clause in this section—"but the Congress may at any time by law make or alter such regulations." There is no reason for striking out those words because of the change in the method of electing Senators. They confer a power on the Federal Government in the matter of electing Senators, and that power is just as essential whether the Senators are elected by a direct vote or by the legislatures. The truth is that the power conferred upon the General Government under section four has not often been used; but that is not a valid reason for taking it away. In 1866 it was made the basis of important legislation in fixing the times when the legislatures should elect their Senators.

J. P. Stockton, of New Jersey, had been elected by the New Jersey legislature and commissioned by the governor, though he had received only a plurality—not a majority—of the votes cast in the legislature. A contest was made and his right to a seat questioned. On March 23, 1866, a vote was taken and Stockton was permitted to retain his seat by a majority of one, he himself casting that vote. The impropriety of counting Stockton's vote for himself and the danger of the precedent of seating a Senator elected only by a plurality of the votes in the legislature caused intense criticism, and three days later the Senate reversed its action and Stockton was deprived of his seat.

Then a law regulating the times and manner of holding senatorial elections was enacted. It provided that on the second Tuesday after the meeting and organization of a legislature, when a Senator is to be elected, the two houses shall meet separately and by a viva-voce vote name a Senator. On the following day the two houses shall meet in joint assembly and the results of the voting shall be canvassed. If each house has given a majority vote to the same man he is elected; if not the joint assembly shall meet at noon of each succeeding day during the session and take at least one vote—until a Senator shall be elected. Since that time every Senator who has been elected has been chosen under this statute.

On January 11, 1911, over a year after the resolution was referred to the committee, it reported the substitute for the resolution I had introduced, which substitute took from the Federal Government the authority granted it by section four of article one. This provision became a source of animated discussion. Mr. Sutherland, of Utah, a member of the committee, offered an amendment striking out that part of the resolution repealing the clause in section four; and after a heated debate running through several weeks that amendment was adopted, receiving all the Republican votes but eight and one Democratic vote.

The Fight Over Section Four

A NUMBER of Republicans voted against the Sutherland amendment because they believed the resolution would receive more votes in the Senate with the part repealing section four in than if it were stricken out. And, though not in sympathy with the change curtailing the Federal power, they felt that it was better to have the resolution passed—even if it changed section four—than not to pass it at all; so they yielded their judgment in regard to the advisability of changing that section rather than endanger the passage of the resolution.

The vote on the resolution was had on the twenty-eighth of February; but previous to that Senator Root had made an inflammatory speech against the South because of the method employed by the Southern states in depriving negroes of the right of suffrage. Senator Bacon had replied with equal animation. These two Senators, both of whom were opposed to the direct election of Senators and in favor of maintaining the present system, because of their prominence and the ability with which they threshed over the negro question and the old state-rights doctrine, have attracted a great deal of attention to that part of the resolution reported by the committee which repealed the clause in section four.

Unfortunately, as a result of this debate, it has now apparently become more of an issue as to whether section four shall be changed than as to whether we shall change the method of electing Senators. I have not the slightest doubt but that this is exactly what both Senators Bacon and Root wanted to bring about, and which I regret to say they seem to have accomplished. There are a great many people in the country who sincerely and earnestly believe that it would be unfortunate and dangerous to take from the Federal Government the power given it by section four; and, since this is not a new power granted by one of the amendments that grew out of the slavery controversy and the Civil War, they cannot understand why Southern Senators and Congressmen should demand its repeal.

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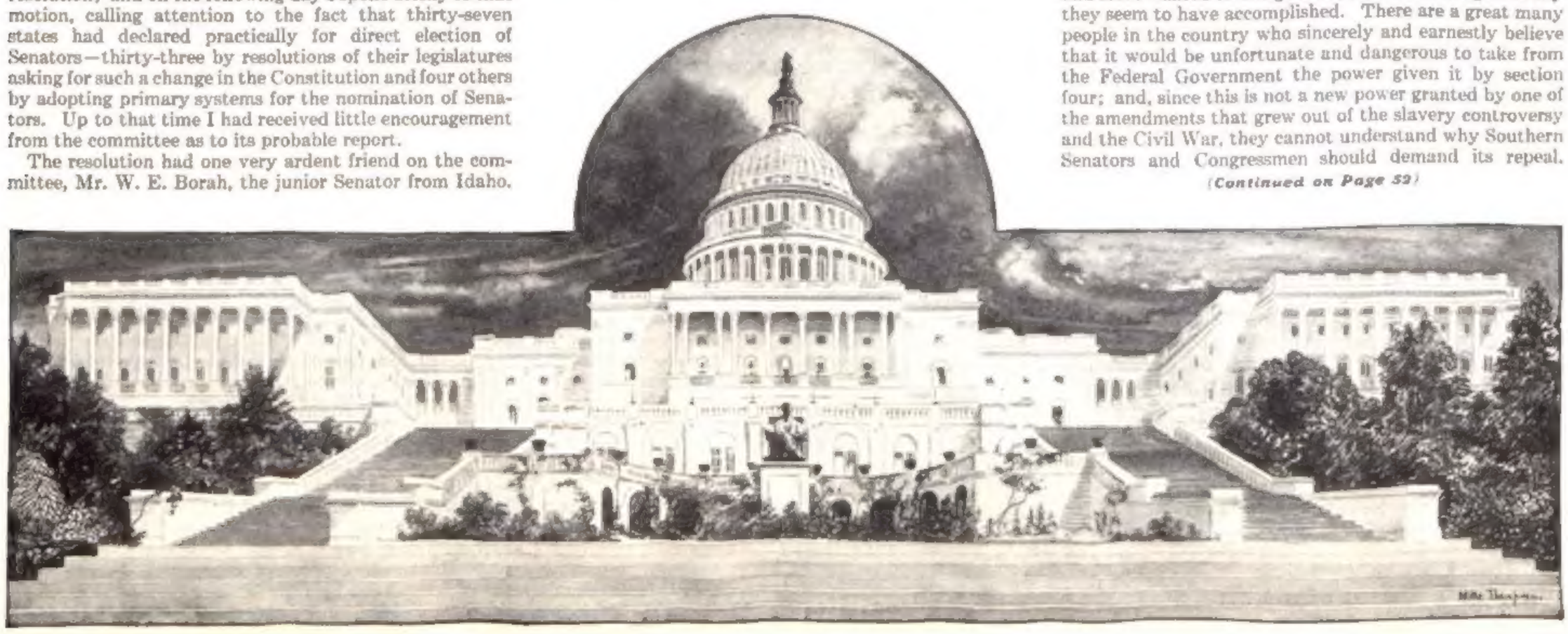


THE BIG IDEA

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

The Aged Bully

"YOU beat me home!" Mrs. Humphrey observed as she stepped into the house and saw her husband sitting in the Morris chair, reading a newspaper.

The first three years of their married life Mrs. Humphrey had done her own housework and so had precious little time for foreign affairs; but, since his patent wooden ovens were going so nicely, her husband had insisted that the housework and care of the baby were altogether too much for her, she must have a hired girl. That addition to the household had been installed a fortnight before, and this was the second time since then that Humphrey had come home at half-past five and found his wife out.

At the six-o'clock supper he noticed that she seemed to have something on her mind. Her replies to his conversation were monosyllabic and two or three times he caught her eying him in a furtive and questioning manner.

When the hired girl had brought in the pie and they were definitely left to themselves she looked over at him again with that questioning expression and said very soberly:

"I expect I've put my foot in it, Addison. And I don't care," she added wrathfully, "if I've put both feet in it and yours too!"

He saw that she was swelling with pent emotion and waited for the overflow.

"What do you think old Anse Soule has done now?" she demanded by way of beginning. "He's put a family with two little children in that Benson house, where two people have died of consumption. I know that house has never been properly disinfected. I know it has never been even decently cleaned. It's murder, Addison—just murder!"

With that declaration, her brows puckered in a dark frown and her eyes shot fire.

"And He Just Grinned and Wriggled and Squirmed"

"They're newcomers here from Bloomingdale," she continued. "The man has gone to work for Anse. I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw them moving into that deathtrap this afternoon. And when I saw those two little children—I just couldn't stand it, Addison!" She compressed her lips and shook her head decisively. "I found out Doctor Jenkings is supposed to be the health officer here. I went right down to see him and I told him what I thought too. And he just grinned and wriggled and squirmed. I suppose old Anse, with his politics, got him the job. I could see plain enough that he didn't intend to do anything. He's as afraid of old Anse as everybody else is.

"Anyhow, I thought I'd done my duty and so I came home," she continued. "And then I saw those two little children again—they're hardly more than babies. I saw 'em toddling round the yard—and I just couldn't stand it. I went right over and talked to the woman. I knew it wouldn't do any good to see her husband. He's working for Soule and would be afraid to open his head. I went to see the mother and I gave her a history of that house; I told her to go tell Anse Soule herself that if he didn't disinfect it properly she'd sue him for damages and get the state board of health after him. I told her I'd do everything I could to help her. I will too; and so far as I'm concerned I'd as leave tell old Anse Soule that as to look at him!"

It is true that on her own account she would have enjoyed telling Mr. Soule that and several other things which occurred to her; yet her mind was troubled on her husband's account by a doubt whether she hadn't, after all, been guilty of that most unfeminine and unwifely thing, "interfering" with his business. Addison, indeed, looked very grave, and indulged the rather bitter thought that if his wife had been doing her own housework she wouldn't have had time to get him into a scrape with old Anse.

Mr. Soule was one of Vale's most prosperous and influential citizens; but his business was not easily classified. He bought grain, produce and livestock from the farmers thereabout and sold them stone, brick, grape baskets, fencing, fertilizer; incidentally he loaned money and shaved notes—clear to the bone. He owned the baseball grounds and many other parcels of real estate. He was a director in the First National Bank and chairman of the Republican central committee for the county. He bore the reputation of being an implacable enemy.

The Benson house, mentioned by Mrs. Humphrey, was in the same block with the Humphrey cottage and separated from it by three vacant lots, also owned by Mr. Soule. The house, like most of Mr. Soule's properties, had fallen into an unseemly state. It needed painting; bricks were gone from the chimney; blinds hung awry on broken hinges. The Humphreys had often deplored the disreputable appearance of this house so near their own neat cottage. They deplored also the appearance of the three intervening vacant lots, which had grown rank with weeds whose seed constantly threatened their own well-kept lawn.

Mr. Soule could claim, however, that he did not ask his tenants to stand anything which he was not perfectly willing to stand himself. His business establishment was the most conspicuous feature of the village. The tall grain elevator by the railroad track could be seen from all directions. Long ago it had been painted an ugly red, but the paint had mostly peeled, blistered and worn off. Next the elevator was a shedlike structure, nearly a hundred feet long, for storing some of the articles in which Anson dealt. It had never been painted at all and the west end lurched drunkenly to the south. An extensive plot of ground near the shed was littered over with all sorts of rubbish—the débris of Anson's many commercial activities.

As Humphrey's oven plant was only five rods from the boundary of Mr. Soule's business premises, all this unsightliness was constantly under the inventor's offended eye. Moreover, Mr. Soule had an especially annoying habit of dumping rubbish into Vale Creek directly across the road from Humphrey's mill, although he had no right whatever to do so.

Mr. Soule's rights in Vale, however, were determined mostly by himself. In the course of thirty-five years he had cultivated such a reputation that nobody cared to quarrel with him. He was rich by the standards of Vale. His political power was extensive. As owner of the baseball grounds he held the village largely at his mercy in respect of its most popular diversion. It had long been noticed that he had no trouble about getting cars when he wanted to ship anything, and his freight was promptly delivered. Common report imputed to him a powerful influence with the railroad. That he was ruthless and vengeful everybody knew. What he might do to any man who dared cross him was left to alarmed conjecture.

Now Humphrey's position was promising, but by no means secure. His patent ovens were going splendidly, but his capital was very limited. Everything depended upon the state of his credit. He felt he must tread very warily for a while. Any serious check just at that juncture might prove fatal. Though Anson Soule had no immediate connection with his business except as a director of the First National Bank, he received his wife's belligerent declaration very gravely. Putting children into a house presumably infected with tuberculosis was, of course, infamous; and a little later on, when he had achieved a fairly independent position, he would be very willing to enter the lists against old Anse on that ground; but just now—well, it was unfortunate that anything of the sort should have happened.

Going to the plant next morning, he went up Main Street as usual in order to stop at the post-office for his mail. At the distance of half a block he saw a figure on the steps of the First National Bank that made his nerves tingle a little—the tall and angular figure of Anson Soule, clad in the faded butternut overcoat and slouch hat which Addison seemed able to remember from the time he could remember anything. Whether from rheumatism or inadvertence on the part of Nature, none of Mr. Soule's joints appeared to fit properly. His lumbering gait was so awkward that he seemed likely at any moment to lose a leg. He wore a prophetically long, slim white beard that always looked rather dirty; his forehead was high and narrow and his small eyes close together; his nose had evidently been broken, for the crook in it could hardly have come naturally.

"Good morning, Mr. Soule; looks like snow," said Addison in his most cheerful and friendly manner as he passed the old gentleman. Stepping into the post-office next door, he wondered for an instant how much of a coward he really was.

The pleasant absorption of business soon drove the matter from his mind; and when he started home to supper he had entirely forgotten it in the excitement of having received a telegraphic order for twenty wooden ovens from Iowa—the longest reach yet. On the strength of this Iowa order he was picturing the oven's triumphal march across the Missouri when a sound to the right attracted his attention. It was a sound of protest and it proceeded from a chubby youngster in a ragged jacket whom a young woman was leading into a lighted doorway. The youngster seemed about four years of age. His round, apple-red and tearful face was turned back regretfully toward the dooryard from which he was being ravished; his fat legs moved unsteadily under the maternal pull upon his arm. Addison's eye caught the picture and his heart was constricted. The doorway was that of the Benson house—not a promising place for round-faced, fat-legged youngsters.

A moment later the inventor paused in astonishment. In the wintry twilight he saw that the three vacant lots between the Benson house and his own contained a structure which had not been there at noon, and his nostrils were aware of a faint, new, unpleasant odor.

Mrs. Humphrey came to meet him as soon as he opened the door. She was quite pale; her eyes were wide, dry and bright.

"He's moved a nasty old shed right next to us and put twelve pigs in there!" she said. "We'll never be able to live here in warm weather."

Anson, indeed, had relocated his pigpen—as a chivalrous intimation to Mrs. Humphrey that she would better not interfere with his tenants in the future.

No self-respecting man likes to be turned out of his own house. Above all, no self-respecting man likes a gross and

public insult to his wife. Gloomily reflecting upon these facts, Addison for once couldn't get his mind down to ovens at all. Even the telegraphic order from Iowa lost all interest and charm. He glowered down at the telegram—which had been so precious the afternoon before as though it were merely waste paper. Leaving the desk and plunging his lean hands to the bottoms of his trousers pockets—his thin shoulders humped forward and his chin held low—he stared out of the window at his neighbor's paintless, unsightly, belittered premises. As far back as he could remember, everybody had avoided a quarrel with Anson Soule. He recalled many instances of Anson's meanness and truculence. It occurred to him that old Anse was really the town bully—he had everybody bluffed; yet finally he was only a greedy, vengeful, rather stupid old man.

"The trouble with old Anse," he muttered, "is that nobody has the gall to give him a fight. If I was only a little solider on my feet, now! If I was only a little solider on my feet ——"

In fact, though, he wasn't any solider on his feet. He owed the First National Bank alone near two thousand dollars. Days slipped by. The two chubby youngsters went in and out of the infected Benson house; the pigs amiably rooted and stank under the Humphreys' bedroom window. All Vale knew why they had been put there and thoroughly appreciated the joke on Addison. Mrs. Humphrey didn't say much; but they had to keep the bedroom windows closed, which wasn't the right thing for the baby. Now and then her husband caught her looking at him in a way that made him uncomfortable. Usually, after he had detected her in such a look, she hugged and kissed the baby with especial tenderness. Meanwhile, in passing Mr. Soule upon the street, Humphrey nodded and Mr. Soule nodded back—sometimes with a noticeable air of satisfaction.

The days slipped by until the eighteenth of December. Then Addison called upon Mr. Soule in his dingy office at the front of the long, unpainted shed.

"I've got to raise some money right away, Mr. Soule," he said nervously. "I've got a splendid business over there and it's growing every day; but, you see, I didn't have any capital to begin with, and—well, I've reached a point where I've simply got to get hold of some money right away. I've been standing off the lumber company for a long while, until I owe 'em ten thousand dollars. I got 'em to agree to carry me until the end of the year. I promised to pay 'em then, sure—and now I find I can't do it."

Mr. Soule listened to the recital impassively, except that he stroked his long beard with a slow, rhythmic motion, as his manner was when anything particularly pleased him. He had known, of course, that young Humphrey was much in debt, yet had hardly hoped his condition was so desperate.

"The fact is," Addison continued, nervously and more confidentially, "I see plain enough I can't swing this business any longer without capital. Now I've got a stove concern in Chicago on the string. They know that oven of mine is a good thing and they're going to buy me out. It was on the strength of that I promised sure to pay the lumber company by the first of the year; but I can't bring the stove people to time that early. You can see the situation for yourself. If I can pull through for about thirty days longer I can sell out and clean up a good little pile. If I'm thrown into bankruptcy before I make the sale I lose every cent I've got. That's just the situation. If you'll lend me ten thousand dollars for thirty days I'll pay you a thousand dollars interest."

The interest certainly looked attractive. Slowly stroking his beard, however, Mr. Soule mentioned security and the inventor had no security to give beyond his plain note of hand. He explained eagerly that his equity in the business was worth much more than ten thousand dollars; that he was certain to get at least twenty-five thousand dollars over and above all his debts when he sold out to the stove concern—but Mr. Soule resolutely shook his head. Lending Addison ten thousand dollars without security did not appeal to him.

Addison looked pained at this refusal. "I'll give you fifteen hundred dollars interest—fifteen per cent for one month," he said eagerly, but again Mr. Soule shook his head.

"Two thousand dollars, then—twenty per cent," Addison offered desperately. "You see, it will make all the difference to me between cleaning up a little fortune and quitting flat broke."

However, that seemed to make no difference whatever to Mr. Soule. "I wouldn't consider it at any price unless you can give me some security," he said coldly.

With a discouraged air Addison took his leave; but the next day he came back.

"I've simply got to have that money, Mr. Soule," he said earnestly. "Of course, there'd be no use in my going to the bank. They wouldn't lend me five hundred more without security. You're the only man I know that might lend it. For security, now—what can I give you? What would you take?"

"Oh, a couple of good signers," Mr. Soule replied pleasantly.

"Well—suppose, now—suppose I got a couple of good men to sign with me," Addison suggested with gloomy hesitation. "Suppose, now—say I got Ben Stubbs and Jim Pentwell to sign with me?"

The persons named were merchants in good standing. Moreover, they were political allies, or satellites, of Mr. Soule. Indeed, the capitalist knew them so well that he considered their signing a note with Addy Humphrey about as likely as their flying to the moon. He gave the inventor an odd, sidelong glance, but nodded approvingly. "If they sign a note I'll lend you the money," he said.

"I'll see 'em right away; I think they'll sign, all right," Addison replied. "But, see here now, Mr. Soule," he added anxiously, "my credit is at stake, you know. I don't want a word said about this except between you and me."

With that understanding he took leave; but in the two days following Mr. Soule did not see him. The morning of the third day they met on Main Street and the inventor nervously drew the capitalist into a doorway. "I've seen the men," he said confidentially under his breath. "They've agreed to sign with me. I'll bring the note down to you this forenoon. But now, Mr. Soule, this is to be strictly between ourselves."

Mr. Soule watched the inventor's thin figure disappear around the corner, then repaired to the drygoods store of Benjamin Stubbs. As he had quite expected, Mr. Stubbs was dumfounded at what he said and assured him that Addy Humphrey had never mentioned a note to him. His confidential inquiry of James Pentwell at the latter's grocery elicited the same reply.

Lumbering out to his office, Mr. Soule glanced over at the Humphrey oven plant and stroked his beard as though pleasant thoughts occupied his mind.

The inventor, however, did not keep his engagement to appear with a note signed by Messrs. Stubbs and Pentwell. The next day at noon Mr. Stubbs informed Anson Soule that Humphrey had been seen taking the morning train for Detroit.

"Guess he knew a leetle too much to try that on me," Mr. Soule remarked with a wintry wink.

The day after Christmas he received a call from the inventor, who seemed in very good spirits. "About that note, Mr. Soule," he explained quite cheerfully—"I thought I'd let you know. I found—that is, I made up my mind not to borrow the money. I decided to try the lumber company again and I've got it all fixed up with them. They'll carry me quite a while longer. They're perfectly satisfied. It's all fixed up. Of course you won't mention to anybody what has passed between us."

Oddly enough, this message of good luck quite disappointed Mr. Soule; but in a confidential talk with Mr. Stubbs he took the hopeful view that probably they would hear more of the matter before long.

He did hear more in exactly a week. Two prosperous-looking gentlemen, each carrying a handsome bag, entered his office.

"Mr. Soule?" the heavier and ruddier of the two inquired politely. "We just got off the train and were going up town, but they told us your office was here, so we came right over. We represent the Allied Lumber Company of Detro—"

The gentlemen had already deposited their bags on the floor and were taking the chairs indicated by Mr. Soule. The heavier one hitched his chair close to the proprietor, while the slighter one sat over by the wall in a detached sort of way.

"My name is Poole; I'm the treasurer of the company," said the heavier caller. "Mr. Wells, here, is our attorney. I brought him along—would you mind if I just closed that door, Mr. Soule?"

Having received Mr. Soule's permission and closed the door, the treasurer moved his chair a little nearer and continued:

"The fact is, Mr. Soule, we have a customer here whose account got in bad shape. He's a very plausible sort of chap and he finally got into us to the tune of ten thousand dollars. He really wasn't entitled to any such credit as that, and the long and short of it is I told him he positively must settle up the first of the year or we'd have to close down on him. Well, to make a long story short, he did settle up in a way that seemed satisfactory. He offered us four notes amounting to ten thousand dollars. I looked up the signers and indorser and found they had a good rating, so we accepted the notes. I don't need to trouble you with all the details, but something came up the other day that didn't square with what he'd told us as to how he came to have these notes. We inquired a little and found out that, in fact, the explanation he'd given couldn't be true. Now naturally, Mr. Soule, that raised a question in our minds as to whether there mightn't be something crooked about the notes themselves, and the long and short of it is that Mr. Wells and I hopped on the train and came down here to find out. Now mind you, Mr. Soule, I don't say there is anything crooked about the notes. Of course I hope there isn't, but we feel that it's up to us to find out. As your signature appears on the notes, naturally you're the man who can tell us."

Mr. Poole then drew a large, shiny wallet from his breast pocket and extracted therefrom four notes, which he spread on the desk before Mr. Soule. The notes were for twenty-five hundred dollars each, due respectively in two, three, four and five months from date. Each purported to be signed by Benjamin Stubbs and James Pentwell and to bear the unconditional indorsement of Anson Soule as payee.

Slowly and rhythmically stroking his beard with his right hand, Mr. Soule picked up the notes one after the other with his left hand and turned them over, glancing at the putative signatures of the makers and the indorser.

"Rank forgeries, Mr. Poole—rank forgeries!" he said with an affirmative nod at the treasurer. "Any schoolboy that had ever seen Ben Stubbs' signature or Jim Pentwell's signature or my signature would tell you so."

Mr. Poole straightened back in his chair and looked solemnly at Mr. Wells, while Mr. Wells looked at him.

"You don't say so! You don't say so! Well, well!" the treasurer murmured after a moment. "I wouldn't have believed he was capable of such a thing—and yet, Mr. Soule, after finding out he'd lied to me I wasn't altogether unprepared for it."

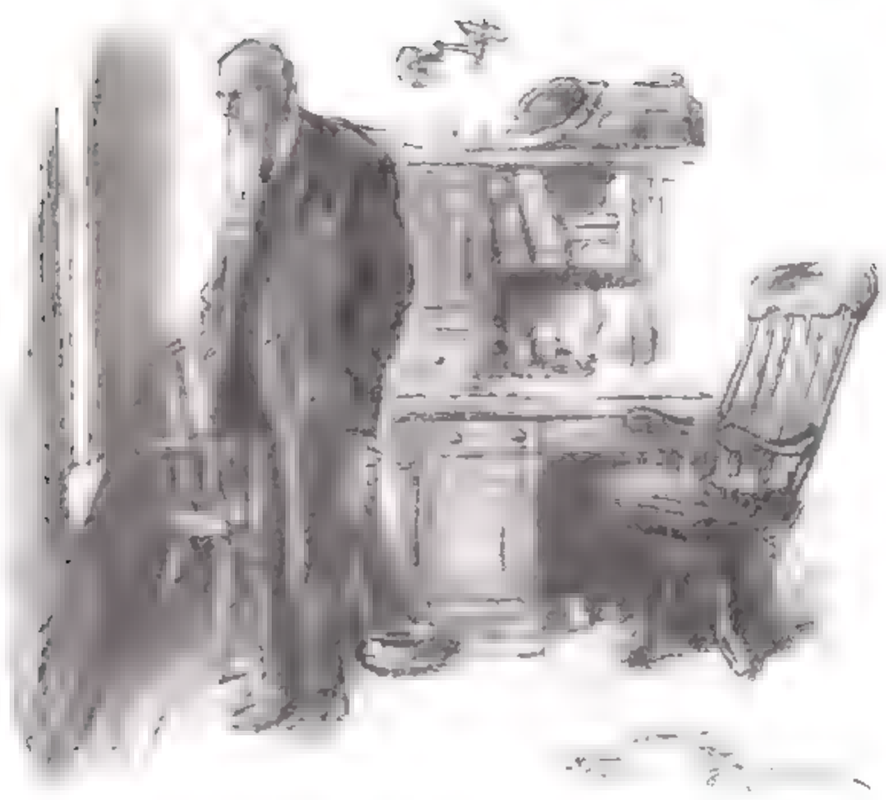
He gathered up the notes with mournful deliberation and replaced them in the large wallet, holding the latter in his two chubby hands as though it were some sort of funereal emblem. He sighed, turned to Mr. Wells and asked half absently: "What was that local lawyer's name—or, wait a minute—I've got it here."

Opening the wallet, he presently found a memorandum among the many papers it contained and read the name: "Reimer—Joshua Reimer. He was recommended to us. Do you consider him a good man, Mr. Soule?"

Mr. Soule replied that Reimer was considered a capable lawyer and directed them how to find his office. The treasurer replaced the fat wallet in his breast pocket and arose.

"I needn't say we're ten thousand times obliged to you, Mr. Soule," he declared warmly. "And now, of course, you can see the situation. We can put that chap in the penitentiary; but that wouldn't get us our money. Naturally we want our money if we can get it—any business man does. I don't suppose there's one chance in a hundred he can square us. Still, there's a possibility. So I trust you will regard this as confidential, Mr. Soule."

It Needed Painting; Bricks Were Gone From the Chimney; Blinds Hung Awry on Broken Hinges



Incidentally He Loaned Money and Shaved Notes—Clear to the Bone

Mr. Soule nodded, appreciating the reasonableness of a man's wanting his money; but he held out no encouragement. "He couldn't raise ten thousand dollars any more'n I could raise that grain elevator with one hand," he said, pointing a knotty forefinger at the structure mentioned.

"Probably not; probably not," Mr. Poole agreed sadly. "We can only try."

With that the strangers picked up their handsome bags and departed, after cordially shaking hands with the proprietor. In that act Mr. Wells smiled, which was the first time he had moved the muscles of his face since entering the office.

Lumbering to the other side of the office, Mr. Soule watched them proceed toward Main Street. He could see that the conspicuous sign of the Humphrey oven plant caught their eyes and that, while passing the establishment, they kept looking over at it and talking together earnestly.

Thereafter that window had an irresistible attraction for Mr. Soule. He kept lumbering over to look out of it and finally placed a chair so he could watch comfortably. Thus, something over an hour after the callers left his office, he saw Mr. Poole come down the street and enter the oven plant. Half an hour later he and Humphrey emerged together and went toward Main Street. At that distance there was nothing in the inventor's appearance to betray his state of mind, but Mr. Soule imagined what it must be and contentedly stroked his beard. The midday dinner hour arriving, he reluctantly abandoned his post; and soon after dinner he was a bit disappointed at seeing Humphrey return to his office unaccompanied either by Mr. Poole or the sheriff. Another hour passed and then he saw Messrs. Poole and Wells coming down the street, carrying their handsome bags. Mr. Poole alone entered the office. He seemed downcast.

"By gracious, Mr. Soule; by gracious!" said the treasurer thoughtfully as he sat down at the desk. "That fellow could talk a man into anything! I suppose I've done a rather foolish thing." He laughed somewhat sheepishly. "But, you see, he tells me he's just on the point of selling out to some Chicago people at a big profit. Well, the long and short of it is, I've given him ten days' grace. You see —— Now I feel, Mr. Soule, as you put us right on this thing and as your name is on that forged paper, that you're entitled to know just what's been done!" He made this interjection in a burst of confidence and gratitude, and again produced the large wallet. A legal-size envelope, filled with papers, was folded into it. Tearing the envelope in his confidential burst, the treasurer spread the papers over the desk. The long and short of it was that, on behalf of the Allied Lumber Company, he had taken Mr. Humphrey's note for ten thousand dollars, payable in ten days. He had also taken a mortgage upon everything Mr. Humphrey possessed, a confession of judgment, assignments of life and fire insurance policies, some legal waivers and various other documents. The contents of the thick envelope, in fact, with a number of papers which he extracted from the wallet, made quite a litter over Mr. Soule's desk.

He had also carefully retained the four forged notes. The ten days was merely a sort of truce. The mortgage, assignments and so on were not to be put on record, nor was the forged paper to be surrendered. If, at the end of ten days, Mr. Humphrey produced ten thousand dollars the slate would be wiped clean. If he did not produce ten thousand dollars the Allied Lumber Company would take over all his possessions and he would stand trial on the forgery charge.

Mr. Poole entered into a thoughtful discussion of the various phases of this particular case and of the plague of insolvent debtors in general. He became so absorbed in the discussion, indeed, that the minutes slipped by unheeded until Mr. Wells abruptly threw open the outer door and called: "Here's our train!"

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Mr. Poole. Hastily gathering up his litter of papers, he stuffed them into the envelope, thrust that into his pocket, warmly shook Mr. Soule's hand, seized his bag and ran for the station as the train was pulling in.

Mr. Soule did not attempt to rise. Leaning over and craning his neck, he watched the treasurer and attorney clamber on board and waited until the train pulled out. Then he bent over and picked from the floor—where Mr. Poole in his haste had dropped it—one of the forged notes for twenty-five hundred dollars. He had seen the note fall, but hadn't considered it necessary to call Mr. Poole's attention to it. Indeed, since the note purported to be payable to himself and to bear his indorsement it might fairly be considered as much his as anybody else's. He regarded it a moment with a kind of affection, then carefully tucked it away in his wallet.

One week later Mr. Humphrey again favored him with a visit.

"I can't bring those Chicago men to time," the inventor said as he dropped into a chair at the proprietor's desk. "The principal man's sick—left for Florida. They won't do anything for another thirty days. I can't wait. I'm up against it. Now look here, Mr. Soule, I want to clean up; I want to get out of here. I'm sick of the whole mess. Make me a cash offer for my business. I'll give you the greatest bargain you ever saw. Spot cash, mind you!"

Mr. Soule could well believe that the inventor's situation was even more desperate than his nervous language implied, as only three days stood between him and insolvency—and the penitentiary. He perceived that the young man meant to get what cash he could and abscond, leaving the Allied Lumber Company, with its unrecorded mortgage and its forged notes, to whistle. Mr. Soule himself had as little objection to any amount of whistling on the part of the Allied Lumber Company as he had to buying a business for a third of what it was worth. The only point in his mind was as to how little cash would Humphrey take. Calculating that the business must be worth at least twenty-five thousand dollars and that, by having it transferred to some innocent purchaser who would act as his agent he could avoid paying at least ten thousand dollars of the indebtedness outstanding against it, he offered the inventor three thousand dollars.

Addison received the offer with great indignation; declared the business was worth twenty-five thousand over and above all its debts—could be sold for that to the Chicago people in a little while; said he'd go right up to Mettawan and sell it to Truax.

Mr. Soule reflected that he might, indeed, do that, or find some other purchaser who was supplied with ready money and on the lookout for a good bargain. On the other hand, every hour's delay increased the inventor's danger. After haggling half an hour, Mr. Soule raised his offer to five thousand dollars, to which Addison reluctantly agreed.

"But I want you to buy my house too," said the inventor. "I want to clean up everything here. I've put over four thousand dollars into the place. I'll sell it to you for twenty-five hundred."

That by no means appealed to Mr. Soule; yet he could understand that Humphrey would have no use for a residence in the village when he had become a fugitive from justice. Moreover, a man who got the oven business at five thousand dollars could very well afford to pay twenty-five hundred for the house and then give it away. So, after another half-hour's haggling, Mr. Soule agreed to buy the house.

The inventor, as Mr. Soule had quite expected, was anxious to close up the transaction as speedily as possible. He would have his wife sign the deed for the house, he said, and meet Mr. Soule at nine o'clock the next morning in Mr. Reimer's law office, where the other necessary papers could be drawn, executed and delivered, and the money paid over. To this Mr. Soule agreed, feeling a pleasant assurance that he had added at least ten thousand dollars to his fortune and that Mr. Humphrey would be overhauled and put in jail within a fortnight.

Next morning they met punctually at the lawyer's office and Mr. Reimer proceeded to draw, with great care, the instruments by which the real and personal property, business and good-will of the Humphrey enterprise would be duly vested in Mr. Soule. He had finished this laborious task; upon the table lay the deed to the residence signed by Humphrey and wife, and a check for seven thousand five hundred dollars signed by Mr. Soule; Addison had already signed the first document pertaining to the transfer of the business, and was reading over the second, when Lute Morrow—a shiftless employee of the oven plant—shuffled in. He bore a telegram directed to his employer and explained that it had just been delivered at the oven office.

Addison tore open the envelope, glanced at the message and bounded from his chair. Telegram in hand, he waved Lute from the room and as soon as the door was closed exclaimed:

"It's all off! I won't do it! This is from Warner—Warner, the president of the Chicago stove concern. He wires he's coming back from Florida next week. He wants me to meet him in Chicago and close the deal. It means twenty-five thousand dollars—twenty-five thousand over and above the debts! I won't sell it to you!" he declared to Mr. Soule, waving the telegram rather wildly. "I won't do it! I can get twenty-five thousand next week!"

Mr. Soule, having reflected upon his bargain over night, was secretly quite as anxious to see the deal concluded as he supposed Addison to be. Mr. Reimer's extreme deliberation in drawing the papers had annoyed him, and this interruption was exceedingly irritating; but he had never for a moment lost sight of the main point in his favor—a consciousness of what his wallet contained was ever present in his mind, and he did not for a moment lose his wits.

Fixing the young man with a quite malevolent look, he remarked significantly: "Next week, eh?" Obviously, to a man with only two days of grace, next week was the same as next century; and, as Addison sat down limply on the corner of the table, Mr. Soule complacently stroked his beard. He could fairly feel the folded strip of paper in his wallet.

"I won't do it! I tell you I won't do it!" the inventor muttered, glowering down at Mr. Soule in sullen recklessness. "I'll go to Mettawan and see Truax; I'll throw the whole thing away! You've got to give me twenty-five hundred more. You've got to give me seventy-five hundred for the business and twenty-five hundred for the house."

"A bargain's a bargain!" Mr. Soule retorted angrily, his hand beginning to tremble a little, while his small eyes glowered balefully at the inventor. "You know what you agreed to. Ain't you man enough to stand up to your word?"

"I won't do it!" Addison replied, scowling defiantly. "You're an old vampire anyhow! You're nothing but a bloodsucker!" *(Continued on Page 72)*

"He's Moved a Nasty Old Shed Right Next to us and Put Twelve Pigs In!"

Coöperation Among the Mormons

They Practiced Irrigation Twenty Years Before the Rest of the United States Had Dreamed of Reclamation

By AGNES C. LAUT

LAST year when the investigations of the Department of Agriculture at Washington brought out the fact that the reason for the non-advance of farming interests in the East and the Middle West was that the middleman absorbed from fifty to sixty per cent of the consumer's price, leaving the farmer only about thirty per cent, the one great remedy proposed on all sides was coöperation. Let the farmers of the East get together in coöperative marketing associations similar to that of the citrus-growers of the Southwest. Let the farmers get in direct contact with the city buyers, so that food could pass directly from grower to eater without any extortionate rake-off to the middleman. If the middleman's absorption of sixty per cent could be eliminated it would mean thirty per cent higher prices back to the farmer, and thirty per cent lower prices to the consumer. Likewise, when the cost of living reached the zenith, about a year ago, when eggs were selling at fifty cents a dozen though millions of dozens were rotting in cold storage; when porterhouse was selling at twenty-eight cents a pound to the city man while the country man complained that he got small share of the advanced price of beef; when milk that cost nine cents a quart to the consumer returned only three cents to the dairy farmer—the one universally proposed remedy was coöperation. Let the city consumers get together in coöperative buying and selling associations similar to the great cooperative stores of England. Platform and press rang with the record of that colliers' and factory workers' association in which it took the humble worker a year to save up his first pound, or five dollars, to establish cooperative stores, which now minister to millions. It was pointed out that even backward Russia had coöperative dairies numbering hundreds of thousands, and that little Denmark had become the butter-and-cheese factory of Europe because of the cooperative system. The great International Institute of Agriculture at Rome got busy collecting figures from every country in the world, and issued a document advocating coöperation as the hope and revolution and salvation for the farmer from eternal financial damnation.

A Cure That Cost Too Much

BUT if the cure were so sure, why did the farmer remain poor? Why didn't he take the easy nostrum and live happy ever afterward? Right there came in the rub! The dead-sure-cure cost money. Farmers ground between the upper and nether millstones of chancy crops and middleman's greed hadn't money to experiment with new-fangled notions.

The city man between the devil and deep sea of a family's hungry stomachs and a loaf of bread that cost twice as much as it used to or shrank to just half its former size—which is saying the same thing in another way—hadn't any money to pool with some other city men and establish coöperative buying associations.

It was pointed out that when the citrus-growers of Southern California came together in their big marketing association, the first thing they did was to whack down money for packing houses and salaries, or go to the bank for the money and give their personal notes as security; and as many of the citrus-growers were millionaires in other walks of life they could afford this new-fangled coöperative game. Even the factory workers of England had to spend a year saving five dollars before they had capital to establish the first of those coöperative stores that have multiplied so wonderfully.

Coöperation seemed to cost capital. That was the difficulty alike in the way of city buyer and country seller; and as far as I know only one system of coöperation has been worked out in America without a cent of ready money, without the assumption of one cent of debt, without mortgage or loan or collateral, a system that returns to the farmer ninety per cent of the consumer's price and turns back to the buyer the sixty per cent middleman's profits. It is the oldest and most successful form of coöperation known in America. There is not a single case of failure on record where it has been tried. It creates communal life, communal buying, communal selling. No man catches sight of a penny of ready money, so he can't spend it; and if we grow rich not by what we make but by what we save, these "coöps" must grow very rich indeed. As a matter of fact, under this system a balance on the wrong side of the accounts is impossible. If debt is not allowed any balance that exists must be on the right side; and though the hopelessly unfit must under any system remain at the bottom of the ladder, it is a system of cooperation that tides every hard-up past the lean years. It has its faults and its defects and its tyrannies—as every rigid system has—and these will be told in their place but the fact remains that it is the one system of cooperation possible without the expenditure of money and, therefore, workable among the poorest communities, which need it most.

I refer to the system of cooperation worked out to such success by the Mormons. It has nothing to do with plurality of wives or with their religion; neither is it political. It is purely secular. Yet it would be safe odds to wager one hundred to one that their religion would not have lasted ten years if it had not been intrenched and bulwarked and girt round as by walls in absolute financial security for every member of the community. It is a system that secures every member against want. It makes it possible for every man to be successful if he wants to; to get ninety per cent returns for his labor and his produce; and if he is a drone and doesn't want to be successful, it makes him keep up with at least the tail end of the procession, whether he wants to or not. The one essential point to remember in the system is—there is nothing, absolutely nothing, haphazard.

Where the producers of the East and the Middle West sell haphazard to whosoever comes and the consumers buy haphazard from whosoever sells, the Mormon system controls the selling and controls the buying, and aims to make its members absolutely independent of outside influence.

Early in the seventies the Mormons came to Winslow, Woodruff, Snowflake and St. Johns, of Middle Arizona, as destitute of worldly possessions as a people could well be. They came to what was then considered a desert. They practiced irrigation twenty years before the rest of the United States had dreamed of reclamation. They came where there was no market, and within two years they had created one.

"I'm not out on a religious still-hunt," I said to one of the oldest Mormon settlers of Arizona, "but what I want to know is how you work out your system of coöperation. The Eastern farm is near its market; and the average Eastern farm is going behind. You are remote from market. Yet since '78 you have forged ahead. What is the secret of the financial success of your farm colonies?"

"The sole secret of Mormon success in farm colonies," he answered, "is coöperation; and cooperation was forced on us here by the terribly hard conditions that confronted us. It's too dead easy for you New England people—you are not forced to get together. When we came out here we were a persecuted sect. That forced us together. Then there was such danger from hostile Indians that we actually had to live in one big house that was like a fort. We hadn't any money to pay for big engineers to put in our irrigation projects; so we had to put in projects with our own hands."

How New Land is Spied Out

"WE never attempt farm colonies by a sort of hit-and-miss method. We send a competent man to spy out beforehand; then when the colonists go in we don't risk letting them learn by costly failures. We send with them a competent man who knows the local farming conditions and can advise them the first year. For instance, when our people went up to the Big Horn, conditions were new. We might have had to learn by two or three years of crop failure. That would have borne too heavily on a people who went in poor; so we sent in with them a man who, as a traveling missionary, had learned all about the peculiar methods necessary in the Big Horn country. Consequently we hadn't the usual failure of first years. Our people thrived from the first.

"That brings up the real function of our traveling missionaries. You outsiders wonder, perhaps, why we keep our traveling missionaries wandering over every country when there may not be a conversion or single case of proselyting. You know these traveling missionaries have to sustain themselves as they travel. Well—what is the object? How could that missionary have guided and advised our people on the Big Horn if he had not first thoroughly known the conditions there? Believe me, our missionaries are out for more than converts. They are out to learn the methods, the secret of the successes, the market requirements, the development and advancement of every section where they travel. That is the real treasure trove they bring back to us. If you compare this to the average colonizing of farm settlements, I think you will see how we are bound to succeed where a certain percentage of the others must fail.

"Do we use the tithing fund to establish our new colonies? Yes and no; that is, we never use the fund to send out a colony as the Salvation Army of England, for instance, uses a fund to send out its colonists; but our aim is to make each farm colony a unit independent of outside influence. Therefore, the tithing fund affords money to build the first gristmill and the first sawmill, so the settlers can get bread and lumber at a minimum cost. Then money is advanced to establish school and church; not much, however, not more than twenty or thirty dollars a month. For reservoirs? Never! We do not believe in

spending what we don't possess. Our irrigation system cuts out rake-offs for contractor and banker and bonding company and promoter. Our farm colonists get together under a competent director and build their own reservoir. The work done by each man is credited on the books. Consequently our water rates seldom run above one dollar and a half an acre, where other projects cost from four dollars for alfalfa to six dollars for most fruit and twenty dollars for oranges.

"But irrigation is only the beginning of our farm colonies. When produce is raised we must create a market for it; and we must have a market where our people can buy what they need and not send the money out of our community. This brings you to our cooperative store system. If the local demand is not sufficient to take care of all we raise—as was the case when we began here forty years ago—then the cooperative store takes the produce at current market values and gives credit on the books for what the farmers may need to buy, or else pays outright in cash. At the end of the year the profit to the store from handling the produce goes to the shareholders in our stores as a dividend. Our stores are owned by our colonists.

"How do we raise capital for these stores without a cash assessment? Well, I'll tell you how the stores of Woodruff and St. Jo and Holbrook were established without assessing any of the colonists for cash payment. When we came here in '78 there was no local demand for farm produce. Today there is. Then our nearest market was Trinidad, Colorado—five hundred miles away. One group of men contributed teams and drivers—the man's share being entered in the books at the rate of two dollars a day, the team charged up at four dollars. We sent our wool, our hides, our grain, our beef and our mutton out to the market. Payment was taken not in cash but in goods for our first cooperative stores; and all who had contributed goods, teams or drivers were entered shareholders in the cooperative stores. You can see why we could not follow the English system of charging less to our own buyers—the country was filling with people not of our faith who bought from our stores, and we had to charge one uniform market price all round. For the same reason we had to pay one uniform market price all round, but the profits came back to the shareholders who were our own farm people. Of course the lazy man who did not bring so much produce as his neighbor did not have as high credit on the books. We were organized under strictly cooperative laws; but being one cooperative community, if a hard year came when on account of drought or the bursting of the dam the crops were poor, by our credit system we could tide the hard-ups past the lean year. That the debt would ultimately be paid we had security in the fact that the hard-ups were shareholders in the store, and the share could be appropriated for payment. Then, of course, we always keep a sinking fund to tide the general community past lean years. If the fund is not needed it is at least out at interest for the benefit of the shareholders. I may add that the shares in our cooperative stores usually stand at two hundred dollars where par is one hundred dollars; at two dollars where par is one dollar.

"But the very keystone of our cooperative system is our communal dwelling. We have the house with its acre or two in the village and the main farm outside; or else our holdings are so small that the whole community is like a suburban town; and there is none of that loneliness characterizing country life that drives away the young people."

When you drive out to Woodruff or St. Jo or Snowflake you see how communal dwelling is the keystone of Mormon cooperation. At Woodruff dwell one hundred and fifty people, using less than six hundred acres all told, and making a better living off these small holdings than prairie farmers do off three hundred and twenty or four hundred and eighty acres. Counting out the children, this gives Woodruff an average farm holding of only twenty acres, and some of the most prosperous farms are smaller.

Doors, latches, blinds, furniture—all are home-made: for when men had to bring in their household goods five hundred miles by ox team they brought few and learned how to do without things. Don't judge, however, from the paucity of store plush and bric-à-brac that there is poverty. At St. Jo you will find a couple of farms not larger than twenty acres, each of which has amassed a fifty-thousand-dollar fortune to its owner. Cooperation, however, goes farther than buying and selling and village dwelling. The stock of a Mormon farm colony is run in one large community herd, which can be protected and guarded by a few efficient hands. This custom dates back to the old lawless days when cowboy and Indian alike thought it perfectly legitimate to rustle other men's herds.

I asked Mr. Fish, the historian of the Mormons and one of the leaders at Woodruff since '78, how much water-rights cost him under their system of cooperation. In Woodruff water rates are higher than usual, because the floods on the Little Colorado have carried out the dam seventeen times. He looked up his books. For a year and a half the total had been twenty-eight dollars for sixteen acres.

"When you have figured up the cost of production and the profits from the cooperative store, what percentage of the consumer's dollar does your farmer receive?"

I asked this question of the cooperative store manager, of the leaders at Woodruff and Holbrook and of the

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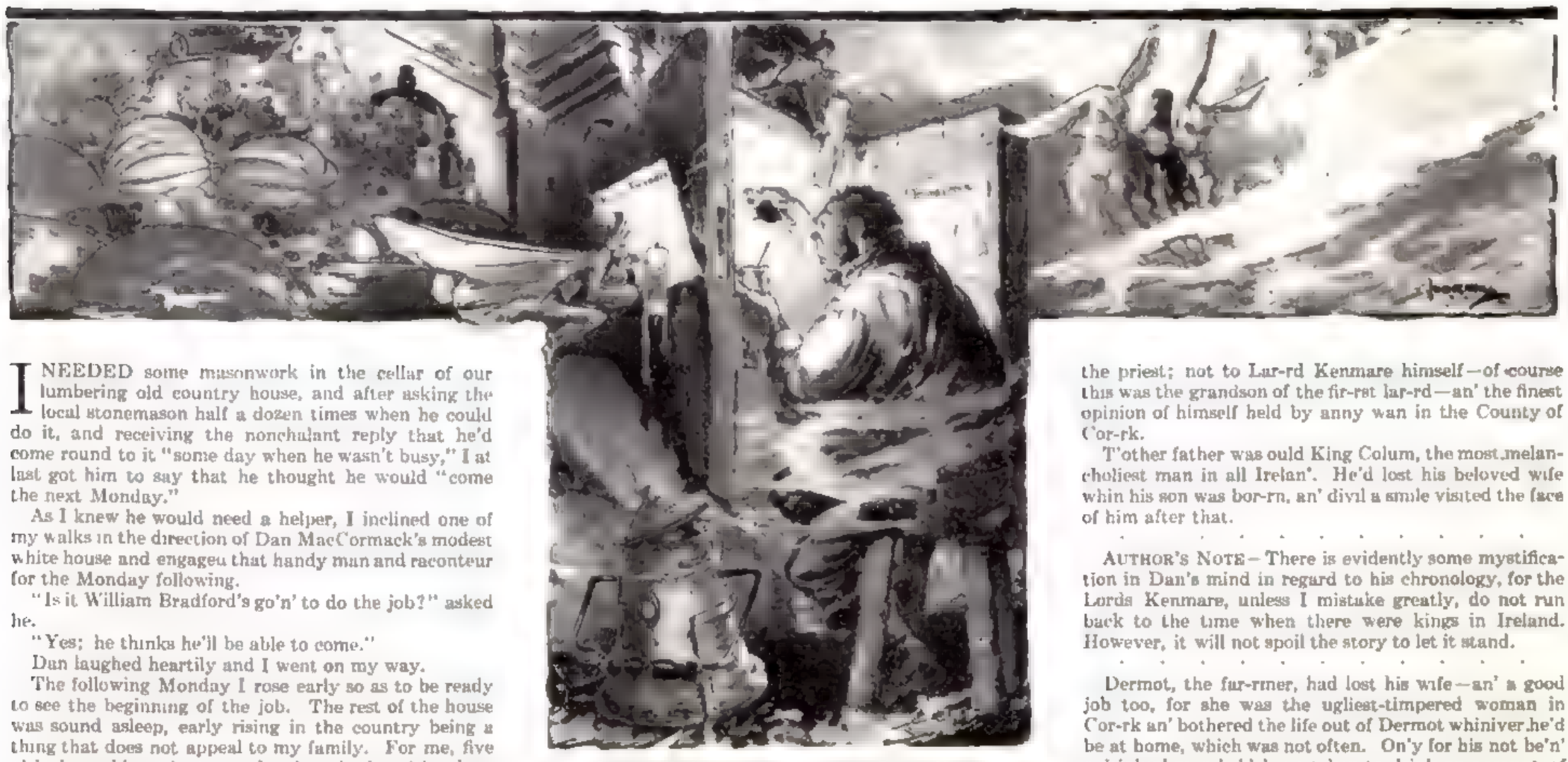
The Independence of Dermot

An Irish Fairy Story—By Charles Battell Loomis

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN R. NEILL



I NEEDED some masonwork in the cellar of our lumbering old country house, and after asking the local stonemason half a dozen times when he could do it, and receiving the nonchalant reply that he'd come round to it "some day when he wasn't busy," I at last got him to say that he thought he would "come the next Monday."

As I knew he would need a helper, I inclined one of my walks in the direction of Dan MacCormack's modest white house and engaged that handy man and raconteur for the Monday following.

"Is it William Bradford's go'n' to do the job?" asked he.

"Yes; he thinks he'll be able to come."

Dan laughed heartily and I went on my way.

The following Monday I rose early so as to be ready to see the beginning of the job. The rest of the house was sound asleep, early rising in the country being a thing that does not appeal to my family. For me, five o'clock would not be too early—but that's neither here nor there.

Promptly on the curtailed blowing of the Harrington whistles—curtailed because some sensitive souls could not stand their mellow blasts—well, at least, they are mellow three miles away—Dan came, with his lunchpail in his hand.

Mr. William Bradford, however, was elsewhere. As it afterward transpired, he was busy on a job he hadn't finished so soon as he'd expected—being paid by the day—and he didn't show up at all.

"The independence of some of these New England Yankees fills me with pride," said I to Dan—"only when I feel its effects I sometimes wish I could nail 'em to an engagement."

Dermot Had Got Hold of a Little Bit of Magic

"Oh, Will'll come whin he's ready; an' it's not Prisidint Taft could make him come sooner. It reminds me of the indepindince of Dermot O'Beirne."

Breakfast would not be ready for an hour. What better than to hear all about Dermot?

. . . . . .

Well, the way of it was this way, an' it consair-rned a couple of fathers an' a couple of childher. Wan of the fathers was a small far-rmer in the County of Cor-rk, wid about ten acres—they'd been given to his gran'father by Lar-rd Kenmare for savin' the life of his daughter from drownin' in the Lakes of Killar-rney; but he was as indepindint as if he was a king. Hat off to no wan, not even the priest; not to Lar-rd Kenmare himself—of course this was the grandson of the fir-rst lar-rd—an' the finest opinion of himself held by anny wan in the County of Cor-rk.

T'other father was ould King Colum, the most melancholiest man in all Irelan'. He'd lost his beloved wife whin his son was bor-rn, an' divil a smile visited the face of him after that.

. . . . . .

AUTHOR'S NOTE—There is evidently some mystification in Dan's mind in regard to his chronology, for the Lords Kenmare, unless I mistake greatly, do not run back to the time when there were kings in Ireland. However, it will not spoil the story to let it stand.

. . . . . .

Dermot, the far-rmer, had lost his wife—an' a good job too, for she was the ugliest-timpered woman in Cor-rk an' bothered the life out of Dermot whiniver he'd be at home, which was not often. On'y for his not be'n' a drinkin' man he'd have taken to drink on account of the scoldin' tongue of his wife. But wan day, in the midst of a quarrel wid a neighbor, she choked to deat', l'avin' a beautiful ger-rul of twelve yairs.

Eileen was th' apple of her father's eye; an' whin the wife was under ground an' a heavy stone upon her—for Dermot wanted to do the right thing—the far-rmer was home as much as his wor-rk would l'ave him; an' often little Eily would go to the fields wid him whilst he worked.

"Niver a man shall take you from me, me dair," he'd say to her; an' she'd say: "No, father; I hope you'll not be lettin' them take me. Sure, you're the best man in the wer-ruld, an' it's happy I am to be wid you."

Now King Colum was not of that way of thinkin' at all at all as regards childher, for the wan thought of him was

to get his son Prince Mahan married an' him livin' in his own castle, about a mile beyant.

"But I don't love anny wan, father," says he, very respectful.

His father looked at him wid the sad eyes of him. "It's meself that loved," says he; "an' what good did it do me? The yair from me weddin' scar-rce up an' me dair wife died, l'avin' you. No; I'ave love out of it. It's aisy to see that if you succeed to me t'rone an' don't marry there'll be no king whin you die. Marry anny wan at all an' give me a gran'son, so I can give up me remainin' yairs to trainin' him to crown-wearin' an' all the rest of it."

And Prince Mahan said: "What if I t'rew away marriage on an ould harridan for the sake of givin' you a gran son—an' thin, wan o' those fine days, run across a ger-rul to fall in love wid—a pretty mess I'd be in!" Prince Mahan got more excited as he talked to th' ould man. "Sure, two wives to wan husban' is unhair-rd of in Irelan'; an' it's not likely the bishop would let me divoorce meself from the horrid ould thing I married—bad cess to her! To think of me gettin' hitched to a thing like that, wid a painted face on her an' half the yairs in a century since she was droolin'—'tis the crime of me life that I would do it, just to pl'ase you."

And Prince Mahan was very angry indeed, until his father said: "But, Mahan, me boy, ye've married no painted harridan at all at all. It's no wan ye've married, more's the pity. Go you an' find the pretty ger-rul if ye want to. Love or no love, bring home a wife; rich or poor, ugly or beautiful, makes not a bit of differ—but be quick about it, for I feel the hand of deat' on me an' it's not manny yairs is left me"

So the sorrowful ould king gev his blessin' to Mahan; an' the lad star-rted out, more for the love of travel than for anny wish to get a wife. He was dressed somethin' elegant, wid a cloak of this gold cloth an' a diamon' as big as a robin's egg on the end of his watch-chain. A fine, handsome young felly—an' the devil's own pity if a harridan got the likes of him.

'Twas some yairs since Dermot's wife had died an' Eileen was now a beautiful ger-rul just approachin' eighteen. Sure, she loved her father as if he was her mother, an' he loved her so much that it made him sad for thinkin' how turrible it would be if he lost her. But whin he'd look at her comin' across the grass wid his lunch he'd laugh aloud.

Bein' that far-rmin' didn't take up all his time, Dermot had got hold of a little bit of magic an' often used to amuse his daughter by exhibitions of what he could do.

He could bring a hound in full cry after a fox right up to the feet of him, an' make it slather wid joy at seein' him; an' he could char-rm a bir-rd off her eggs, an' make bir-rds sing at night, an' make hens crow an' rooks talk. 'Tis not sayin' such things was right, but I tell the tale as it was told to me.

Handsome young Mahan, on a fine bay hor-rse wid a tail that dusted the road, canter-red the beautiful highways of Irelan'—sure, it's a pity they'd not be imitatin' thim over here. Roads as smooth as glass an' no hills at all -hills ayther side, but the road cut through like a railroad. Gran' for automobiles, but there was none of thim things in thim days.

At manny an inn Prince Mahan stopped an' manny a pretty maid gev him good mor-rnin', but the hair-rt of him went on pluggin' wid never a lift of its eyelids

Wance he kem on a ger-rul washin' clothes by a river an' stopped to pass the time of day wid her; an' the thought kem to him that perhaps such a ger-rul as that would make a good queen, but whin she opened her mouth to talk she'd not a tooth in her head—an' wid the flat of his hand on the hor-rse's flank he was away on to the next town for his dinner.

Of coorse he paid manny visits to the gintry, but the ger-ruls of that class didn't distur-rb his sleep at all at all. He'd been used to thim at home an' he passed thim by widout a thought—always civil an' wid a joke, but wid no thought of marriage, though manny's the mother set traps for him an' manny's the ger-rul's hair-rt flutter-red like an aspen on a still day.

Wan day Eileen was all alone, her father havin' gone to mar-rket. The ger-rul was puttin' a motherly ould hen in a coop. Sure the hen had stolen a nest an' the night before had brought in sixteen chicks of the color of gold; an' now Eileen, very happy to have so manny chickens as a prisint from the hen, had cooped the mother, an' the little chicks was runnin' all ways for insects an' the like, the mother knowin' Eileen too well to be tellin' the chicks anny tales about her. Sure, ye know that young chickens believe their mothers like some people believe in books, an' if they give a bad character to a man or woman or cat comin' nigh it's under the hen the young uns'll scuttle, afear-rd of their lives; but if she says somethin' pleasant an' flatterin' they go on wid their play an' fightin' widout a fear in their gizzar-rds.

Sure, no wan could think of a tale agin Eileen, she was that gentle an' winnin'. Two of the chicks had just stepped in the palm of her hand, where they were makin' contint noises—when a voice in the road said:

"Good mor-rnin'; an' could you tell me how manny miles is it to Mullow?"

Eileen stood up, the two golden chickens in the hollers of her two han's; an', tossin' the hair out of her eyes she says: "Some says ten miles an' some says four-rteen, but I think it's six meself, for I can walk it in two hours."

Glory be! Ye should have seen the young man who asked the question whin she answer-red him. Into his cheeks the red blood came an' wint t'ree times, an' he was clenchin' the fists of him widout knowin' it, an' breathin' har-rd.

A fine handsome felly he was, wid a cloak that would cost as much as ten fer-rtile far-rms, an' it was gold thread. The hor-rse he was ridin' was a shade of brown that had no name, for there was no other hor-rse like him in the kingdom; an' its tail would have made one of these rich Americans anxious to cut it off, for it dragged on the ground whin it wasn't plumin' behind him.

"Will Ye Sit Where Ye Are or Try Standin'?"

Whin Eileen saw the handsome young prince she didn't know annything was the matter with her, but whin he got off his hor-rse an' came nigh her the hair-rt of her began to beat—an' she not at all afear-rd of him or annything else.

Now Prince Mahan had just dined off a fine salmon an' some new peraties in an inn not a mile away, but whin he saw Eileen he realized that he was very hungry for eggs or milk or tea, or annything there might be in the house, so long as she sair-rved him wid her own han's. Oh, he was har-rd hit, an' the very fir-rst bull's-eye that had ever been scoor-red on him. "I'm nair famished, me dair. Could ye be after tellin' me anny inn where I'd get a bite or a sup?"

Now he put it that way to give her a chance to make a fine speech an' invite him in; but she had a good dale of her father's indepindince, an', though she liked the looks of him, she didn't see that she had anny call to provide food for princes or kings or anny wan at all. So she said, very pleasant: "Sure, there's an inn a mile ahead at the fir-rst four cor-rners ye come to. Good mor-rnin' to ye."

Prince Mahan put his hand on his hair-rt an' gasped. "Is it as fur as that?" said he. "Thin, for the love of Heaven, take pity on a star-rvin' man an' let me have a cup of water——"

"Sure, there's fine nourishment in a cup of water, but there's more in a jug of it," says she. An' thin, feelin' sorry for him, for the hair-rt of her was as tender as lettuce, she says: "Perhaps a couple of fresh eggs would be more fillin'. Do you watch thim chickens an' see that no fox gets thim an' I'll save ye from star-rvin'. It's no use likes to see furnished princes in the road whin there's so manny peasants better used to star-rvin'."

Wid that she set the two chickens on the ground an' went into the house. Prince Mahan took a step toward the coop. The mother hen began to talk. "Look out, childher; there's wan o' thim princes that never does anny wor-rk. Ye'd better come inside."

Into the coop ran the last runt of thim, an' all snuggled under the mother, some of thim peepin' out fearful-like from her feather-rs to look at the turrible monster.

"It's not very civil th' ould hen is," said Prince Mahan, steppin' into the kitchen. "Whin she seen me comin' she called all the chickens home. Sure I'm no fox."

"No; but you're a prince, an' me father says there's little good in the likes of thim. Hens is very wise. Will two eggs be enough or do ye want t'ree?"

Now Prince Mahan was that satisfied wid his dinner of salmon an' peraties that he wondered could he edge in another mouthful at all at all, so he said, "Two; an' boil thim fifteen minutes" the crafty gossoon!

"Sure, I'll get ye some stones outside an' war-rm thim up for ye if that's all ye want," said she, wid a laugh that made him glad his father had suggested travel.

Now Eileen wasn't used to havin' a man in the kitchen—on'y her father; so she said:

"Won't your hor-rse run away, an' him not tied? Why don't ye go tie him to the sycamore outside?"

Prince Mahan sat down on a chair as if he was in no hurry, an' said:

"He'll stay there forever so long as he hair-rs me voice. I never tie him—on'y talk to him wance in a while."

He called to the hor-rse, who whinner-red in reply; an' Eileen saw he was bint on stayin' in the kitchen—which is no place for a man.

"It's a lovely little home ye have here. Are your parents livin'?"

"Me mother's been dead manny yairs," said Eileen, "but me father takes good care of me; an' he'll soon be back from mar-rket."

"It must be fun to be a far-rmer," said Prince Mahan. "Nothin' to do but drop things into the ground, wait for the rain, an' thin dig thim up an' ate thim or pick thim off the bushes. Does peraties grow on bushes?"

"An' you an' Irishman?" said Eileen, wid contimpt. "Peraties grows on fuchsia trees whin the fuchsias have done bloomin'——"

"Ah, stop! Ye're makin' game of me. How am I to know, an' me in a palace all day wishin' for bedtime?"

"It's glad I am I'm not a princess," says she, wid a toss of her head that gev a wrench to his hair-rt "to be idle like that! Sure, no day is long enough on a far-rm—there's so much to do, an' arl of it pleasant."

"Is it har-rd lair-rnin' to be a far-rmer?" asks Mahan.

"Not for far-rmer folks that have somethin' in their heads to begin wid. I can't say how 'twould be for a prince," says she wid a cur-rl of her pretty lip.

"I Hope Ye'll Settle Nair Us, Your Majesty"

"Sure, it's har-rd ye are on princes," said he. "Have ye known manny?"

"I'm lookin' at me fir-rst; but there's lots of things ye can know widout sight."

The eggs was just done to brickbats whin Dermot come home an' seen the fine hor-rse outside his door.

"Sure, none but gentry rides hor-rses like that. I wonder what king is waitin' to see me. I'll go in by the kitchen an' keep him waitin' a little longer, so he'll not get too uppish."

Into the kitchen he goes—an' there is Prince Mahan, chippin' the shell off an egg, an' Eileen pour-rin' a glass of milk like a maid in an inn.

"What's the name of this inn, me dair?" says he to his daughter, m'anin' to chide her.

"Sure, father, it's not a dead man ye'd have in the road beyant an' us wid plinty to ate? This is Prince Mahan, son of King Colum; an he rode too far widout food."

"Yes," says Dermot drylike; "he ates like a famished man"—him noticin' the way the prince was nibblin' at the har-rd egg like he wished it had never been laid.

Prince Mahan was no man's fool, an' he rose to his feet an' said: "I don't know your name; but I want to tell you I'm willin' an' anxious to be payin' your beautiful daughter the complimint of marryin' her. All over the kingdom I've sought for a wife to pl'ase me father, but I was glad to find none, for I never saw the wan I could love. But whin I came here an' saw this beautiful ger-rul I says to meself, 'Mahan, it's you she's got!' An' the more I've talked wid her an' hair-rd the sauce in her tongue the more detair-rmined I am to do her the honor— -"

Dermot rose to his feet in anger. He'd been sittin' all the time the prince was standin'—to show his indepindince; but now he walks up to Prince Mahan an' says: "Young man, nobody can marry my daughter an' pay her an honor. It's an honor for anny wan prince or pope—to even think he could have my daughter's hand—which he couldn't. No! If the pope himself offered to marry her I'd give him me blessin' an' tell him the way to Rome. I have but the wan daughter, an' she lives wid her father. Isn't it so, Eily?"

"Sure it is, father," says Eileen, but wid a little touch as you might say of sadness in her voice. For Prince Mahan looked fine wid the afternoon sun bur-rnishin' the gold coat of him.

"I understand your feelin's, an' if she was my daughter I'd not let her go; but I love her. Listen! No doubt in the wer-ruld the king me father'll make a princess of her when I take her back—an' he'll add hundreds of acres to your far-rm."

"The divil fly away wid such idees," said Dermot, sittin' down agin. "I've enough of a far-rm to kape me happy an' well; an' if you was to call me daughter the Princess of Heaven she'd not be anny prettier nor anny more lovin' than she is. I'm satisfied wid her as she is—an' it's no wan else'll ever take her away whilst I live!"

Now Prince Mahan was wan of those young min that don't know whin they're bate, an' he wint on ar-rguin', until at last a thought came to Dermot, an' he said: "I'll not say you can have Eileen, but I'd like to know the metal of ye. I've a plow beyant that's enchanted. Do you come tonight at midnight an' plow the acre that lies east of me stable; an' if it's done by sunrise I'll give ye l'ave to call on Eileen in me prisince an' make yourself happy lookin' at her, but I'll not say ye're anny nairer marryin' her."

Quite happy, for he was never dar-rnted be difficulties, Prince Mahan bade them good avenin', wid thanks for the eggs—which lay un'aten in the saucer—an' rode to Mallow, where he saw his hor-rse fed an' thin wint to bed, l'avin' a call for eleven o'clock that night.

At eleven, the moon bein' high, he set out to walk to the far-rm; an', bein' clever wid his legs, he was there before midnight. There stood the plow invitin' him to his task an' there lay the field all silver in the moonlight.

Wid a snor-rt of contimpt, Prince Mahan laid hands on the handles of the plow—an' the next moment was swearin' like a pirate, for he couldn't let go an' the hands of him was tinglin' for all the wer-ruld like a thousand needles was prickin' thim.

An', push all he could, he couldn't budge the plow. "Where there's a way in there's a way out!" says he. "Meantime I might as well be as aisy as I can an' think it out." Wid that he straddled the plow; an' quick as a wink he began to sink a furrer in the field as straight as the road to per-rdition—though they say that's crooked. "Sure, I hit on the way out!" says he, beginnin' to whistle. Up an' down he plowed until the moon sank in the woods; an' whin the wor-rk was done his hands was set free an' he lay down utterly tired out an' slept on the ground till sunrise, whin he was woke up be the far-rmer cryin' out in sur-rprise.

"Sure, you're no ordinary prince!" says he.

"Did I ever say I was?" asked Mahan.

"An' how did ye do it?"

"The only way," says Mahan.

"Young man, I've taken a likin' to ye. Drop in anny avenin' for a smoke an' a bit of a chat ——"

"An' Eileen?"

"Oh, I'll take care of Eileen!" says Dermot wid a wink.

Prince Mahan spint the next day exer-rcisin' his hor-rse by ridin' up an' down the road that passed Eileen's house. A mile up an' thin back, an' he'd pass the house an' look to see was she outdoors; thin a mile down and back, an' the same minooverin'—but sorra a bit of a look did he get all day, for she was in the fields wid her father. That avenin' the prince was at the front door knockin', wid a pound of tobacker for th'ould man.

Eileen flashed him a look of the eye that tould him she was glad to see him agin, an' th'ould man was civil an' smoked the tobacker in a pipe he'd had since he fir-rst took up smokin'. Just to be hospitable, an' not because he was a prince, Dermot got Mahan a new pipe that had been presinted him by a sailor uncle, an' the two men sat an' smoked, friendly-like; an' Mahan says to himself: "A slow game is a sure game."

Suddenly Dermot says: "I've been thinkin' of another thrile I'll give ye ——"

"Go ahead; sure, me back's strong enough for anny-thing."

"This'll not exer-cise your back. The moon has risen an' it's a fine night for a walk. Do you an' Eileen go to Mallow an' back along the high-road."

Eileen gev a star-rt an' Prince Mahan nair-rly dropped his pipe, but he managed to say: "The very night for a walk, if it's not too far for Eileen."

"Ah, it's a good walker she is," says Dermot, an' goes to the cupboard an' comes back wid a bottle an' a glass.

"Young man," says he, "it's a matter of a couple of leagues to Mallow; an', for fear ye'll get weary, take a drink of this before star-rtin'."

Now, after what he'd said about Eileen, this was a fair insult; but Mahan saw it was a test an' he says: "All right. Here's to me future wife, Eileen!" Wid that he drinks the stuff in the glass an', tur-rnin', says: "Are ye ready, Eileen?"

Dermot was watchin' Mahan as a cat watches a mouse, but not a change in the look of him at all at all, though Mahan's hair-rt was nair breakin' wid grief; for whin he looked at Eileen it was an ould hag he saw, wid on'y wan tooth in her head an' squint eyes an' a skin like moldy parchmint.

"'Tis some inchantmint," says he to himself; "but I love Eileen wid all the hair-rt an' soul of me."

An' the two set out.

An' Dermot, laughin' to himself, wint out to his stable to bed down the hor-rse an' cow for the night—a thing he'd ought to have done hours before.

Eileen, never havin' taken a walk wid a felly before, was a bit shy an' a bit alar-rmed to be out so late. The shyness drew her from Prince Mahan, but the alar-rmity drew her towar-rd him; an' he, shudderin' at the hideous sight, put his ar-rm around her waist an' tried to be gay an' light in his talk. Sure, Eileen had no knowledge that her looks had gone, but smiled in the pretty way of her. An' the smile was to Mahan a witch's grin an' nair made him sick.

They'd gone about a mile whin Prince Mahan is struck be a thought, an' he says: "I'm feelin' a bit faint. Do you stay in the shadder of this willer an' I'll run back an' get another drink of the stuff your father gev me."

Like a grayhound he was off, an', findin' no wan in the house, helped himself to the bottle. Back again to Eileen he was an' whin he raiched her he said: "Me dair, this has done me so much good, do you take a taste of it."

Eileen, accustomed to obey her father, obeyed her lover an' drank a sip.

"Glory be to all the saints!" shouts Mahan, for Eileen was prettier than ever. But the poor ger-rul, after wan look at Prince Mahan, gev a low shudder of a cry like the beginnin' of a keen an' rushes headlong for home. What she had seen whin she looked at the prince was a frightful ould man, wid sightless eyes in deep red sockets, an' thick, slatherin' lips, an' sunken cheeks—oh, it was horrible! The poor ger-rul never stopped runnin' till she was home.

She met her father comin' out of the stable. "Oh, father!" she cried, runnin' into his ar-rms. "Prince Mahan has tur-rned into a turrible ould man that 'twould rob ye of raison to look at. Oh, I never want to see him ag'in!"

Her father began laughin'. "Well, me daughter," says he, "ye're safe wid yer father. An' what did I tell ye—that princes wasn't what they seemed. Don't be afear-rd of ever seein' him ag'in, for by now he's saddlin' his hor-rse for a ride home to his daddy."

All next day Eileen was cryin' be her-rself, thinkin' of the lovely felly Prince Mahan was before he got ould so sudden.

An' all day long Prince Mahan waited in the inn at Mallow for avenin'; an' as soon as it was twilight he rides his beautiful hor-rse to Dermot's house, an' whin Dermot comes to the door he inquires after Eileen.

Dermot smiles slylike an' says: "She seen a ghost last night an' she's all of a trimble. How was she lookin' whin she left you?" (Continued on Page 59)

"Sure, I'll Get Ye Some Stones Outside an' Warrm Thim Up for Ye if That's All Ye Want"

SUCCESS AFTER FORTY

By A. W. ROLKER

ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE P. HOSKINS

"On and After This Date the Assistant Manager of This Office Will Be Mr. Leonard Smith. Sole Applicant for the Position"

LESS than half a generation ago, if a man had not made a success of himself by the time he was forty years old he was voted a hopeless failure. There was a saying, "A man never will amount to more than he does at forty", and, whether this were true or not, that settled it. It made no difference how faithfully and how intelligently a man might have worked, and what odds he might have had to contend with owing to circumstances over which he had no control, the bare fact that he had failed to show results by the time he had reached the half-mile post of life was enough to rob even his best friends of their confidence. It never occurred to any one that his failure might be caused by some peculiarly trivial mistake that it would require a commission of lawyers to ferret out, and that in reality had nothing to do with his inherent worth. It was enough that he had not shown symptoms of a climb. He had been "weighed in the balance and found wanting." He was a fizzle—an "also-ran"—who might plug away at his hopeless task with his nose to the grindstone and with chances for success a thousand to one against him.

Today all this has been changed. Thinking men do not concede that because a man has not achieved success by the time he is twoscore, or even threescore, he is hopelessly beaten. They realize, of course, that according to the laws of chance he is less apt to hit the bull's-eye in the time remaining to him than he was when he had the best years of his life before him; but they figure that his knowledge and ripe experience will more than offset what little of success in the lives of men is due to luck. They maintain that, in the long run, good luck and bad luck offset each other; so that in the course of a lifetime there is no such thing as luck. In their opinion there are sound, tangible reasons why men swing themselves to the top; and conversely, if the career of a man who works faithfully and intelligently turns out flat, somewhere in the mechanism of his methods a grain of sand is obstructing a balance-wheel or a hairspring. To locate this grain and to remove it—that is the problem.

Square Pegs in Round Holes

THE reasons why the average man who is hard-working and conscientious and intelligent may nevertheless fall short of success are numerous; but the reason why he turns into a chronic failure is that he does not realize how simple it is to improve his lot. He has lost confidence in himself. He has ceased to rebel at what he thinks is his fate. There are difficulties to be surmounted and he balks at them. It does not strike him that he is master of his own future and that he can build this up with certainty as absolute as that with which an architectural engineer can erect a skyscraper. For centuries it has been bred in his bones that faithful, intelligent work will win out in the end; that a "rolling stone gathers no moss." Therefore, he goes plugging his way down the years, looking a little dazed and hurt because he is literally obeying all the old prescriptions and still is not making anything of himself. If only he would stop long enough to search at the bottom of things he might find that he is wholly unsuited to his present work; that the quicker he lets go of it and gets into a line to which he is adapted, the quicker he will make his mark. He might recall, perhaps, that again and again men who could not begin to compare with him for efficiency had been promoted over him; and comes to realize that, in business, modesty and conservatism are not invariable virtues, and that it behooves a man to get out into the limelight and beat his chest and toot his horn—always within reason, of course—and bring his good work to the attention of his employer. He may find, upon stopping to analyze the invariable stumbling-block of his career, that a quick temper or an objectionable manner, neither of which reflects his own true self, is the cause of his undoing. He may find that he is working in a line wherein there never was a future for him, or in a line that has changed under pressure of industrial and other conditions so that it is useless to pursue it. He may find that though he is a crackajack man personally, he has wasted years working for a third-rate concern that never could have anything to offer him, while all the time he might have had for the asking a splendid chance with a leading concern in his line. In a word, he may find that, while he has been wasting time regretting the wrecking of an early ambition, with half an hour's intelligent reflection he might long ago have succeeded in realizing his dreams.

How the resourceful man in every-day life fights against the ball and chain that is keeping him down and how he leaps to the front once he has cut his fetters -this is an interesting story. He may be a druggist, started by his father on a career that looked prosperous, who has never been a success as a business man because he has in him the genius of a wonderful mechanic. He may be the owner of some big wholesale business that came down to him through his family and that melted away under his hands because he had not so much business sense as a cigar Indian—Nature having intended to make a scientist of him. He may be a lawyer who should have been a clergyman or a clergyman who should have been a lawyer. He may be a bachelor with few or none dependent upon him or he may be married, with the weight of a family to burden him. He may have money saved to see him through a tight siege or he may be living off the salary due him next payday. Business man or professional, married or single, proprietor of a bank account or penniless, his recipe for success remains the same. He must bring himself to realize that, no matter what his age, his success lies within his own hands; that the sole reason of his continued failure is because he has "thrown up the sponge," and that the world is as wide open and ready as ever to welcome him. The rest is nothing more than a matter of lifting himself by his own bootstraps.

If there is one man more than any other who seems hopelessly in a rut it is the office man who has passed the age of forty and has a family dependent upon him. Unlike the salesman whom the merchant considers a producer, whose financial success depends largely upon his own skill and efforts, and for whose services there may be competition, the office man is considered a consumer, whose work is a mere matter of routine and from whose skill and faithfulness the house does not expect material benefits worth mentioning.

He is in the same category as the rent collector and the gas man, with thousands of equally good men ready to pounce on his job and fill it properly at something like half his salary. In his line there is little hope for him, and he knows it and lives a life wearing a tame smile and wondering what will become of him in old age.

How thousands of every-day men are helping themselves out of this predicament every year is best illustrated by actual incidents. In the office of a big silk commission house was a bookkeeper, stuck in the rut of the office man. He was a man well past the forty-year mark. He had been with the concern for twenty-two years and earned the princely sum of twenty-five dollars a week, which was as much as he would be able to earn in this department even if he grew as old as Methuselah.

For years he had seen stockboys develop into "outside salesmen" and earn salaries three, four and even five times as high as his own. One day, when a clever young salesman who had come to the firm as stockboy only five years before received a promotion that paid him double the salary paid the office man, old enough to be his father, he went home to his wife and three daughters broken-hearted. Never before had it struck him so icily that he was a failure simply because he was in the wrong line. Twenty-two years of faithful service only to reach the limit of his earning power, with four women to support, and at forty-seven years of age to have to lunch off a sandwich and a glass of ice-water, and not a dollar saved toward the only certain thing in life that was coming—old age!

How One Man Got Out of a Rut

"IF ONLY the firm had blown up or kicked me out twenty years ago we should have been better off," he explained to his wife. "I can sell goods as well as the next man if only they'd give me the chance; but they won't. To them I'm an office man, a penpusher, an inkslinger; and they can't understand that this does not mean I'd make a failure as a salesman. And the worst of it is, it would make no difference where else I went—everybody would tell me the same thing. If it weren't for that I'd throw up my job and begin somewhere else as a salesman—and it takes a little nerve to throw up a sure thing at my age, when one has been a failure, and begin life all over again. Some jobs are worse than none and I've got one of them. There's nothing in it but sure poverty at the end, for we'll never be able to save a cent. We're walking along a tightrope that leads against the blank wall of a precipice. A change means everything to gain and little to lose."

Until the small hours of the morning the husband and wife sat together and threshed matters out. When they finished they had formulated a definite plan.

Next morning the bookkeeper interviewed the head of the firm, who helped him liberally to advice, but would not hear of trying him on as a salesman, even on a commission basis. The best the office man could get was a promise of an hour off each afternoon to see whether he could find an opening for himself.

At the Age of Thirty-Nine He Was Reading Gas Meters for Twelve Dollars a Week

From the beginning this man showed that he had the making of a salesman in him. He began by selling his services just as he would have sold silks or any other commodity. There were ten or twelve big silk concerns, with any one of which he would have liked to connect; so he called on the heads of firms in these establishments, explained his case, got permission to call from time to time to see if there happened to be an opening and laid out for himself a regular route which he covered every fortnight. It might have been that in time he would have landed a job in this way, but he waxed suddenly rebellious and took the bit between his teeth.

"I'm sick of going 'round and telling people what I am," he argued. "Telling a man you're an office

"If Only the Firm Had Blown Up or Kicked Me Out Twenty Years Ago We Should Have Been Better Off"

man and asking him to make a salesman of you is like offering a man a mule when he wants a horse. Here's where I quit it."

He walked boldly into a silk house he had not called on before and saw the head of the firm.

"I'm a salesman," he said—which was true, for he was even then selling his services. "I struck this town this morning"—he lived twenty miles out in the country. "I want to land with a first-class house. I'm willing to prove my worth by starting to work on commission."

Inside of thirty minutes he had the salesman's job he had coveted half a lifetime and from the very beginning he proved successful, for he brought to bear the compelling enthusiasm of a beginner tempered by the experience of years of maturity. The first week he brought two new and big accounts to his people. The second week he brought back a big one that had been lost owing to a dispute two years before. And so he went on. Inside of a month he was given a twenty-dollar-a-week drawing account. Inside of a year his total income, salary and commissions, was more than fifty dollars a week. By that time he had turned into one of the most successful big-local-trade salesmen in the business. Before he had been eighteen months with his house he was sought after by other silk houses. He had the satisfaction of turning down a three-thousand-dollar offer from his former employer—thanking him but informing him that his people had met the offer, wherefore he could see no point in making a change. He is with this house yet and will scale higher as his trade increases, for today he has been selling for only two years.

What this bookkeeper succeeded in doing thousands of others who seemed tied hand and foot for life did before him and are doing after him. They figure that any man who has appearance and is no fool can sell a thing with merit for which there is a demand, and that any line wherein others are making a good living is a good-enough prospect for them. Many, like our bookkeeper, stick to the line wherein they picked up technical knowledge incidental to their office work. Others boldly stab into brand-new fields with which they have not the remotest acquaintance and make a big success out of what seem unpromising ventures.

When to Speak for a Better Job

A MAN who was fifty-five years old was cashier for a second-rate wholesale house that paid him at the end of fifteen years' service the munificent sum of twenty dollars a week. He had a wife and a crippled daughter to support out of this and had not a cent of his own in the world. At times, when he looked into the future, he became desperate; but, no matter how he thought and pondered, there seemed no solution until one evening a well-dressed young book agent called at his house to sell him a set of books. He did not buy any books, but he engaged the agent in conversation and learned that the young man was selling books in the evening as a side line and that he was averaging on commissions nearly fifteen dollars a week.

"If that fellow can clear fifteen dollars a week selling books two or three hours a day, I ought to starve if I can't earn twenty dollars a week, working full time," he argued. He went to a well-known publishing house for advice and was referred to a reputable concern in need of good agents, where he would be properly coached and broken in by an expert book salesman.

"You've taken leave of your senses!" encouraged a friend. "A man of your years to throw up a sure thing!"

"The only sure thing I've got is the prospect of starvation," the other returned.

When a man of fifty-five undertakes to canvass books because he has faith in the business he's apt to make things hum a little. He could not do much in the line were he to wear an I'm-doing-this-while-laying-for-a-better-job air; but the very faith he has in his line carries his prospects with him, which is precisely what this man succeeded in doing.

Three months after he began his job he was given the best territory in the city of New York to work in. Four months later he was in charge of the New England district, with sixty-five men under him and a twenty-eight-hundred-dollar salary, aside from territory commissions. By the time he was sixty years old he was sales-manager for his concern. Shortly after this he was found dead in bed of heart disease—which has nothing to do with the story, except that it closes our incident with the fact that between an insurance policy and what he had been able to save this man left his wife and daughter eighteen thousand dollars—not so bad for a man who spent most of his life finding himself.

Not infrequently the man who is an employee and is making a failure of himself finds he has been held down by the absurd reason that he did not try for advancement. He finds he worked faithfully and intelligently, feeling his employer's eyes glued to a spot behind each ear, confident that the "boss" appreciated what he was doing and would use the first opportunity to promote him. It did not strike him that his employer had a thousand more important things to do than to worry about the future of an employee whom he could judge only perfunctorily; it did not strike him that the employer could not look inside him to read what good-will and conscientiousness were written there; it did not strike him that for these reasons he had to seem to his employer like more or less of an automaton, and that if only he had known enough to ask for advancement his employer, even if he had been obliged to decline, would have looked upon him from a new viewpoint and would have credited him as a person of common-sense and ambition.

Among the small army who fail of success until past middle age, something like fifty per cent owe their favorable turn to the fact that at last failure dinned it into them that nothing comes to the man who fails to try for a prize.

Examples of the success of the man who knows enough to use his tongue can be seen in almost every business establishment. One instance of this happened three years ago in the office of a certain steamship company where something like a hundred deskmen were employed, all doing pretty much the same character of work. Among these clerks were many old-timers who had been with the company for years; also, a new clerk, a man of forty-five or forty-six years of age who had been employed by the company only six months and was earning fifteen dollars a week.

The assistant manager of the office dropped dead one day while on the pier. Next morning the new clerk went to the manager. "I was sorry to learn of the death of Mr. B ——," he said; "but this will leave a vacancy. I have not been here as long as any of the other men and I suppose I've got little chance for advancement, but I'd be obliged if you'd permit me to put in my application."

He Pitied Himself Because His "Career Had Been Blasted"

He Had Forgotten Everything He Had Ever Learned, But the Books Brought Back the Old Ambition

The manager did not give much encouragement. "I don't see how I can promote you over the heads of the older men, Mr. Smith; but put your application in writing," he advised.

For a week or ten days politics were loose in that office. Each man was telling the other that he—the other—was sure to be appointed, though each felt in his bones that the appointee would be none other than himself. All this time the manager was sitting tight. If a single one of the old hands had shown intelligence enough to apply for the job he would have got it; but, barring the newest man, each man was dead from the neck up. One morning this notice appeared:

"On and after this date the assistant manager of this office will be Mr. Leonard Smith, sole applicant for the position."

A pretty story followed the choice of Smith, who for almost a year, during an illness that overtook his chief, ran the office—ran it from eight in the morning until eleven at night, until he was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. From fifteen dollars a week as clerk, as assistant manager the man with a tongue was raised to forty-five dollars; and not many months later, when his friend the office manager resigned owing to poor health, the former clerk was advanced to full managership at a salary of four thousand dollars a year.

One Raised Himself; the Other Raises Chickens

THIS story of the office manager may seem like an unusual case, of little practical value to the man in everyday life; but, far from being an extreme case, it is a common one. Every concern that employs a large number of hands has promising opportunities at brief intervals. The trouble is with the man, not with the openings.

An incident that accurately illustrates this point happened in a well-known insurance company. Ten years ago two brothers worked in the office of this company, the one brother forty-two and the other forty-three years old, both good workers, both in a rut, both earning a salary of twenty-two dollars a week and both pretty much convinced of the hopelessness of advancement to a better position with this company.

"See here," said the younger man to the elder, "there are about fifteen thousand friends and relatives who get all the plum jobs in this concern. There's nothing in office work anyway. The outside fellows, the canvassers, are the ones that are making all the money. Next vacancy comes up among the canvassers I'm going to apply for it."

"And jump from the frying-pan into the fire?" the elder brother asked. "I'll hang on to my little twenty-two bones a week, thank you. You always were a blooming fool anyway!"

The blooming fool started as a canvasser and today is the highest paid district manager in the employ of the company. His salary and commissions reach almost twenty thousand dollars a year. The wise brother is "hanging on to his little twenty-five bones a week"—he was raised three dollars a week in ten years—and in order to make ends meet is raising chickens on the tenement-house plan.

Here's another case of success due to a long-shot attempt. A foreigner who was fifty-six years old had for years filled a sort of boy's job as shipping clerk in a wholesale white-goods establishment. He was an unmagnetic creature, with ice-water instead of blood in his veins; but he was a workhorse and a horse for work

and so held his job. He had not a ghost of a chance for advancement out of his cubbyhole next the cellar elevator platform on the sidewalk.

One day in an elevated train he recognized from a newspaper cut a prominent and wealthy countryman of his, a multimillionaire, known the world over.

"He'll likely tell me to go to H——," he said to himself "but here goes just the same." He addressed the wealthy man and introduced himself as coming from the same home town in the old country—which was the truth.

As a result of the conversation he had an appointment to meet his new friend next morning and at the close of the interview he returned to the store just long enough to resign and draw his pay. He had a job that paid him eight times what he had been earning and it looks permanent.

There is little doubt that, out of every ten men who are fizzles at the age of forty and seem weighted with a millstone tied about their necks, no less than five can trebly better themselves for the trivial bother of trying in the right way. The stumbling-block is that the average man either does not know how to go about finding a good berth for himself or else lacks the initiative to start out and hunt for what he wants. He is waiting for the "grand bounce" to give him incentive or for a miracle to happen for a fine "soft snap" to look him up and beg him with tears in its eyes to grab it. He wants a position that pays him well and that has all the earmarks of offering him a comfortable future, but he regards it as beneath himself to go from one firm to another and hunt it. He thinks this puts him in a class that is asking charity. He does not consider the fact that an architect, a lawyer, an engineer or any other professional who wants a good job visits one headquarters after another and calls on office after office until he lands one. Yet, in business as in the professions, the best positions are got in this way—but often a man is forty years old before he realizes this enough to try it.

The case of an assistant office manager in the employ of one of the biggest banking houses in this country illustrates an experience that is happening to scores of men every week. This man was a bookkeeper and cashier for a little chemical concern that paid him eighteen dollars a week. For ten years he had chafed in the employ of these people; and though he stood alone in the world he realized it was getting time to save enough money for a rainy day, for he was fifty years old.

Often he had walked past the buildings of world-famed firms in a certain financial district, had looked at impressive entrances guarded by special policemen and had envied the luck of men who were drawing big salaries from these concerns just because they happened to connect with them. Not until he was made sufficiently desperate by his dismal outlook, however, did he begin to lie awake nights trying to solve the riddle of how to land a job with one of these houses.

The feat of landing a job with one of these big houses, where it was next to impossible to gain a personal interview even with the heads of departments and where every opening was snapped up like a fly in a trout pond by friends of employees on the inside, was a difficult one. He solved it by writing three brief, to-the-point letters, representing himself as an expert accountant who wanted to better himself and pointing to long years of service in the only two places where he had been employed. These letters he sent simultaneously to the three biggest banking establishments in the city. He fully expected his letters to wander into a wastebasket, but in two cases he received answers informing him that there was no opening. For the second time he sent three letters, to three other houses. He received two answers stating that his name had been put on file; and at the same time the third letter of the first trio came, stating that his references had been looked up and that he might call for a personal interview.

He began with an increase of sixty per cent of his old salary. Inside of eighteen months he had devised a

(Continued on Page 37)

THE MUSICAL OUTLAW

By GEORGE PATTULLO

ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE P. HOSKINS

A MAN dropped from the shoulder of Tom Ketchum's Hill and rode leisurely through the X Q Z pasture toward the ranch. He had been three days on top of the hill, with nothing but a hambone and a hunk of dry bread—and he was hungry. Securely hidden behind its piled rocks, one can see anything approaching ten miles off in any direction; and he had descried a horseman moving on the road to San Angelo. The horseman would have to return the way he had gone.

At the gate leading out of the pasture he saw above his head a placard posted over the notice which warned trespassers:

$100 REWARD!

This sum will be paid for the apprehension of the man who murderously assaulted and beat Sol Livermore most to death near Christoval on the night of June eleventh, afterward throwing him into an irrigation ditch. The dastardly assailant is described as about five feet six inches in height, sandy complexion, and with a mole on his chin. He wore a mask, a wide felt hat and overalls.

WIRE ANY INFORMATION AT THE SHERIFF'S EXPENSE.

The rider scanned the placard a second time and scratched his head.

"I need a hundred bad," he said reflectively.

Then he got down from his horse and led him among the trees and thick green brush that bordered the South Concho. He was a striking-looking man, dark as the ace of spades and quite six feet in height. In walking he held himself flat-bellied and stiff from the hips, which is the horseman's gait.

It had just occurred to him that he would not ask for food at the ranch. One cannot wander across country nowadays, with towns sprouting every thirty miles on the face of the land, and apply for a meal without arousing suspicion; more especially if one be mounted on a horse that shrieks of breeding in its every line. About six o'clock the rancher would go down to the stables to feed the stallion and jacks; so he would wait.

It would be five hours at least before the man he wanted returned from town. He squatted behind a clump of mesquit and peered out at the road—a rider would show plainly. It was not more than forty yards. Having satisfied himself of this, he extracted a mouth-organ from his overalls, carefully removed particles of tobacco from the rim and tuned up. Soon he was playing On the Suwanee River in a plaintive tremolo. His horse turned his head to listen in mild wonder.

"Six Feet High, Dark Complected and Shaved Clean. He Has Gone to Mexico"

At six-thirty, by the shadow of a fence-post—he had no watch—he opened the lid of the rancher's ice-box and scrutinized what offered. There were cucumbers and cold potatoes and a pitcher of milk. He already had in his hand a slice of cold beef, discovered under a tin on the kitchen table.

"If you'll open the lower door you'll find tomatoes and lettuce," somebody said behind him. "How do you like 'em—French dressing or mayonnaise? I keep both."

"It don't matter," the visitor answered civilly. "I'll just eat 'em this away. I don't want to be no trouble."

The rancher stepped up to the porch beside him and, rummaging in the refrigerator, brought out the vegetables mentioned and placed them on a plate. His caller went on eating, but he kept close tabs on every motion, for he was doubtful.

"I couldn't find nobody about," he explained, "and I was that hongry I just took to it. Sort of surprised you, I reckon, didn't it?"

"Oh, no; not at all. If you'd got neighbors that do the things some of mine do, a crack between the eyes wouldn't surprise you."

This gave food for reflection. However, the caller was still too hungry to worry over trifles.

"What'd you say your name was?" he inquired.

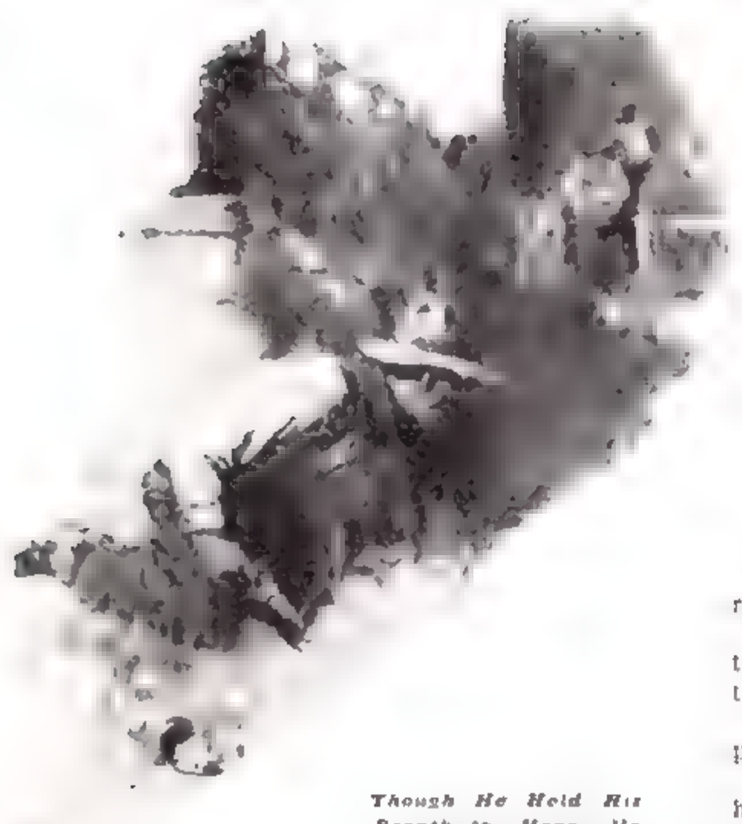
"I don't recollect saying."

"Mine's Walker," he volunteered—"Luke Walker."

"Mine's Murray Henderson," said the other.

He held out his hand and Walker took it, with the first sense of comradeship he had experienced in months. Having eaten all he could hold, the visitor tilted back in his chair with a sigh and felt anxiously in all his pockets. Luke had done this twenty times before and knew well there was nothing in them, but he showed pained surprise.

"Say, you ain't got any cigarettes, have you?" he inquired.



Though He Held His Breath to Hear, He Could Not Catch a Word

"Sure! Help yourself." And Henderson tossed over several packets of tobacco and paper.

They talked carelessly on indifferent subjects while the sun went to his rest after a terrific day's work trying to burn up the world. A bullfrog croaked from the South Concho and wild doves were cooing amid the trees. An owl hooted far down, near the dam. Henderson's dog came to sniff at the visitor. He growled when Walker offered to pat him, but presently became reconciled and flopped on his back to have his ribs scratched. A string of cattle wound slowly over a rise toward the corrals and a jack brayed in its stall.

"It's right peaceful," Luke remarked, and he drew out his mouth-organ. The rancher regarded him anxiously—Luke was giving the instrument a preparatory polish.

Said Henderson: "I say, you aren't going to play that thing?"

"Sure! You've been right kind to me. What'd you like to have?"

"Wait," his host begged—"Wait just a minute, Mr. Walker."

To Walker's considerable astonishment, Henderson went hurriedly indoors. Left alone on the porch, Luke stuck his hand inside his shirt and kept it there. Suddenly he stiffened and got halfway out of his chair. He had distinctly caught the click of a gun-hammer; but what followed seemed to puzzle him. There was a soft whir, as of well-oiled machinery, and the next moment a human voice rose in liquid sweetness. Luke had never heard anything quite like it and it gave him a peculiar, tingling sensation up his spine. As the golden sound soared in Rudolph's narrative from La Bohème, he dropped back into his seat and tried, with unsteady fingers, to roll a cigarette. Henderson rejoined him.

"Where've you got him hid out?" Luke asked. Nobody could fool him that way.

"Oh, that's a machine."

"It is? I swan!"

He did not move a muscle while the song lasted. Twice the rancher spoke to him, but he might as well not have been on earth for all the notice Walker took. When it was finished he coughed and inquired what the man had been singing about.

"Is that so? He's one of them dagos? That's most amazing, ain't it?"

Henderson went in to put on another record and Luke called to him:

"I done heard a feller sing at one of these here moving-picture shows in Albuquerque once. Say, it was just as clear as a bell. Silver Threads Among the Gold, it was; but this guy of yours can sing most as good as him."

Again, as he listened, he expressed astonishment that a foreigner should be so gifted. It struck him as contrary to the scheme of creation.

"It'd take a lot to beat that dago feller," he admitted.

"Wait. Here's the best yet. This'll make your hair curl!"

The rancher stood by and watched with the pride of a father in his child while his guest drank in the sextette from Lucia. He saw Walker grow tense and the toes of his boots begin to move slowly up and down.

"It fair makes the hair lift at the back of my neck," he confessed.

When Journet came crashing in with his pipe-organ bass Luke could stand the strain no longer.

"Jumpin' Jupiter!" he exclaimed, wiping beads of perspiration from his forehead. "That gen'l'man's a sure-enough man. What's it all about, anyhow? What're they saying to each other?"

As well as he could recall, the rancher told him the story of the Bride of Lammermoor. It was dark upon the porch now and he could not see his visitor's face; otherwise Henderson would not have been so nonplused over the insistence with which Walker requested him to go over and over certain portions of the tale. As a diversion he played two solos by sopranos, but his guest evinced impatience. They were all right, of course, and doubtless those women could sing, but it sounded too much like screeching for his taste. What had the fellow done when he learned that his sweetheart was married to another? Walker kept coming back to the Bride of Lammermoor.

"Say," he asked abruptly, "what time is it?"

"About nine. Why? You're going to stay all night, aren't you?"

Luke made no answer, but appeared to listen intently.

"How far can you hear any one coming along that there road?"

"Well," said Henderson, "that depends. It depends on the wind and on whether you're deaf. I can hear farther than some others. What's up?"

"Say, let me know when it's near eleven—will you, please? I've got to get moving then."

The rancher promised he would and Walker composed himself to hear more music. After a while, Henderson led him into local gossip. At the outset, Luke assured him that he came from a far country and knew nobody thereabout. Had Mr. Walker heard of the attack on Old Man Livermore? Yes, he had seen a notice; and he inquired after Mr. Livermore's health. Henderson informed him that the farmer would probably survive, although he was still in a precarious condition. What nobody could understand was Livermore's reluctance to speak of the affair. They had been unable to extract anything from him which could be used in the pursuit. Even when pressed for a description of his assailant he had professed not to have seen him.

"I believe he lied," the rancher went on. "It doesn't stand to reason you couldn't get a look at a fellow while that fellow was pounding the daylights out of you the way he did. Don't you think so?"

"It looks that way," Luke replied carelessly.

From that the talk drifted on to the subject of Livermore's relations with his neighbors. The rancher was of opinion that he had no enemies. His wife was dead and his only daughter was married to Bill Hathaway. Some had said that she was forced into this wedding, but he scouted the rumor. It did not seem plausible that a girl of her spirit could be coerced. He knew nothing of the preliminary arrangements, but he was willing to swear that Mrs. Hathaway had a good home and was happy now.

"Sure," Walker said rather sullenly—"that's always the way, ain't it?"

Shortly afterward he inquired what sort of a man this Bill Hathaway was.

"Bill's a pretty good citizen," the rancher returned promptly.

"That don't mean nothing. I've seen a heap of square men what weren't good citizens because they never had no chance. People give 'em dirt."

"Oh, no," said Henderson, laughing; "you're wrong there, Mr. Walker. It takes a pretty substantial man to make a good neighbor and a good citizen. If he isn't all right in his private life, sooner or later he will get in bad in his public relations."

"You figure, then, that a man always gets what's coming to him—what he deserves?" Walker put the question reluctantly.

"You bet I do! Retribution is my religion. A man may not get his reward or punishment in a form you or I or the neighbors can see, but he gets it all the same. Both reach him for what he has done—right in this life usually."

"Some of 'em is so cussed mean they couldn't get all they ought to," was the bitter rejoinder. "They don't live long enough."

He was not a cheerful companion. Every time Henderson broached a topic, Walker would either say "Huh-huh" in a bored tone, or he would curtly cut into the talk on another tack. The rancher humored him, putting on a fresh number from time to time when conversation lagged. Usually he explained something of what the soloist was singing and to this Walker gave an attentive ear. Yet his thoughts would stray and he would sit in glum silence, occasionally stroking the dog.

"Say," he burst out, "that yarn of yours about the bride made me think of a friend of mine. What'd you say to ——"

"Go on," said the rancher when he paused.

"Well, it's like this: Supposing a girl promised to marry a feller and everything was fixed up hunky-dory—and the ol' man seemed willing; and then that feller did something her and him didn't like, so they gave him the go-by—what'd you say to a deal like that? Sort of raw, I call it; don't you?"

"I don't know," Henderson answered cautiously. "What'd he make a break for? If he thought enough of the girl he'd have behaved himself."

"Sure!" Luke snorted. "I reckoned you'd say something like that. That makes me tired. No man ain't an angel all the time."

"You asked me, you know," the rancher reminded him. "Let's not talk of it, then. What's the use? It don't affect you or me?"

"Sure not; but we was speaking of them things."

There was a rattle of horse's hoofs on the road from town. Walker jumped up and started for the door, but the rancher reached it ahead of him.

"Mind the machine!" he yelled. "Watch out. I'll attend to him."

He leaped off the back porch and sped down the path. A horseman had pulled up at the yard gate. With one flurried glance at the whirring record, Walker dropped out of the window and crouched behind a rosebush. He held a .45 six-shooter in his hand. The rancher and a rider were talking in low tones just beyond the fence; but, though he held his breath the better to hear, he could not catch a word. At last the man wheeled his horse. He galloped away into the dark.

"All right, Brother!" he called back. "*Adios!*"

When Henderson returned, his guest was holding the record with both hands to prevent it from spinning round.

"I couldn't see how to stop it," he apologized to his host. "That there needle was abumping and scratching all over."

"It doesn't matter. I don't expect it's hurt," said the other.

"Pretty late for a feller to drop in, ain't it?" Walker questioned.

"Oh, him? That was the doctor. He wanted to know where Tom Lee lives," Henderson replied. He added, "Whew!" and wiped his face with a handkerchief, though a spanking breeze was blowing through the house from the southwest. "What'll you have now?"

For half an hour the machine continued to grind out tunes. Once Henderson suggested courteously that his visitor must be tired, but Walker repudiated the notion. It was close to eleven o'clock. The two talked in casual

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Walker Was Soon Lost to Surroundings

A GOBOTO NIGHT

By Jack London

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

AT GOBOTO the traders come off their schooners and the planters drift in from far wild coasts, and one and all they assume shoes, white duck trousers and various other appearances of civilization. At Gobotomailisreceived, billsarepaid, andnewspapers, rarely more than five weeks old, are accessible; for the little island, belted with its coral reefs, affords safe anchorage, is the steamer port of call, and serves as the distributing point for the whole wide-scattered group.

"Peter Gee, Who's Whiter Than Most White Men"

Life at Goboto is heated, unhealthy and lurid, and for its size it asserts the distinction of more cases of acute alcoholism than any other spot in the world. Guvutu, over in the Solomons, claims that it drinks between drinks. Goboto does not deny this. It merely states, in passing, that in the Goboton chronology no such interval of time is known. It also points out its import statistics, which show a far larger per capita consumption of liquors. Guvutu explains this on the basis that Goboto does a larger business and has more visitors. Goboto retorts that its population is smaller and that its visitors are thirstier. And the discussion goes on interminably, principally because the disputants do not live long enough to settle it.

Goboto is not large. The island is only a quarter of a mile in diameter, and on it are situated an Admiralty coalshed where a few tons of coal have lain untouched for twenty years – the barracks for a handful of black laborers, a big store and warehouse with sheet-iron roofs, and a bungalow inhabited by the manager and his two clerks. They are the white population. An average of one man out of the three is always to be found down with fever. It is the policy of the company to treat its patrons well, as invading companies have found out, and it is the task of the manager and clerks to do the treating. Throughout the year traders and recruiters arrive from far dry cruises and planters from equally distant and dry shores, bringing with them magnificent thirsts. Goboto is the Mecca of sprees, and when they have spreed they go back to their schooners and plantations to recuperate.

Some of the less hardy require as much as six months between visits. But for the manager and his assistants there are no such intervals. They are on the spot, and week by week, blown in by monsoon or southeast trade, the schooners come to anchor, cargoed with copra, ivory, nuts, pearl shell, hawksbill turtle and thirst.

It is a very hard job at Goboto. That is why the pay is twice that on other stations, and that is why the company selects only courageous and intrepid men for this particular station. They last no more than a year or so, when the wreckage of them is shipped back to Australia, or the remains of them are buried in the sand across on the windward side of the islet. Johnny Bassett, almost the legendary hero of Goboto, broke all records. He was a remittanceman with a remarkable constitution and he lasted seven years.

Nevertheless, at Goboto they tried to be gentlemen. For that matter, though something was wrong with them, they were gentlemen and had been gentlemen. That was why the great unwritten rule of Goboto was that visitors should put on pants and shoes. Breech-clouts, lavalavas and bare legs were not tolerated. When Captain Jensen, the wildest of the blackbirders though descended from old New York Knickerbocker stock, surged in, clad in loin-cloth, undershirt, two belted revolvers and a sheath-knife, he was stopped at the beach. This was in the days of Johnny Bassett, ever a stickler in matters of etiquette. Captain Jensen stood up in the sternsheets of his whaleboat and denied the existence of pants on his schooner. Also he affirmed his intention of coming ashore. They of Goboto nursed him back to health from a bullet-hole through his shoulder, and in addition handsomely begged his pardon, for no pants had they found on his schooner. And finally, on the first day he sat up, Johnny Bassett kindly but firmly assisted his guest into a pair of pants of his own. This was the great precedent. In all the succeeding years it had never been violated. White men and pants were undivorceable. Only niggers ran naked.

II

ON THIS night things were, with one exception, in nowise different from any other night. Seven of them with glimmering eyes and steady legs had capped a day of Scotch with swivel-sticked cocktails and sat down to dinner. Jacketed, trousered and shod they were: Jerry McMurtrey, the manager; Eddy Little and Jack Andrews, clerks, Captain Stapler, of the recruiting ketch Merry; Darby Shryleton, trader from Tito-Ito; Peter Gee, a half-caste Chinese pearl-buyer who ranged from Ceylon to the Paumotas; and Alfred Deacon, a visitor who had stopped off from the last steamer. At first wine was served by the black servants to those who drank it, though all quickly shifted back to Scotch and soda—pickling their food as they ate it ere it went into their calcined, pickled stomachs.

Over their coffee they heard the rumble of an anchor-chain through a hawsepipe, tokening the arrival of a vessel.

"It's David Grief," Peter Gee remarked.

"How do you know?" Deacon demanded truculently, and then went on to deny the half-caste's knowledge. "You chaps put on a lot of side. I've done some sailing myself, and this naming a craft when its sail is only a blur, or naming a man by the sound of his anchor—it's—it's unadulterated poppycock."

Peter Gee was engaged in lighting a cigarette and did not answer.

"Some of the niggers do amazing things that way," McMurtrey interposed tactfully.

As with the others, this conduct of their visitor jarred on the manager. From the moment of Peter Gee's arrival that afternoon Deacon had manifested a tendency to pick on him. He had disputed his statements and been generally rude.

"Maybe it's because Peter's got Chink blood in him," had been Andrews' hypothesis. "Deacon's Australian, you know, and they're daffy down there on color."

"I fancy that's it," McMurtrey had agreed. "But we can't permit any bullying, especially of a man like Peter Gee, who's whiter than most white men."

In this the manager had been in nowise wrong. Peter Gee was that rare creature, a good as well as clever Eurasian. In fact it was the stolid integrity of the Chinese blood that toned the recklessness and licentiousness of the English blood that had run in his father's veins. Also he was better educated than any man there, spoke better English as well as several other tongues, and knew and lived more of their own ideals of gentlemanliness than they did themselves. And, finally, he was a gentle soul. Violence he deprecated, though he had killed men in his time. Turbulence he abhorred. He avoided turbulence as he would the plague.

Captain Stapler stepped in to help McMurtrey.

"I remember when I changed schooners and came over to Altman the niggers knew right off the bat it was me. I wasn't expected, either, much less was I expected to be in another craft. They told the trader it was me. He used the glasses and wouldn't believe them. But they did know. Told me afterward they could see it sticking out all over the schooner that I was running her."

Deacon ignored him and returned to the attack on the pearl-buyer.

"How did you know from the sound of the anchor that it was this whatever-you-called-him man?" he challenged.

"There are so many things that go to make up such a judgment," Peter Gee answered. "It's very hard to explain. It would require almost a textbook."

"I thought so," Deacon sneered. "Explanation that doesn't explain is easy."

"Who's for bridge?" Eddy Little, the second clerk, interrupted, looking up expectantly and starting to shuffle. "You'll play, won't you, Peter?"

"If he does, he's a bluffer," Deacon cut back. "I'm getting tired of all this poppycock. Mr. Gee, you will favor me and put yourself in a better light if you tell how you know who that man was that just dropped anchor. After that I'll play you piquet."

"I'd prefer bridge," Peter answered. "As for the other thing, it's something like this: By the sound it was a small craft—no square-rigger. No whistle, no siren was blown again a small craft. It anchored close in—still again a small craft, for steamers and big ships must drop hook outside the middle shoal. Now the entrance is tortuous. There is no recruiting nor trading captain in the group who dares to run the passage after dark. Certainly no stranger would. There were two exceptions. The first was Margotville. But he was executed by the High Court at Fiji. Remains the other exception, David Grief. Night or day in any weather he runs the passage. This is well known to all. A possible factor, in case Grief were somewhere else, would be some young dare-devil of a skipper. In that connection, in the first place, I don't know of any, nor does anybody else. In the second place, David Grief is in these waters, cruising on the Gunga, which is shortly scheduled to leave here for Karo-Karo. I spoke Grief on the Gunga in Sandfly Passage day before yesterday. He was putting a trader ashore on a new station. He said he was going to call in at Babo and then come on to Goboto. He has had ample time to get here. I have heard an anchor drop. Who else than David Grief can it be? Captain Donovan is skipper of the Gunga, and him I know too well to believe that he'd run in to Goboto after dark unless his owner were in charge. In a few minutes David Grief will enter through that door and say: 'In Guvutu they merely drink between drinks.' I'll wager fifty pounds he's the man that enters and that his words will be: 'In Guvutu they merely drink between drinks.'"

Deacon was for the moment crushed. The sullen blood rose darkly in his face.

"Well, he's answered you," McMurtrey laughed genially. "And I'll back his bet myself for a couple of sovereigns."

"Bridge!—who's going to take a hand?" Eddy Little cried impatiently. "Come on, Peter."

"The rest of you play," Deacon said. "He and I are going to play piquet."

"I'd prefer bridge," Peter Gee said mildly.

"Don't you play piquet?"

Peter nodded.

"Then come on. Maybe I can show I know more about that than I do about anchors."

"Oh, I say ——" McMurtrey began.

"You can play bridge," Deacon shut him off. "We prefer piquet."

Life at Goboto is Heated, Unhealthy and Lurid

Reluctantly Peter Gee was bullied into a game that he knew would be unhappy.

"Only a rubber," he said, as he cut for deal

"For how much?" Deacon asked

Peter Gee shrugged his shoulders. "As you please."

"Hundred up—five pounds a game?

Peter Gee agreed

"With the lurch double, of course, ten pounds?"

"All right," said Peter Gee.

At another table four of the others sat in at bridge. Captain Stapler, who was no card-player, looked on. McMurtrey, with poorly concealed apprehension, followed as well as he could what went on at the piquet table. His fellow Englishmen as well were shocked by the behavior of the Australian, and all were troubled by fear of some untoward act on his part. That he was working up his animosity against the half-caste and that the explosion might come any time was apparent to all.

"I hope Peter loses," McMurtrey said in an undertone.

"He won't if he has any luck," Andrews answered. "He's a wizard at piquet. I know by experience."

That Peter Gee was lucky was patent from the continual badgering of Deacon, who filled his glass frequently. He had lost the first game handily and, judging from his remarks, was about to lose the second, when the door opened and David Grief entered.

"In Guvutu they merely drink between drinks," he remarked casually to the assembled company ere he gripped the manager's hand. "Hello, Mac! Say, my skipper's down in the whaleboat. He's got a silk shirt, a tie and tennis shoes all complete, but he wants you to send a pair of pants down. Mine are too small, but yours will fit him. Hello, Eddy, how's that *gari-gari?* You up, Jack? The miracle has happened. No one down with fever." He sighed happily. "I suppose the night is still young. Hello, Peter, did you catch that big squall an hour after you left us? We had to let go the second anchor."

While David Grief was being introduced to Deacon, McMurtrey dispatched a house-boy with the indispensable pants, and when Captain Donovan finally came into the room he was garbed as a white man should be at least in Goboto.

Deacon lost the second game, and an outburst heralded the fact. Peter Gee devoted himself to lighting a cigarette and keeping quiet.

"What?—are you quitting because you're ahead?" Deacon demanded.

Grief raised his eyebrows questioningly to McMurtrey who frowned back his own disgust.

"It's the rubber," Peter Gee answered.

"It takes three games to make a rubber. It's my deal. Come on."

Peter Gee acquiesced and the third game was on.

"Young whelp—he needs a lacing," McMurtrey muttered to Grief. "Come on, let us quit, you chaps. I want to keep an eye on him. If he goes too far I'll throw him out on the beach, company instructions or no."

"Who is he?" Grief queried.

"A left-over from last steamer. Company's orders to treat him nice. He's looking to invest in a plantation. Has a ten-thousand-pound letter of credit with the company. He's got 'all-white Australia' on the brain. Thinks because his skin is white and because his father was once Attorney-General of the Commonwealth that he can be a cur. That's why he's picking on Peter, and you know Peter's the last man in the world to make trouble or incur trouble. Confound the company! I didn't engage to look after its infants with bank accounts. Come on, fill your glass, Grief. The man's a blighter, a blithering blighter."

"Maybe he's only young," Grief suggested.

"He can't contain his drink—that's clear." The manager glared his disgust and wrath. "If he raises a hand to Peter, so help me, I'll give him a licking myself—the little, overgrown cad!"

The pearl-buyer pulled the pegs out of the cribbage board on which he was scoring and sat back. He had won the third game. He glanced across to Eddy Little, saying:

"I'm ready for the bridge now."

"I wouldn't be a quitter," Deacon snarled.

"Oh, really, I'm tired of the game," Peter Gee assured him, with his habitual quietness.

"Come on and be game," Deacon bullied. "One more. You can't take my money that way. I'm out fifteen pounds. Double or quits."

McMurtrey was about to interpose, but Grief restrained him with his eyes.

"If it positively is the last, all right," said Peter Gee, gathering up the cards. "It's my deal, I believe. As I understand it, this final is for fifteen pounds. Either you owe me thirty or we quit even?"

"That's it. Either we break even or I pay you thirty."

"Getting blooded, eh?" Grief remarked.

The other men stood or sat around the table and Deacon played again in bad luck. That he was a good player was clear. The cards were merely running against him. That he could not take his ill luck with equanimity was equally clear. He was guilty of sharp, ugly curses and he snapped and growled at the imperturbable half-caste. In the end Peter Gee counted out, while Deacon had not even made his fifty points. He glowered speechlessly at his opponent.

"Looks like a lurch," said Grief.

"Which is double," said Peter Gee.

"There's no need your telling me," Deacon snarled; "I've studied arithmetic. I owe you forty-five pounds. There, take it!"

The way in which he flung the nine five-pound notes on the table was an insult in itself. Peter Gee was even quieter and flew no signals of resentment.

"You've got fool's luck but you can't play cards," Deacon went on. "I could teach you cards."

The half-caste smiled and nodded acquiescence as he folded up the money.

"There's a little game called casino; I wonder if you ever heard of it—a child's game?"

"I've seen it played," the half-caste murmured gently.

"What's that?" was the resulting snap from Deacon. "Maybe you think you can play it!"

"Oh, no, not for a moment! I'm afraid I haven't head enough for it."

"It's a bully game, casino," Grief broke in pleasantly. "I like it very much."

Deacon ignored him.

"I'll play you ten quid a game—thirty-one points out," was the challenge to Peter Gee. "And I'll show you how little you know about cards. Come on, where's a full deck?"

"No, thanks," the half-caste answered. "They are waiting for me in order to make up a bridge set."

"Yes, come on," Eddy Little begged eagerly. "Come on, Peter, let's get started."

Afraid of a little game like casino!" Deacon girded. "Maybe the stakes are too high. I'll play you for pennies or farthings, if you say so."

The man's conduct was a hurt and an affront to all of them. McMurtrey could stand it no longer.

"Now hold on, Deacon. He says he doesn't want to play. Let him alone."

Deacon turned raging upon his host; but before he could blurt out his abuse Grief had stepped into the breach.

"I'd like to play casino with you," he said.

"What do you know about it?"

"Not much, but I'm willing to learn."

"Well, I'm not teaching for pennies tonight."

"Oh, that's all right," Grief answered. "I'll play for almost any sum—within reason, of course."

Deacon proceeded to dispose of this intruder with one stroke.

"I'll play you a hundred pounds a game, if that will do you any good."

Grief beamed his delight. "That will be all right—very right. Let us begin. Do you count sweeps?"

"You Mean That With Eight Thousand of My Money You're Going to Quit?"

Deacon was taken aback. He had not expected a Goboton trader to be anything but crushed by such a proposition.

"Do you count sweeps?" Grief repeated.

Andrews had brought him a new deck, and he was throwing out the joker.

"Certainly not," Deacon said. "That's a sissy game."

"I'm glad," Grief coincided. "I don't like sissy games either."

"You don't, eh? Well, then, I'll tell you what we do. We'll play for five hundred pounds a game."

"I'm agreeable," Grief said, beginning to shuffle. "Cards and spades go out first, of course, and then big and little casino, and the aces in the bridge order of value. Is that right?"

"You're a lot of jokers down here," Deacon laughed, but his laughter was strained. "How do I know you've got the money?"

"By the same token I know you've got it. Mac, how's my credit with the company?"

"For all you want," the manager answered.

"You personally guarantee that?" Deacon demanded.

"I certainly do," McMurtrey said. "Depend upon it, the company will honor his paper up to and past your letter of credit."

"Low deals," Grief said, placing the deck before Deacon.

The latter hesitated in the midst of the cut and looked around with querulous misgiving at the faces of the others. The clerks and captains nodded.

"You're all strangers to me," Deacon complained. "How am I to know? Money on paper isn't always the real thing."

Then it was that Peter Gee, drawing a wallet from his pocket and borrowing a fountain pen from McMurtrey, went into action.

"I haven't gone to buying yet," the half-caste explained, "so the account is intact. I'll just indorse it over to you, Grief. It's for fifteen thousand. There, look at it."

Deacon intercepted the letter of credit as it was being passed across the table. He read it slowly, then glanced up at McMurtrey.

"Is that right?"

"Yes. It's just the same as your own and just as good. The company's paper is always good."

Deacon cut the cards, won the deal and gave them a thorough shuffle. But his luck was still against him and he lost the game.

"Another game," he said. "We didn't say how many, and you can't quit with me a loser. I want action."

Grief shuffled and passed the cards for the cut.

"Let's play for a thousand," Deacon said when he had lost the second game. And when the thousand had gone

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THE FRESHMAN

By JAMES HOPPER

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

IX

THE big game had been on Thanksgiving Day a Thursday. When Carter landed at the college on the following Monday he was subtly disappointed. He could not have told what he expected—what solemn protestation of hope, what cry of undying loyalty, but very clearly he was aware of a sense of unfitness, of a disproportion between what he had felt and still desired to feel and the general resignation. There were still, it is true, some discussings of the game, vague plans of future revenge; but the subject of general worry had changed. It was now the approaching midyear examinations which focused the attention of all. Nearly every one found, now that the excitement of the season, of the state of siege, was over, serious insufficiencies in the preparation demanded by the new peril. Ill-humored as men recovering from debauch and resolute of reform, each one, selfish and morose, was girding his loins and, deaf to the calls of idealistic solidarity, going it alone.

Later Carter saw Blair passing down the campus toward town. There was now about the captain nothing fragile. His step was free, his walk swinging; his hair was cut, his suit was pressed, his tie elegant; in his demeanor was the subtle dandyism and relaxation of the city man back from roughing it in the forest or mountain. Between his teeth was a big cigar. Carter's disappointment jumped to a disillusion—a disillusion and a vague feeling of having been duped. Like a dream the scene at the quarters after the game passed before his eyes: the open door; the bed; the weary, frail body; the palpitant shoulders. The cigar! It was especially the cigar which baffled him, which agitated him with a sense of glaring inharmony.

He was to see Blair again the same day. At noon there appeared upon the bulletin board a call ordering all Freshmen to report that afternoon for practice.

It was raining hard by four o'clock; so they gathered in the big gymnasium, a silent group in the gray, filtered light. They were in their suits, but without their cleated shoes; and upon the polished floor their stockinged feet were cold and slipped. Blair came in and throwing off his coat, without preliminaries, got down to work. The thirty-odd men were formed into two teams. Orally at first, he explained minutely several of the simpler attacks; then made them go through them at a walk, with a stubborn insistence on absolute precision in all details. Over and over again, ceaselessly, for an hour they performed the simple evolutions till they moved as one organism nerved to the master mind.

The doors were then opened and they bounded out into the rain. For an hour more, along the roads, along the walks, shoulder to shoulder, they coursed, charging an invisible enemy. There was no letting up. There was no negligence. Whenever a man tired another took his place, so that all had a turn in rotation. All the time Blair's lashing voice was on them. The rain pasted their hair upon their eyes, ran down their necks; puddles bespattered their faces; they panted, sweated and smoked. At the windows of the halls, of the libraries, faces pasted against the panes watched them grotesquely. Darkness fell; when the ball was no longer visible they went back to the gymnasium. "Report again tonight at eight," said Blair.

There was no training table, so Carter had to ride all the way home for a hasty meal and back. They met again at eight in the vast gymnasium, beneath the blue glare of an arc light; and the program of the afternoon was repeated. Again Blair explained minutely the formations he had given them; again all of them, in turn, went through the movement slowly, at a walk, with mathematical precision; then faster, still with the same demand for absolute perfection; then around the hall at a lashing run. "At four sharp tomorrow," said Blair when they were through.

It was late at night when Carter, his hair still wet, went home on the rattling car. His relations to the captain had not changed. Three times Blair had called him to take a place at end—twice during the afternoon, once in the evening; but each time he had done so with a pure impersonality, his eyes passing blankly over the boy. It was as if, with the tips of his fingers, gingerly, he had picked up a new bearing, a wheel, a cog, and placed it in that machine which was the team.

The next day it was the same. They met in the gymnasium. Blair gave them a few more complicated attacks which they practiced for an hour, slowly and with care; then they leaped outside and ran them through along the roads at full speed, long, beneath the rain. In the evening they worked again in the gymnasium. Carter noticed, though, that some of the candidates—the least efficient—had already been dropped out, which created in him, if it were possible, still more obedience to the commanding voice, still more humble ardor for its incessant calls.

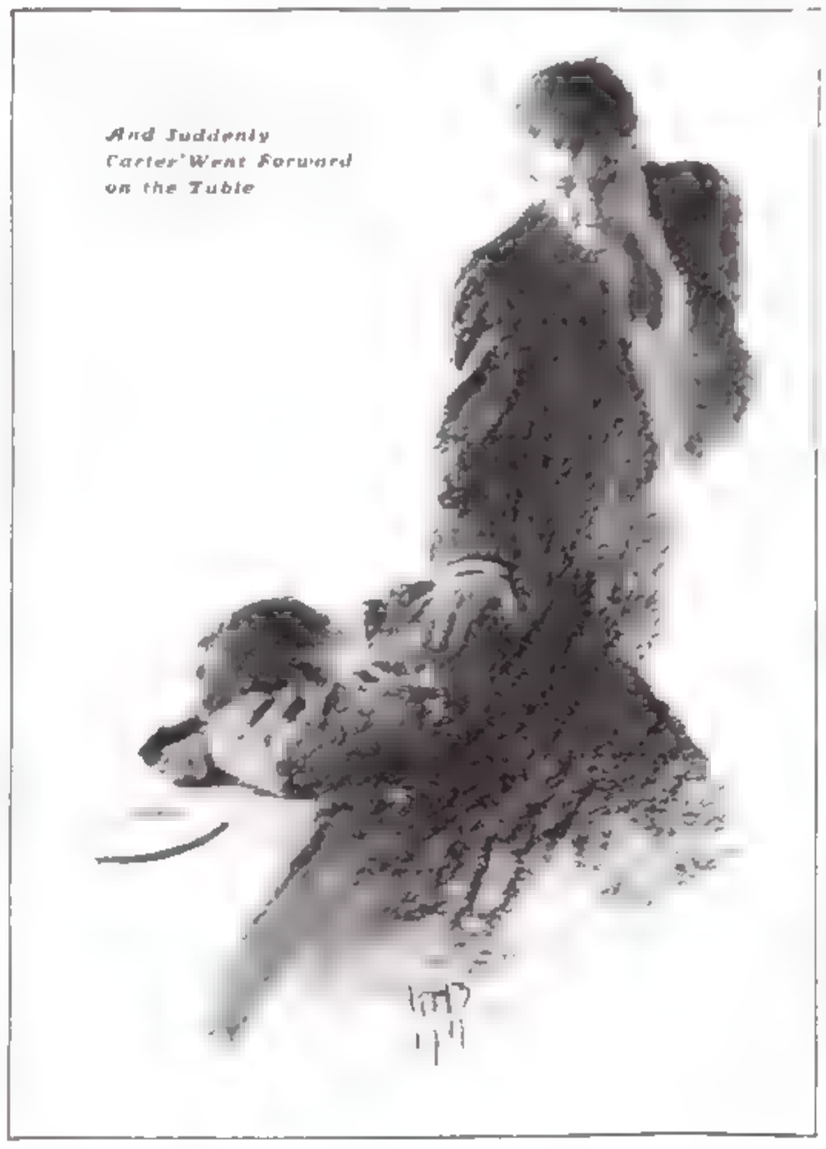
The next day was the same—and the next and the next. It rained all of the time; sometimes with wind and violence, but mostly mournfully, perpendicularly, with a sort of frozen and petrified stubbornness that made of the landscape a blur, of the earth a mire. And the college, bowed beneath the malevolence of the elements and the preoccupation of the approaching examinations, from behind the windows of recitation halls, dormitories, reading rooms and library alcoves, saw every afternoon the doors of the gym, flying open wide, disgorge the bounding, devoted little band. It went along the roads, the walks, beneath the low sky—eleven men welded shoulder to shoulder, charging and charging in furious attacks an invisible enemy. Right at the heels of the squatting men, in a position that backed and dominated, Blair stood, feet apart, thumbs through belt, leaning slightly forward; and behind him came the rout of eager substitutes, stamping in their dripping sweaters. Sometimes some of the band, detaching, went down to the field to punt and catch the slippery ball; then rallied the rest. And the work went on. The signal of the quarterback came loud and clear; the ball as if on transmission strap flashed out smoothly; it thumped into the hands of the backs, and the whole team charged forward with the swirl within it of a strategic movement. The ball was put down and immediately again came the call, the thump, the drumming of feet and the surge forward. Along the roads, along the walks, up hill and down dale, the team in formation charged and charged till to the monotonous fury of the ceaseless repetition you could see it coalesce, become a unit, a strange hydra-headed being of flesh, blood and nerve, possessed of imperishable strength and eternal purpose, moved by a decision placed in it for all time.

It was very different from the training of the big team. The days of glory were gone now. There was no blare of brass, no snapping of streamers, no rhythmic shouts; the sun itself had gone. And the Freshmen toiled as in a dream; always they seemed to have done this—to have charged with cohesion, shoulder to shoulder, an invisible enemy beneath the rains; always they would do so. It was as if they were in a hell for Freshmen, a hell without glory and full of work. Daily one or two dropped out, but those who remained were of steel.

Carter was still of these. He labored without letup, with a meek and an immense seriousness. Each of his movements, after all but a simulacre, was made with the vigor and the precision of the real; and at times in the ardor of this rehearsal the Enemy suddenly rose before him, evoked, leather-armored and insolent; and it was he whom Carter boxed and struck and charged and fiercely tore aside. In the depths of him he cherished a secret. It was something which he had discovered the one time he had met the attack of the Varsity, and in the few Freshman games he had played: that in a big contest, in a fight worth while, he had twice his usual strength, his usual intuition and judgment, and an inexhaustible reserve for a crisis; that if only he were given his chance he would make good.

All the time, surreptitiously, he observed Blair—observed him with a vague hope of something that he could not name, that he did not allow himself to name. And thus observing he learned something. He learned of Blair's incessant and implacable watchfulness. Blair watched the men all the time—watched them as if, beneath the vigor and precision of movement upon which he insisted, he were seeking something else; something else, more precious still, and more difficult to find. Carter never met his eyes, but constantly he knew that he was under the same searching inspection; he felt upon his crouched back the never-weary eyes. He noticed also two incidents which gave him thought. Once a halfback who was always chosen upon the first string slipped and fell; rising, he fussed a moment over his skinned palms and his next few charges were desultory. The next day he was not called first on the team or ever afterward. Another time a likely quarter, having fumbled, hesitated before throwing himself upon the ball which, like a spent shell, was revolving upon the hard macadam. The following day he was among the substitutes called only toward the end. The first team was being changed here and there, little by little; no man was allowed to think himself permanently of it, but beneath the shifts Carter felt inexorable decisions. He realized that gradually the team was being compressed to those deep of lung, steel of muscle and within whom lurked a flame.

At last came the day before the game. The squad was given a little trot and then was gathered in the gymnasium. Blair, from a paper, read the names of the chosen—of the men who tomorrow would meet the Red team.



And Suddenly Carter Went Forward on the Table

"They've a Fake Mass on Center, With a Run Around the End," He Repeated

An invisible hand suddenly gripped Carter at the throat. His name had been called—Carter H. O. -last of the eleven, to play at right end. A flush rose slowly to the roots of his hair. He looked toward Blair; but Blair already had turned and was going away. He saw only his b..k.

x

CARTER slept badly that night; or, rather, he did not sleep at all. His brain, restless and enfevering his body, oscillated monstrously between two contradictions. At times what lived most in him was his secret -the knowledge that at a crisis all his powers multiplied—and he saw himself stalking gigantic about the field, performing deeds incredible; again this confidence in the inward kernel of him melted beneath sudden, heavy, cold waves of dread. He saw himself, then, alone in his perilous position far out at the end of the crouching line. A passionate humility whelmed him; he distrusted everything about himself; he distrusted his youth, his experience; his mind, his eyes, his muscles, his bones, his reflexes. "Never let anything get around you!"—this phrase, drilled into him as the foundation of an end's duty, now gave him no rest. "Never let anything get around you!" He saw himself out there at end, far from his fellows, removed from their ambience of sympathy, of encouragement, of warmth; lone as a privateer; and the territory which he must defend, for the protection of which he "must not let anything get around" him, stretched away to his right and behind like an illimitable steppe. There he must stand, single sentinel, sole defensor. At him ceaselessly attacks would be hurled—three men, five men, whole teams, would converge upon him in sudden treacherous swirls; and he must intercept them and shatter them and hurl them back—and never, never let them "get around." In this picture he loomed no longer gigantic; he did not stalk: little shadow against a nocturnal sky, he was everything that was weak and destructible.

As night progressed it was the latter mental state which more and more took precedence; and by the time he got up, of the trust in the multiplication of his powers there remained very little. The dread now did not come in sudden waves. It stayed. It was there all the time, a weight upon his stomach—an inert weight that did not budge. He could dress, he could smile to himself in the glass a smile of pinched encouragement, he could breakfast and exchange words; he could run a scale upon the piano up and down and bang it shut—the weight remained where it was, squatting, stolid and immovable. He had arisen shockingly early; he paced a long time the lawn of the little garden, trying to await a reasonable time to start. The long period of rain had ended at last in a fine day: the sun shone; an iridescent hummingbird throbbed above the rare flowers. But Carter took little comfort in the sun, and the bird's palpitations only set vibrating his own. Finally he could wait no longer; seizing his hat and overcoat he made for the car.

When he arrived at the gymnasium the quarters had a deserted look; one door was timidly ajar. He waited at his old station on the railing of the little bridge among the laurel. After a while the trainer came by, followed by two helpers carrying packages and bottles. They opened the door and went in. A half-hour later Dyer went by and in. He was the left half; he had played much on preparatory elevens and was a brilliant performer. Others came by and went in. All of them had played on Prep elevens or had taken active part this season in the work of the big squad. Carter descended into a new depth of humility as he compared himself with these. Flannigan passed and went up the steps. He was the right tackle and played next to Carter. On the defense Carter was far from him, but in the offense they worked close together, shoulder to shoulder. Shoulder to shoulder! A sentimental softness now seized Carter and, rising to his feet, he went in to be with the others.

They greeted him with a warmth that surprised him. "Hello, Freshman!" they shouted humorously and with affection. Carter hid the effect which this half-recognition produced in him; he felt this morning a proneness to silly emotions which he distrusted. Up to this time he had not been of the others; a subtle reserve had surrounded him; secretly he had suffered a bit to be taken thus so absolutely at his own humble appraisement. And now they were almost accepting him. All of them, though, this morning, were a bit febrile; the work of weeks had drawn them taut; and before the unmentioned ordeal they were to meet together this afternoon they felt a vague desire to huddle together close.

Carter went off in a corner and sat down on the bench. Dyer, on the table, was being carefully massaged; his thighs, under the trainer's kneading, rebounded like rubber. Flannigan was having his barked shins dressed; at the same time one of the helpers, with a bottle of alcohol, was trying to find exactly a sore spot above one shoulder-blade. Both of them, Dyer and Flannigan, possessed an ease of manner, a knowledge of their privileges, a certain subtle professional air. Carter wondered when he would be thus. They were being bandaged and massaged, groomed like precious horses before a race, and they accepted this as their due -they demanded it, in fact; while he, his presence already half forgotten, sat in an obscure corner, miserable, with a weight upon his stomach. Already the breathless advance gained last night, when with one word Blair had put him on the Freshman team, had ceased to be surprising; and Carter from his dark corner saw opening before him stretches and stretches yet to be gained, to be fought for with unceasing effort.

Other men were drifting in—some to be rubbed, some to be bandaged; others, like Carter, to lurk in corners and wait. Some tried to show ease and assurance, but were betrayed by their unceasing volubility. Others were silent and frowned. Bloomingdale, the Freshman captain, came in. He had had his rub early and had gone downtown to buy a new tie. This frivolity, at such a moment, made Carter s..pn.

Dyer, having opened his locker, was taking out of it his equipment piece by piece and placing it carefully in the dress-suit case spread at his feet; and the others, following his example, also began to pack, taking out of the lockers piece after piece which they inspected solicitously and then dropped into the yawning valises. They worked slowly, instinctively lengthening this occupation which in some degree kept their minds off the general obsession. Carter went down to the basement, where his locker still was. Crouching, he turned the combination, drew open the little door. He straightened up; and his arm, going into the black hole, pulled out in succession his suit garment by garment—the elastic supporter, the jersey, the padded canvas trousers, the heavy blue stockings, the leather ankle-braces, the cleated shoes. Each thing he took over to the light, examining it carefully as he had seen the others do. The jersey held him long. He had worked up his courage to ask for it only a few days before—it was patched and faded, the blue almost a green; but it was comfortable to the skin and, moulding the bust, made him feel fit. He looked at it with affection; then, for luck, put in with it his little old black canvas jacket. His trousers were padded now and had knee elastics, even if though still of canvas while those of the others were of moleskin: and he had had his shoes cleated. Finally everything was packed in the lower half of the telescope-basket. He put on the top, thought a moment, took it off again and remained pondering above the folded equipment. He decided suddenly. Stooping swiftly down, with his knife he ripped out the paddings in the shoulders and elbows of his jersey, in the hips of his breeches, leaving only the light pads of the knees. He closed the basket and strapped it. This time he was ready. He had put on his side a few more possible ounces of alert speed.

The program of the forenoon had been arranged so as to fill up the time as much as possible. At eleven o'clock Bloomingdale picked up his dress-suit case and gave the signal of departure. They went down through the grounds to the station, a silent, stalwart group. They met friends, fellow classmen, but these did not venture to greet them with shout or smile; about them, with the silence and the seriousness went an isolation; they were as men marked with a consecration. This made them stiffen up a bit, unconsciously; it also tightened their throats. The importance of what was coming took on threatening proportions.

Blair, accompanied by Eddie Sharon, was waiting at the station. He threw

He Fell Limply Forward With Outstretched Arms

them a rapid inspecting glance, his smile passed over them with its reservation, stirring in each a desire to do something mad. Then he left them to go forward toward the smoker. They climbed aboard their car. It had been reserved, and the isolation about them since morning became still more absolute now. They seemed in a tunnel below the earth, out of which they could emerge into the sunlight and among their fellows again only after a struggle, arduous, long and painful. The only way out was through this unpleasant effort; there was now no chance of evading it. The inexorable weight upon Carter's stomach increased. At times he could hardly raise his chest to breathe; his cheeks kept being sucked in between his molars as though he had suddenly grown aged and very torn.

In the city they were taken to a hotel for lunch. It was the city's best hotel. The colored glass dome of their private dining room filtered a restful and pretty light upon the whiteness of cover and the gleam of crystal and silver; the service was silent and smooth; the food dainty but they did not appreciate all this. They could not swallow well; what they ate was dry and chiplike. It was with relief that they stamped out of this luxurious dining room on their way to the City Athletic Club, where they were to dress. An impatience now was beginning to boil beneath Carter's smothered and sickening excitement.

They dressed in a big room of the Athletic Club. Whenever the door opened they could see the swimming pool, cool and green in its marble setting. They thought it would be indeed grateful to sink, hot and weary, afterward, into those delicious depths; but this afterward seemed incredibly far off, removed from them by eons of effort and toil. They dressed slowly and with care. Again a group gathered about the trainer and his helpers for hasty rubs, for bandages. Carter, in his corner, equipped himself without fuss. He put on successively the elastic supporter, girding his loins; the jersey, warm and dry and comforting to the skin; the long woolen stockings; the leather ankle-braces, tight, giving a sensation of security and of spring; the shoes, oiled to softness, heelless and high cleated; the breeches, loose about the muscle-play of the thighs, belted about the waist, elastic about the knees. He took up his sweater—an old gray thing of his own; he was yet far, far beneath the grade of the official sweater—and tied the sleeves about his neck, leaving the body to dangle upon his back as he had seen Varsity men do. He rose, he stamped a bit upon the tiled floor, he stretched his arms; he felt strong, light, snug; he was fit.

Fit! For what? Suddenly there came sharp before his eyes a vision which, the whole morning, the whole night, he had kept hazy and vague and distant—a vision which constantly had threatened him, which stubbornly had fought to force itself vividly upon him, but which, warned by a sort of instinct of preservation, steadfastly he had pushed from him. He saw a green field, gridironed white; on each side tumultuous bleachers; at each end goal-posts; coming upon it, a flash of red jerseys—and ere again he had rid himself of the sight, crammed it back into the haze and the vagueness, his heart had set ahammering against his ribs, hard, loud, in a crescendo that finally sent him down to a crouch upon the floor.

There was a shout from the hall. The buses were already there, waiting at the door. They went out, their cleats clattering upon the tiles. Carter's teeth were shut; he felt his cheeks drawn tight against his teeth. The light-hearted substitutes, as was the custom, climbed joyously to the roof of the tally-hos, while the team got inside. The drivers snapped their whips; the traces drew taut; the wheels began to rattle over the uneven cobbles.

The ride was a long one. Inside there was an atmosphere like that of the first carriage of a funeral; but above, the joyous substitutes were gibing the population as they passed. Their shouts floated in through the windows, their feet stamped upon the roofs; they gave to the progress a certain festive air which penetrated inside.

After a while, though, there was a stop which seemed long. Looking out, Carter saw a long, high gray-board fence, and the pit of his being slid down in a sudden, sickening swoop. Again the whip cracked; the coach rolled on, lurched down, then up, and rolled over a medium noiseless, soft and resilient. Through the window Carter saw the high stands and a small crowd standing in the center with drooping flags; a long green field, white-streaked. The doors opened. Blair, Sharon, the manager, the trainers, rushed the team out and into the dressing rooms; but even as, pushed and jostled, Carter crossed the threshold, with a backward look he caught a flash of red streaming into a like entrance on the other side of the field.

The place where they were now was a small room beneath the end bleachers. It was damp and dark and cold. Again there was a hasty readjustment of braces, of bandages; a tightening of shoelaces. Then the eleven grouped and Blair, springing upon a bench, spoke to them.

What he said, Carter was never able to remember afterward; or, rather, when later words of it came back to him he could not believe they were the same. As, sitting there trembling on the damp floor, he heard them for the first time, they came to him with a whir of wings; each placed upon his brow, his heart, a burning seal. At the first, he felt his whole being agitated with a premonitory stir; at the last, he had risen with every muscle tense, with eyes flashing, and within his breast a convulsive desire at once to weep and kill; to kill, and, killing, sob on the piercing beauty of things.

Like bloodhounds unleashed they bounded toward the field. Sharon stopped Carter at the door with a nervous grasp upon his arm. His face was very close to Carter's. "They've a fake mass on center," he said, "with a run around the end."

"Yes, yes," answered Carter hurriedly, his eyes upon his companions' departing backs.

Sharon tightened his grip with a terrierlike shake. "They've a fake mass on center, with a run around the end," he repeated.

This time Carter looked at him; he looked into his eyes and noticed they were shining with a hard, blue excitement. "I understand," he said soberly.

Sharon let him go, still with a reluctance, and he ran out after his fellows.

They were lining up for signal practice. Carter sprang into his place. At full speed they went up and down the field, running through their attacks. Very vaguely Carter was aware of the stands with their waving flags, of a constant din in his ears. He went through all his movements attentively, finding in the concentration a release of that inexorable weight upon his chest. At times they passed a flush of red and all his muscles tensed.

But the blessed relief was soon over. They stood massed now, at one end of the field, while their captain detached himself to meet, in the center, the red-jersey'd leader. A coin was thrown into the air. The captains conferred soberly. It seemed a long time. Carter began to tremble.

Bloomingdale came back and the red team spread itself chesslike over half of the field. Carter's fellows stretched in a line across the center. Carter crouched at the end of the line, watching the ball set up on a little pyramid of earth, his ears tense to the coming whistle.

But the whistle did not sound. There was some sort of hitch. The referee was explaining something to the linesmen. And Carter, at the extremity of the spread attacking line, began to tremble again—to tremble with a violence which astounded him and on which his will had no effect and which was intolerable. His knees hit together like castanets, his teeth rattled; he felt himself about to sink to the ground. "I can't stand this," he thought. "I can't stand this."

And then suddenly the whistle drilled sharp into his ears. To the command his legs straightened out like springs, and head down he charged down the field. Right away he struck something, something big and red which with a sort of pent-up ferocity he sent sprawling to the ground. And to this body contact something strange occurred immediately within him. With a sort of inaudible click parts of his body up to that time seemingly dislocated snapped back into place; he felt whole again; the inert weight at the pit of his being flew off—and instead of cold dread a hot tingle suddenly burst forth triumphant through his veins. He ran swiftly and madly. The thump of the kick-off resounded like a hollow base drum; turning his face up to the sky, still running, he saw far above him the ball soar and swoop. With a swerve he made toward its fall.

XI

THE first period of the game passed to Carter in a whirl of mad confusion. He did not seem able to take an efficient part in it. The paralyzing dread was all gone, a hot determination ran through his blood, tensed his muscles and yet he could not get in right. It was his mind which worked too slowly. Events had begun so fast and were following each other so rapidly that somehow they had taken a lead upon him which he did not seem to be able to close. By the time he had adjusted himself to one phase, the battle had sprung on to another. All his movements, fierce and fast as they were, seemed directed at a vacuum and were futile.

As the teams lined up face to face after the kick-off, for a moment he had been appalled by the difference in size and weight. Bulking in their flamboyant jerseys, the red team seemed fairly to tower above the little blue-and-gold band, squatting low like nervous fox-terriers. With swift recollection he remembered that upon the hostile Freshman team were four big men who had played two weeks before on the Varsity; though he did not know it the right corner of his mouth raised in a snarl at the thought. He had

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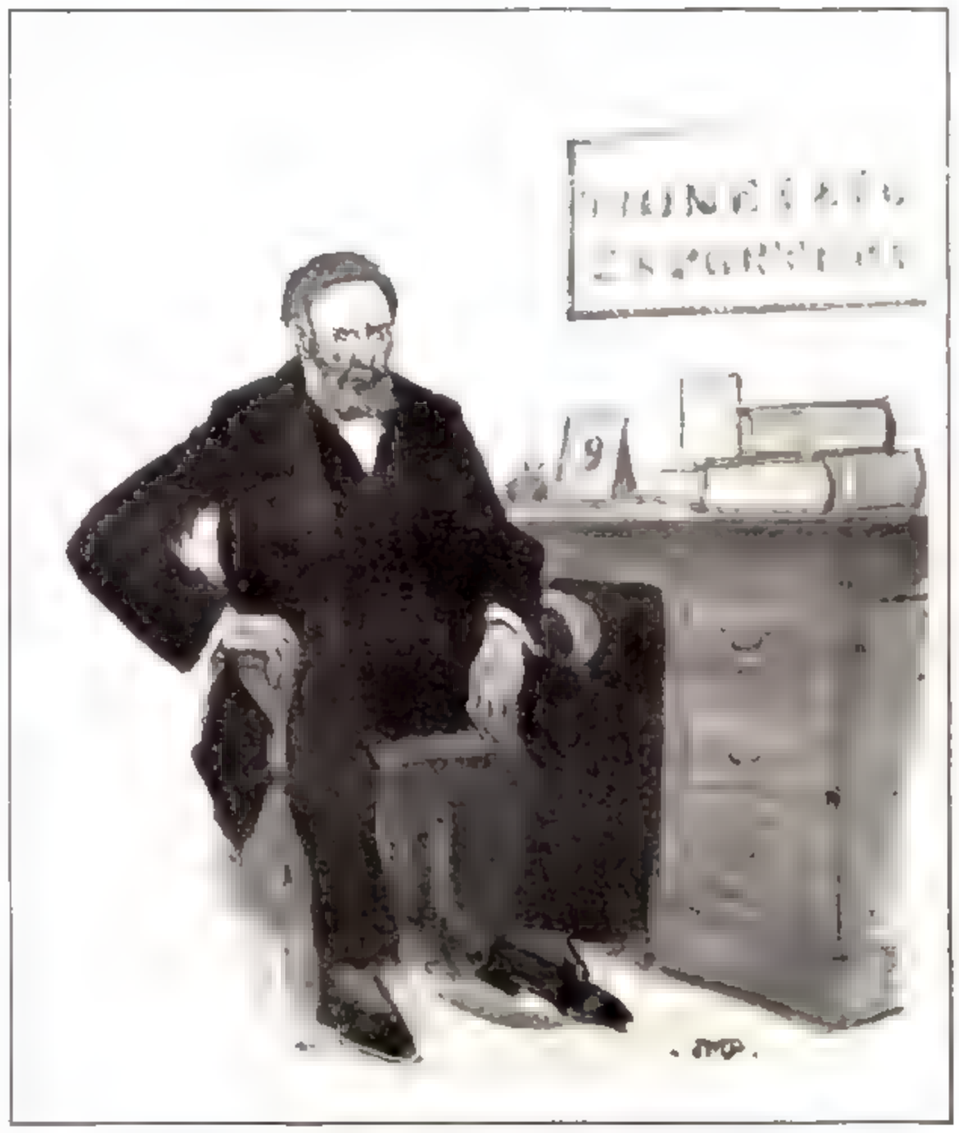
It Was Very Different From the Training of the Big Team. The Days of Glory Were Gone Now

The Trade We are Scolded About

Crooked Turns in Export Street—By James H. Collins

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

A Glib Stranger Enters—the Drummer Who is About to Make a Complete Tour of South America



The American Manufacturer Sits in His Office, Glumly Wondering Where Next Week's Payroll is Coming From

ONE idea seems now to be pretty firmly rooted in the American business mind—that foreign trade abounds in swindling schemes, gold-brick games and trickery.

According to an experienced export man, this idea gets into the American business mind about as follows: When trade at home is brisk the average American manufacturer manifests only a polite, theoretical interest in foreign markets. After he has read an occasional article on export possibilities, it is comforting to reflect that, if the worst ever does come to the worst, there is the big round world waiting patiently for his goods. It may not occur to him to enter some of the foreign markets in a small way, find out which is best for him, make his mistakes on an inexpensive scale and lay down lines upon which business could be expanded later. Foreign trade appears rather like Jack's beanstalk—to be planted tonight and climbed tomorrow morning.

By-and-by, when the home demand suddenly falls off for some reason, he turns to export markets in a hurry. Having no connections abroad, no knowledge of methods, no experience, he is the easiest possible mark for tricksters. After a few trials of shoddy schemes probably he stops, disgusted with export trade, declaring that it offers nothing but pitfalls and losses.

Now there are a good many sharpers in the export trade—big ones and little ones; some with schemes on an ambitious scale and others merely petty swindlers who make away with samples. The home export organization has them and they are also to be found in foreign markets.

There are also schemers and schemes in the home market; and if the manufacturer who starts in to sell abroad will use the ordinary business sense he applies to men and plans at home his losses in export trade need not be disheartening—if he loses anything at all.

The American manufacturer sits in his office, glumly wondering where next week's payroll is coming from. Times are bad rotten! Sales have been falling off for weeks. Collections are slow. Money is high. Only half the plant is running.

A glib stranger enters. He is one of the commonest schemers known in export business—the drummer who is about to make a complete tour of South America, representing the goods of a group of our manufacturers. His talk is interspersed with Spanish terms and he appears to know all about South America and its ways. He has arguments and figures to show the extent of the demand down there and proves the utter futility of trying to sell goods in any other way except through direct representation. He pictures glowingly the possibilities awaiting a house with enterprise enough to send an experienced salesman to show the actual goods in every South American commercial center. His arrangements with a number of prominent concerns are all made and he intends to add just this single line. That manufacturer has been selected because his goods are so exactly suited to the South American temperament—he feels that his mission would lack something without them.

To the manufacturer, made blue by business depression at home, this visitor's talk is generally inspiring. He asks why the manufacturer has not broadened his vision and looked over the whole globe, waiting for his products, instead of keeping his nose to the grindstone of a mere home demand. Echo in the manufacturer's bosom repeats, "Why?" He hastens to enter into a contract with this foreign trade expert who has so opportunely happened along.

The stranger has various plans. Sometimes he asks for an outfit of samples and a cash sum to pay the proper proportion of expenses on his South American trip. This sum may be a hundred dollars or it may be a thousand—it depends altogether on how the wind happens to blow. Getting these little necessaries, the stranger disappears and is probably never heard of again. There have been any number of such swindlers content to bamboozle manufacturers out of samples only. Another variation of this export drummer's plan is to offer to represent a manufacturer's line for a commission on what he actually sells, plus a purely nominal salary of thirty or forty dollars a month. Nothing is heard for a year or more after this last form of contract is signed. Then a foreign order amounting to several hundred dollars comes from a distant part of the world, and when the goods are shipped payment is made with a bill for the export emissary's accumulated salary for the past year.

Why Export Prices are Lower

IF A SALESMAN came into the manufacturer's office and offered to introduce his goods all over the United States, representing a dozen other houses at the same time, and selling everything from toy balloons to steam pumps, the manufacturer would see that the proposal was preposterous. His first inquiry would be into the visitor's ability to sell goods at all. When, however, the same proposal is made in connection with foreign trade it often seems quite rational and the logical thing to do. The manufacturer decides that he will take a chance on it anyway—a few hundred dollars may be well invested in developing export orders. There have been cases where such fraudulent export drummers departed for lands unknown with the representation and samples of several hundred manufacturers, their schemes being made especially attractive by a charge as low as fifty dollars to each.

Another scheme of home origin is that of the questionable export house that obtains goods ostensibly for foreign customers, but sells them in the home market in competition with the manufacturer himself, cutting the latter's own prices. Export prices on merchandise are lower than those prevailing at home. This time-honored trade usage is discovered again and again by statesmen, sensational writers and other investigators; and it is possible to demonstrate all sorts of things with it—showing that the manufacturer favors the foreigner, that he is taxing the home consumer, that he is artificially keeping up prices under tariff protection, and so forth. Export prices are sometimes lower for a simple enough reason: If the manufacturer makes goods for the home market he has to bear the expense of selling and distribution on many lines, paying rent for showrooms, salaries to salesmen, and similar expenses. If he makes goods to be shipped direct from the factory to a steamship, for filling a foreign order, the distant customer bears these selling expenses in his own country. Prices usually are arranged accordingly. With this condition of trade terms, underhand export houses have frequently secured goods at the export price and unloaded them on the home market. It is a bit of double-dealing soon found out and guarded against, however.

Still another home product to be guarded against is the crooked commission house. There are plenty of responsible, legitimate commission houses in the export trade and they perform perfectly legitimate functions. The foreign merchant, for example, wants American goods. A commission house will buy them for him, pay for them, give him credit, attend to all details of shipment and charge him a commission for the service. With recent developments in American exporting, our manufacturer here often pays this commission. Such a house will also accept shipments of produce from the foreign merchant, selling them in the United States on commission, enabling him to buy our stuff and pay for it with his own if he wants to.

There are small, irresponsible houses in this section of the trade, however, and sometimes they fasten on to a manufacturer's growing export business as parasites.

The manufacturer has been shipping occasional small lots of goods to several merchants in a certain country. Or, perhaps, he has gone to the expense of sending a salesman there to cover the trade. In either case the volume of sales will hardly be encouraging at the outset. He may have concluded that the effort was wasted and that no great amount of trade will ever be built up in that country. This work, however, is probably producing excellent results in a slow way. Presently some merchant in that country, after a thorough trial of the goods upon his customers, is convinced that they have merit and decides to stock them regularly. He sends a considerable order to a New York commission house. His selection of the latter

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers.
To Canada—By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Single copies, five cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $2.75. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 30, 1911

The Making of Rioters

IN SEEKING an explanation of the extraordinary social phenomenon which occurred over England in August some British minds have been turning to France and Germany, while others, as naturally, have turned to the Liberal Government. During what is described in England as "the greatest strike of our time," mobs again and again attacked the police and even the troops, with a dogged boldness that is rather novel in recent English experience. More than once the troops were compelled to fire with ball cartridges and with fatal effect. In the face of soldiery rioters persisted in attempts to destroy property by fire and otherwise. What would have happened in many cities if strong military force had not been available, or if the Government had not employed it promptly, is still a subject of painful conjecture.

Some observers trace these un-English happenings to pernicious doctrines of French and German origin with which the minds of good British subjects of the humbler class have been slowly poisoned. Others see in them a logical fruit of the Lloyd George budget, old-age pensions and the humiliation of the House of Lords. Others, however, point to the high cost of living, the great amount of unemployment and of merely casual employment, the slums and poverty, which neither the French nor the Liberals invented. At the middle of the nineteenth century about half the adult inhabitants of England and Wales—judging by the proportion of those able to sign the marriage register—were illiterate. In other words, it is only recently that England has taken any particular interest in citizens of the humbler class. Whatever those citizens are at the present moment, England surely made them. If there is alum in the national bread, she put it there; but we are not at all behind conservative Englishmen in speaking of bad domestic conditions as though somebody besides ourselves were really responsible for them.

The Theory of Punishment

A GREAT many men participated in San Francisco's famous mess of civic corruption. Only one man was imprisoned. Others, fully as guilty, walk the streets in freedom and enjoy in considerable measure the respect and admiration of their fellow-citizens. That is always the case. Criminal law is only a crude sort of lottery, where one guilty man is punished and eleven others go free!

Fremont Older, who took a leading part in exposing the corruption, now pleads that the one convict, Abe Ruef, be pardoned. "Even though he deserved to be pursued as I pursued him for eight years," Mr. Older writes, "and though he deserved all the bitter denunciation heaped upon him, I felt, when it was all over, that the time had come for mercy."

This plea provokes controversy. "Ruef," we read, "was an unscrupulous corruptionist whom no other necessity than the depravity of his inner being drove to make a business out of the shame of his city. Some abatement in pity for such 'victims' is necessary in justice to the ninety-nine per cent of us who do not live by theft and vice."

The quantity of punishment meted out by society is no doubt commensurate with the quantity of guilt, for this punishment usually follows the convict long after he has left prison, making him a man branded and outcast. We trim the ship, so to speak, by visiting the punishment due to the whole guilty dozen upon the one whom we catch. Having caught him we pretty thoroughly trample the life out of him. Mr. Older pleads that this is unjust to the convicted one. His opponents argue that, for the discouragement of crime and protection of society, every guilty man must take his chance of having to bear the punishment due to his eleven accomplices as well as to himself.

They, of course, occupy ground sanctioned by immemorial custom. Their theory of punishment is the one that has always obtained. Whether this theory should be modified in any important degree is one of the modern problems that confront our penologists.

Trade With Australia

THE report of the British trade commissioner for Australia contains strictures upon British manufacturers that should prove interesting to their American rivals. It suggests, for example, that the push, ability and enterprise displayed by American and German drummers might profitably be copied by English salesmen. It blames the British manufacturer for an extreme reluctance to meet the wants of his Australian patrons by making small changes in the standard form of his goods. Inferentially it confesses our superior mechanical genius. Thus requests from Australia for the introduction of certain American inventions, says the report, have been refused by British manufacturers on the ground that no model of the device in question was discoverable in England. In one case an Australian buyer sent to America for a model to be used by the British manufacturer; in another, an Australian house had an entire American machine shipped to England in order that the device it desired might be introduced.

After reading these portions of the report one might conclude that America and Germany, having beaten the slow-going English manufacturer with his somnolent drummer, had little to do except sit down and divide the trade of Australia between themselves. Unhappily for this pleasant conclusion, the trade commissioner appends a few cold statistics, from which it appears that, eliminating those articles which Great Britain does not produce, she supplies seventy-five and eight-tenths per cent of Australia's total imports, while we supply ten and two-tenths per cent.

This is generally the way with our foreign trade. It looks bully until you get down to the figures.

Cultivating Race Prejudice

THE anti-Jewish riots which recently shocked Great Britain occurred in Caen, Waunllwyd, Aberbysswg, Cwm, Bargoed, Ebbw Vale and Tredegar. The rioting inhabitants of these towns looked upon the Jewish citizens as strange, outlandish people, bearing names that sounded uncouth in honest Welsh ears. To a sufficiently stupid resident of Cwm, Ebbw Vale or Waunllwyd, the name Einstein or Cohen at once suggested something suspicious and contemptible. What respectable man would have a name which a normal Welsh human being—from whose tongue Aberbysswg falls trippingly—doesn't know how to pronounce? With this notion that Jews and Welshmen are cut from entirely different pieces of human cloth once fixed in the mind, rioting and shopwrecking followed naturally enough.

We once knew a quite intelligent American who insisted that all Englishmen beat their wives. He had lived next door to an Englishman who looked very much like John Bull, spoke cockney and beat his wife. He had also known dozens of Englishmen who looked, spoke and acted so much as he would expect Americans to look, speak and act that it never really occurred to him they were English. When he met with the one example who looked like a comedy Englishman and acted outrageously he said: "Of course he's an Englishman! That's the way all Englishmen do!" The quiet, courteous man of different race passes unnoticed. We don't pick him out and say: "There's the Frenchman for you!" or "There's the Jew!" The outrageous exception attracts our attention and we generously attribute his misbehavior to his race—as though there were not plenty of misbehaving Americans! In Wales, it appears from the Jewish World, there were several mean Jewish landlords. So the miners wrecked every Jewish shop they could reach, without pausing to reflect that there were plenty of mean Welsh landlords. In conclusion, however, one must pause and reflect that rioting is not a whit more characteristic of the Welsh race than of any other.

Owners of the Farms

THERE are, the census reports, six million three hundred thousand-and-odd farms in the United States, of which almost four millions are occupied by the owners, while over two and a quarter millions are occupied by tenants. The proportion of farms worked by tenants has risen very slightly in the decade. Roughly, it was over one-third and under two-fifths of the total number of farms at both the last census periods. There are mortgages on one-third of the farms worked by owners, and two-thirds are free of incumbrance.

There is a persistent superstition that farm tenancy and farm mortgages reflect an unprosperous condition; in fact, the tenant is often as prosperous and independent as the owner, and the mortgage often represents extension and improvement. Nobody considers a railroad unprosperous because it occupies rented offices or issues huge mortgages for new track and cars. The railroad mortgages itself because in that way it can get capital on better terms. A farmer who needs more working capital does well to borrow it on mortgage because he can get it cheaper than on notes of hand.

Negro or other non-white proprietors now own over one-seventh of the farms. The number of these has risen above nine hundred thousand. Ten years ago non-whites owned only an eighth of the farms. While the total number of farms has increased by six hundred thousand, one-half of this increase is in farms of less than fifty acres. Thus the average size of the American farm has fallen from a hundred and forty-six acres in 1900 to a hundred and thirty-eight acres, while the average value of an acre of farmland has risen from fifteen dollars and a half to thirty-two dollars and a half.

Money for Crop-Moving

THIS is the poorest season to borrow money because the price is highest. A tabular statement of the average interest rate on prime commercial loans at New York for each week in the year over a period of nineteen years shows that the borrower in the latter part of September and the early part of October pays fully one per cent more than the borrower in February, May or June. The New York interest rate in this respect is a fair index to that for the country at large. As bank loans in the United States amount to some fifteen billion dollars, the higher rate on autumn loans represents a considerable tax.

The reason for the higher autumn rate is, of course, that money is then required to move the crops. The Eastern banks, in September and October, ship out nearly two and a half times as much currency as they receive. Chicago and St. Louis also are then shipping currency into the country at a brisk rate. Reserves fall; interest rates advance.

The money, having moved the crops, speedily comes back however. In January and February the Eastern banks receive nearly two and a half times as much currency as they ship. Reserves rise; interest rates fall.

From time to time other causes conspire with this seasonal dislocation to produce an acutely distressing situation, as happened in October, 1907. There is no sound reason for shunting a considerable part of the country's ready cash back and forth between the reserve centers and the harvest fields, while there are a number of sound reasons against it.

Will Congress, by any lucky chance, have a little spare time this winter for the consideration of banking and currency?

Good People and Liquor Laws

GOOD people frequently are the most insidious and inveterate foes of liquor laws. They cannot understand why a statute designed to lessen the evils of intemperance should apply to them when everybody knows they are respectable, temperate, law-abiding and debt-paying citizens. Estimable Mrs. A requires half a pint of brandy for perfectly innocent culinary purposes. When the druggist declines to supply her, except upon a physician's prescription, her feelings are outraged. Does the druggist think that she—wife of John Henry A, mother of three children and president of the Dorcas society—would purchase brandy for bacchanalian purposes? Deacon B, who has voted no-license for thirty years and who knows perfectly well what the law requires, takes in the same indignant spirit the druggist's refusal to sell him alcohol to bathe his hurt shoulder with. The law, he thinks, was made for old red-nosed Bill Jones, and the druggist seems to regard him as being in Bill's class. There is the still larger number of most respectable citizens who cannot see why their occasional and moderate desires for a little spirituous consolation should be denied because disreputable people get drunk. Good people constantly tempt the druggist to break the law for them. Sometimes they punish refusal to break it by a withdrawal of their patronage, thereby putting a premium on the illicit selling of liquor.

Any good citizen who applies for liquor contrary to the provisions of the law is a most efficient enemy of temperance legislation; but hardly any American citizen in good standing will believe that any law applies to him personally until a policeman enforces the point by hitting him over the head.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Fate, Destiny & Co.

SPEAKING about the accidents of fame—or was it? Well, anyhow, speaking about the accidents of fame, let us pause for a brief moment in the midst of the mad whirl of this twentieth-century civilization and contemplate the case of the Honorable Henry L. Myers, the same being junior United States Senator from Montana, having held that exalted office since the fourth of March last.

'Tis a strange tale, my lads, and a moving one, of how Opportunity—fickle jade!—knocking at the door of a man, found him out and straightway broke all the rules of the game, as eloquently set forth in some fourteen lines of deathless poesy by the late John J. Ingalls himself a Senator once, by-the-way—and chased Henry L. Myers to the village drug store, where she backed him up against the prescription counter and invested him with a neat and nifty toga and a salary of seventy-five hundred dollars annually, which was more money in a year than Hank had, up to that moment, thought there was in the world.

The night was cold and stormy in the peaceful village of Hamilton, Montana, and the fire burned cheerily in the modest home of the Honorable Henry L. Myers, district judge. The date was March 3, 1911, and far away in the bustling city of Helena the legislature was concluding its session. It had been deadlocked for fifty-seven days, or such a matter, over the question of electing a successor to the Honorable Thomas H. Carter. This was the last day of the session. Should the legislature adjourn without election there would be but one Senator in Washington to represent the Treasure State. All was turmoil within the capitol. The legislature had been in session for seven hours. The corridors were filled with excited men swaying back and forth, and the air thick with tobacco smoke and raucous with the hoarse cries of the partisans of the various candidates.

All was peace and quietness in the village of Hamilton, many miles away. Judge Henry L. Myers had had his supper and was sitting beside the fire reading his favorite paper, when his wife entered the room.

"Henry," she said, "our daughter has a cold. I wish you would step down to the drug store and get some cough medicine for her." The judge put aside his paper, donned his overcoat and strode out into the night. Few people were about. He soon reached the drug store and, entering, passed to the rear of the room to the desk where the druggist was engaged in compounding a prescription.

"Jim," said the judge incisively, as is his wont, "let me have a bottle of cough medicine. The little girl has a cold. You know the kind Mrs. Myers gets."

How Senators are Made

LOOKING up from his mortar, the druggist gave a start, dropped the pestle and rushed forward with outstretched arms.

"Why, how do you do, Senator? I want to congratulate you!"

"Howdy?" answered the judge. "A bottle of cough medicine, please."

"But, Senator—Senator!"—stuttered the excited druggist—"I want to congratulate you—I—I —— You know—Senator! ——"

"That'll be all right," observed the judge, not without a touch of asperity in his voice; "but hurry up with that cough medicine."

The druggist danced round the room.

"Senator!" he sputtered. "Why, Senator!—don't you know? haven't you heard? You have been elected Senator! I want to congratulate—I—you—for Heaven's sake! ——"

"Calm yourself, Jim," said the judge in even tones. "Mrs. Myers is waiting for that cough medicine. Let me have it, please!" And he laid a silver dollar on the counter.

"Dammit, man!" yelled the druggist; "don't you know the legislature has elected you United States Senator?—and you stand there and gibber about cough medicine. Wake up!"

"Quit fooling, Jim," broke in the judge sternly, "and let me have that medicine."

The druggist sank into a chair and muttered incoherently. The judge looked at him in amazement. Then the door of the store burst open and three or four Hamiltonians rushed in. "Hurraw!" they shouted. "Hurraw for Judge Myers, our new 'Nited States Senator! 'Raw!"

The judge looked at them.

"What ails this town?" he asked. "Has everybody gone crazy?"

"Crazy nothin'!" expostulated the druggist. "I tell you, Judge, the legislature has elected you United States Senator to succeed Tom Carter."

The judge is a tall and lanky man, with a plentiful supply of neck in which is set, with that liberality sometimes vouchsafed by Nature, a most imposing and ornate Adam's apple. He gulped two or three times and his Adam's apple began working up and down like a hydraulic ram. His knees gave way and he dropped into a chair—the A. a. vibrating rapidly.

"What?" he gasped. "Me? Senator! You're fooling!"

But it was even so. Opportunity, born of the deadlock, had sought out Judge Henry L. Myers and tagged and togaed him. Far off in the capital city of Helena, after seven weary hours of struggle that day, during which no man was allowed to leave the legislative halls, the Democratic Solons, being in a majority of two or three on joint ballot, had used the name of Myers as the ax to cut the Gordian Knot—see reports of the occurrence at the time and had seized the district judge and named him for the place when it was found there could be no adjournment without choice, as had been planned.

It seemed a hopeless situation. The two leading candidates, Conrad and Walsh, could not win. Various names had been canvassed, but there were objections to all. The Democrats had but two or three majority on the ballot. Something had to be done, but what? Finally the name of Henry L. Myers was proposed. The word was passed. The roll was called. Not one in ten knew who Henry L. Myers was, or remembered him as a former state senator. "Myers," said the first Democrat, and so on down through the rollcall, and thus did they yank the judge out of Hamilton and transfer him to Washington, greatly to the astonishment not only of the judge but of Washington and Montana and various other localities.

The situation was not without its humor. Years before, during the effort to make William A. Clark Senator, Myers had been in the state senate. He was one of the men who had handed up ten thousand dollars, with the claim that it had been offered to him to vote for Clark. Some of the men who voted to make Myers Senator had been mixed unpleasantly in that mess, but they had forgotten Myers. Their rage when they found out whom they had elected was pitiful to see; but it was all over, and the judge left Hamilton and went to Washington, where he expects to stay for six years, figuring that the joke is on these Democratic statesmen of Montana and not on him.

The Joke is Not on Him

When the telegrams came into Washington that Henry L. Myers had been elected, on that night just before the adjournment of the Sixty-first Congress, nobody there—not even the Montanans—could recall him. Then he appeared—a tall, lanky, shambling sort of a man who signalized his advent by voting on wool exactly opposite to the ideas of most of the Democrats of his state and making a speech explaining his position which will rank for some time as one of the most remarkable—in its way—utterances on the tariff the recent attempt at revision brought forth.

The judge was born in Missouri about fifty years ago and moved to Hamilton, Montana, in 1893. He was in politics in a small way in his native state and was elected county attorney and state senator after he had become acquainted in Montana. He served four years in each of these offices and had been district judge for four years when the lightning from Helena struck him. Everybody in Montana was surprised when he was made Senator, but nobody quite so surprised as the judge. Indeed, the judge isn't over being surprised yet. When any person addresses him as "Senator" he involuntarily pulls that do-you-mean-me? look. But there he is. Opportunity—or was it Fate?—or, mayhap, Destiny?—just chased him to Hamilton, Montana, and roped, tied and branded him.

P. S. Particulars concerning said brand will appear in a later edition.

Telling Tears

A LAWYER in Dallas has gained statewide repute for his success in pleading criminal cases. His claim to fame is that he sheds real tears while urging juries to save his innocent clients; and the clause, "No tears, no pay!" is a part of every contract he makes.

He had a case not long ago that seemed easy on the start, but developed later into a most difficult one. Not long after he had turned on the tears the attorney had eleven of the jury weeping also. One stony-hearted juror sat and glared at him. Tears had no effect on him. The attorney redoubled his efforts and his tears. He devoted himself entirely to this adamant juror. Tears plashed from his eyes and dewed his whiskers and his waistcoat. He talked eloquently and cried still more eloquently. Presently the set features of the determined juror relaxed a bit.

Brushing away most of the tears, the attorney turned his back to the juror and bent down to get a glass of water. As he stooped he whispered hoarsely to his law partner, who sat near him:

"John, I've never lost one yet! That darned old sucker can't hold out two minutes more."

And he didn't.

To Eat or Just to Dine

WHEN Colonel Roosevelt was President, Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachusetts, was one of the steadies at the White House. The Senator ran in on his literary co-worker and old college chum at all times of the day and night and most frequently at luncheon-time.

One day some Massachusetts people came to Washington and asked the late Senator George Frisbie Hoar to take them to the White House and introduce them to the President.

Senator Hoar looked at the party for a moment. Then he shook his head and said: "No, I think you'd better get Lodge to introduce you at the White House. He eats there and I only dine there occasionally."

A Mysterious Leak

THE steamer Acapulco, of the Pacific Mail Line, picked up at Amapala the Honorable Robert F. Broussard and a friend of his named Carlisle. They had made the trip overland through Honduras and were on their way to San Francisco.

A night or two later Broussard and Carlisle were seated on the after promenade deck on the starboard side. The steamer was going along easily through a calm sea, and just below where they sat a pipe was discharging into the sea in a good-sized stream the water from the condenser.

Carlisle and Broussard watched the outboard delivery of the water from the condenser. Then Carlisle said: "Bob, they have been pumping water out of this steamer ever since we left Amapala. Had you noticed that?"

"Yes," replied Broussard, "I had observed that."

"Well, what do you suppose it is?"

"I don't know," Broussard answered. "It does not seem possible that any steamer should leak like that!"

AN ALFALFA SCIENCE FARM

By FORREST CRISSEY

UNDOUBTEDLY one of the most remarkable and scientific undertakings in the culture and use of alfalfa to be found in the world is that conducted by Dr. W. X. Sudduth on his Broadview Ranch, near Billings, Montana. This laboratory student of Koch and Pasteur has carried into the alfalfa field—which has been his recreation ground for about thirty years—the spirit of the trained scientific investigator and the exact methods of the research laboratory. Though he measures his results by chemical analysis rather than the hay scales, he handles a sufficient tonnage of this modern "miracle crop" to satisfy the most commercial grower. His alfalfa acreage today is four hundred and he is working to expand this to one thousand as rapidly as the land can be subjugated by the most modern appliances of power farming.

All alfalfa does not look alike to Doctor Sudduth. His thirty-acre "nursery" or demonstration plat contains more than a hundred varieties of alfalfa—probably the most remarkable collection in existence. Here each plant is treated as an individual and multiplication of a marked individual plant is secured by "slipping" instead of by dependence on the slower and less exact method of seeding. In a single season, by the slipping process, he is able to secure a thousand plants from one parent; but this is too slow for the eager scientist, who is always aiming for practical results on a big commercial scale. He, therefore, proposes to secure a machine operated by horses which is able to plant twenty-five thousand of these tiny alfalfa slips in a day. Still, this device will not appease his appetite for progress in the line of alfalfa propagation, and he is building an extensive greenhouse, so that the blizzards of winter may be powerless to interrupt his work of propagation and research.

After the propagating bed, after the nursery, the demonstration patch and the big open field, comes the laboratory; here is where the exact determination of values is made! "How much digestible protein does it contain?" is the question which the laboratory answers concerning every variety and condition of alfalfa plant in the experimental beds and the commercial field.

The laboratory, however, is not the place of final test on this scientific alfalfa ranch; it is rather the point of inspection and record. The feeding pen is where the final tests are made—and made on a broad commercial scale that carries conviction to the man who has a natural distrust of scientific experiments and insists on being shown the balance of profits brought in from feeding several hundred hogs under the system advocated.

The Measure of Food Value

THE Broadview Ranch conducts its hog-feeding operations on a generous plan and for profit—and gets the profit! The feeding pens justify the findings of the laboratory—and on a scale wide enough to take in the exceptions that so often fail to enter into the narrower conditions of the individual scientific experiment.

In a word, it is probable that more alfalfa secrets are being revealed and more alfalfa history made on this ranch than on any other farm or ranch in the whole world.

"Aside from a small group of agricultural scientists," declares Doctor Sudduth, "alfalfa is looked upon in a gross sort of way, without any attempt to differentiate between its varieties in the vital matter of the percentage of digestible protein which they carry. The measure of digestible protein in any food product is the measure of its food value—whether eggs, milk, wheat, corn, alfalfa or any other nutriment. This is the essence and conclusion of the whole matter and this is the point that seems to have been almost entirely overlooked even by the most advanced and progressive growers of alfalfa. To the farmer, alfalfa is just alfalfa; and the only concern he gives himself regarding the variety that he shall plant is whether it will catch and make a stand on his soil, whether it will winterkill in his particular climate, and the yield it will give him. That is as far as the average farmer goes in selecting a variety for his land—and even the experienced alfalfa grower does not usually go much farther than that. The fact is that the matters of yield, of catch, of resistance to climatic extremes, are only the A, B, C of alfalfa. They are important and elemental, but they are only the beginning of the tale.

Dry Land Wheat. Fifteen and One-Quarter Inches Rainfall

"If one variety of alfalfa will yield only fourteen per cent of digestible protein, and another will give seventeen per cent, it doesn't require much of a mathematician to figure out the difference in actual value and the advantage of raising the seventeen-per-cent kind, provided he happens to be located where he can raise it. By careful and special methods of cultivation and harvesting, I have been able to increase the protein content of certain alfalfas grown on my Montana dry-farming benchlands from the ordinary fourteen per cent to seventeen per cent. Of course climate and soil have very much to do with this, but there is no question that the alfalfas bred up to this high protein content are able to perpetuate that characteristic to a high degree, even under adverse conditions of climate and soil. For, to vary the expression, seed from these high-protein alfalfas will, if sown in a different soil and under humid climatic conditions, produce alfalfa plants of greater protein content than those grown from seed not 'bred-up,' as we say, along the line of producing a high percentage of protein.

"This matter of the actual amount of nourishment contained in a ton of alfalfa of this or that variety is so important that too much emphasis cannot be laid upon it. It is the one big thing for the alfalfa farmer to wake up to just now. And, by the same token, it is a wonder that the alfalfa buyer has not waked up to it long ago. I have fattened both sheep and cattle for the market and put them in fine condition on mountain-grown alfalfa that has been carefully selected and bred-up for the express purpose of putting the protein or food value into it; I am willing to go on record with the statement that this cannot be done with the ordinary commercial alfalfa grown in the humid regions of the United States.

"The higher altitudes have produced alfalfas of the highest percentage of protein content—and it is a curious fact, that I have carefully determined, that the percentage of protein is in inverse ratio to the tonnage of yield. I will guarantee you that an analysis of a ton of alfalfa grown under humid conditions, or in the South or under irrigation, will not analyze to exceed ten or twelve per cent of protein, and I am prepared to show a completely authenticated analysis of alfalfas grown on the benchlands of Montana that exceed seventeen per cent of protein. In other words, it simmers down to this: The alfalfas that are now produced in the humid regions and in the South or under irrigation have not the nutriment—the food value—to fatten stock for the market without the use of corn or other grains as supplemental food.

"I do not say that this will always be the case, for it is not unreasonable to hope and expect that, when the alfalfa growers of the humid and irrigated sections fully realize the necessity of getting food value into their alfalfa, the protein content of their alfalfas may be greatly increased; but it will not be until they realize how much this means to them.

"To develop a variety or strain of alfalfa that will carry this characteristic and maintain it to a high degree, even under humid and irrigated conditions, is one of the objects for which I am working.

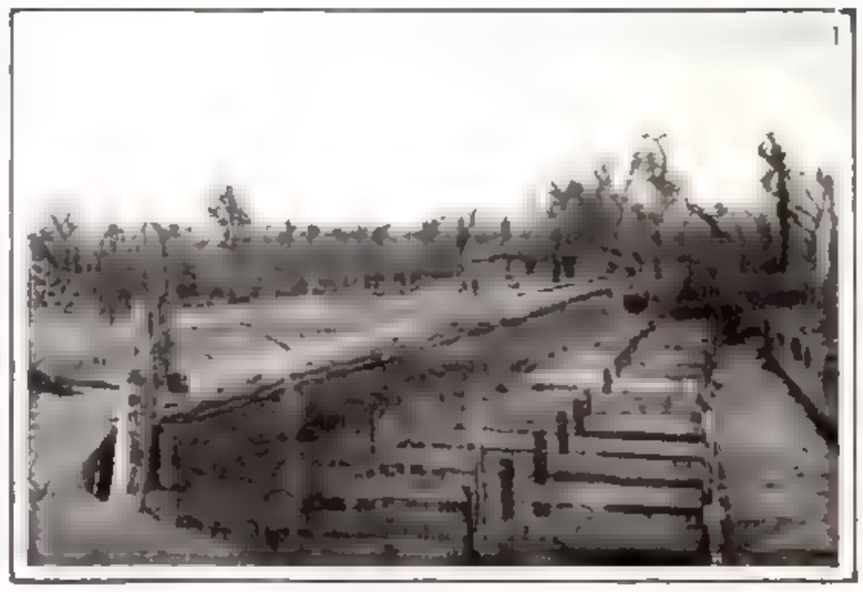
"Another important problem is to determine the number of alfalfa plants to the acre that will produce the largest yield of protein. Of course an acre of land will grow and mature many more plants under irrigation and in the humid districts than here under semiarid conditions—but the fact remains that overseeding is the besetting sin of alfalfa growers everywhere, especially in the dry-farming districts. This I have already determined by careful and repeated experiments. Just how many plants one acre of our Montana benchland will grow to the best advantage I have not yet determined, but it will be settled soon with considerable exactness. This is an immensely important consideration for the dry farmer; its solution will mean millions of dollars to the dry-farming sections of this country in the next few years, for it applies to all the crops raised there—not to alfalfa alone.

"Still another problem that I am trying to solve is the most economical and effective way of feeding alfalfa. Hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of alfalfa is wasted every year through inefficient feeding. I might better say millions. The waste by the average feeding methods that prevail on Western ranches is not far from fifty per cent, and at least twenty-five per cent is wasted by the more careful feeders—even by those who chop and grind their alfalfa. There is just as much for the farmer to learn in the art of using alfalfa as there is in the art of growing it. We have merely scratched the surface of both these problems so far as common practice is concerned."

Breeding Up a Leafy Plant

THE only way by which the force of this statement may be fully understood is to begin—as Doctor Sudduth began—with the individual plant. His ultimate aim was to get the greatest amount of digestible protein from an acre of alfalfa. Common-sense, of course, told him that the leaves of the plant were richer in protein than the stems—but he put it to the laboratory test and determined the relative percentages. Chemical analysis showed that, though the leaves were richer in food value, even the stems or the straw carried a surprising amount of protein—generally wasted by ordinary methods of feeding. This cleared the ground for the next step—to develop by selection a strain of plant that would produce a larger percentage of leaves and a smaller percentage of coarse stems—and incidentally, if possible, to build up the percentage of protein in the coarse stems themselves. In his effort to develop a strain having a maximum of protein and a minimum of woody fiber, he found himself confronted with a distinct physical obstacle. Some of the varieties having the highest protein percentage in proportion to

Alfalfa Tea Hogs, Four Months Old



Pig Brood Pens

woody fiber were "trailers," that spread over the ground like purslane and could not be harvested and handled in a practical, commercial way. These had to be discarded as working materials in his breeding work—or at least to be used with great caution; for the habit of sturdy, upstanding growth must be a fixed characteristic of the strain to be developed.

Naturally the greater the number of straws springing from one root, the finer the quality of the straws. Therefore his selection took the line of finding roots having the largest number of straws springing from one bulb, but being of upright growth.

Very early in his experiments, Doctor Sudduth found that alfalfa, being a hybrid, would not always breed true from seed. He has, therefore, adopted the vegetative form of propagation. Fortunately the alfalfa plant grows from "slipping" as readily as the verbena. The tips of branches are cut off at a length of three inches, tied in bundles and put into a coldframe containing wet sand. From these frames they are transplanted to the nursery, which now contains one hundred acres of breeding and experimental alfalfa plants, set in rows thirty inches apart, with the hills two feet apart in the row.

Cutting for Maximum Protein Yield

MULTIPLIED experiments along this line in the propagation beds gave gratifying results as determined by the laboratory tests, but these pushed him on to another problem—that of the time of harvesting. Here his findings ran counter to the most commonly accepted traditions. The greatest amount of protein to the acre and to the smallest tonnage of hay was the object at which he was aiming, and his laboratory tests clearly established the fact that this was secured by cutting before the plants were in bud—not, as common practice has it, after the blossoms have appeared.

"We cut our fields on this basis," declares Doctor Sudduth, "and get a maximum of foliage—and, therefore, of protein—and a minimum of woody fiber. It pays in commercial results. Of course it involves at least one extra cutting a year over the old plan. My tests apply only to alfalfa grown under dry farming. It is safe, however, to make the sweeping statement that alfalfa is everywhere cut too late, as a rule, to get the maximum of protein and the minimum of woody fiber. Speaking for the humid sections, Joe Wing's rule is: 'Cut when small new sprouts appear near the surface of the ground.' Certainly that is a safer rule than to wait for the appearance of blossoms. Only a thorough laboratory test, however, can determine this problem for the humid and irrigated sections."

The next vital phase of alfalfa growing that forced itself upon the attention of this tireless investigator, in his determination to brush away traditions and establish the alfalfa farm upon the basis of "a factory for the production of digestible protein in forage form," was that of the number of plants to the acre for the best results.

"One of the greatest mistakes of the average farmer," contends Doctor Sudduth, "is that of overseeding. And this mistake is especially fatal to the highest success in dry-farm regions, or in any region where the rainfall is less than reliably abundant—except, of course, where there is irrigation. Heavy seeding for any kind of grain or alfalfa has no place in successful dry farming. The heaviest yields of wheat I have ever had were secured by using only thirty pounds of seed to the acre as against the ordinary portion of seventy-five pounds; in fact, many farmers use a hundred pounds. The English practice calls for two to three bushels to the acre, which means one hundred and twenty to one hundred and eighty pounds. My crop of Turkey red wheat on two hundred and fifty acres was seeded with only thirty pounds to the acre and it was the best produced anywhere in my locality.

"The lands on which most of the big dry-farming operations are carried on are strong soils, that have not been leached by constant rains. Much of this land has a considerable element of volcanic ash. This means that it is a virile and vigorous soil, and that its natural effect is to make grain or alfalfa 'stool' heavily—that is, to send up numerous sprouts from the same root.

"Now, if you seed heavily on this soil and there is a shortage of moisture, the result is that, in the case of grain, the moisture goes into making straw instead of grain; and, with alfalfa, it is absorbed in producing stalk and stem growth instead of properly matured foliage.

"When, however, the alfalfa plants are in rows fourteen inches apart and eight inches apart in the rows—as I plant them for forage purposes—what is the result? The limited moisture in the soil is not exhausted through the growth of valueless straw and stems, for only so many sprouts will come up as will find sufficient moisture to bring them to maturity, full foliage, and a state of highest protein value. They get a splendid root growth. Where plants are grown for seed purposes, I get the best results by placing them twenty to twenty-eight inches apart in the row and the rows thirty inches apart. If, under this system, there is a year of abundant moisture, the plants stool to full capacity and mature all their foliage.

"Out of over one hundred varieties of alfalfa now growing in my experimental gardens, there are only about fifteen that are to be classed as thoroughly commercial. These require different treatment as to the amount of growing room which each plant should be given, and I regard my experiments in this particular as incomplete. I have only laid down a general rule, which must be qualified as to certain varieties. This adaptation of seeding to the amount of moisture that can be conserved under average conditions is one of the finest and most vital problems in any kind of dry farming, and it is to some extent a local problem, of course; but its scientific and practical solution for any large dry-farming section is so important to material results that any man who works it out in definite terms will be entitled to all the credit that one man needs to have.

"In the humid regions the general practice is to use twenty, twenty-five and sometimes thirty pounds of alfalfa seed to the acre. This is too much. Four or five pounds will put all the sprouts on an acre of land that any soil can take proper care of, provided germinating conditions are right. All the rest of the seed is wasted—and worse than wasted. Good alfalfa seed costs money and no farmer can afford to throw away seventy-five per cent of his seed just to guard against the chance that the other twenty-five per cent may not germinate. He should put that wasted money into putting every seed of the twenty-five per cent into the right place and under right conditions."

The foremost specification which Doctor Sudduth makes under the head of right conditions is a seedbed, as clean, as mellow and as firm as that which a skilled Italian makes for his onions or a German prepares for his sugar beets.

This specialist declares that it is most difficult to make the average grower realize that intensive cultivation pays as well in alfalfa growing as in the production of onions or sugar beets, but that all the cultivation must be done before the crop is put in. Because weeds are the great enemy of alfalfa, Doctor Sudduth has no use for the practice of spring seeding, as it gives no opportunity to have every weed seed in the soil send up its shoot where it can be destroyed. His seeding is never done before the middle of June and more often is delayed until the last of June or the first of July. His land is plowed the previous season as soon as the crop of grain is removed. The soil from the field is first subjected to a chemical analysis before any work is done on it, and if there is any indication of the need of lime salts these are applied.

Alfalfa's Chief Enemies

IN THE preparation of the soil a subsurface packer is used to firm the subsoil. Then the ground is repeatedly disked. He regards the type of harrow commonly known as the Acme an almost ideal instrument for the fitting of dry-farming land to retain moisture. This throws the dirt both to right and left and is a great exterminator of weeds. One of these harrows follows his tractor plow and is in turn followed by a smoothing harrow. The result of this working, when continued over a sufficient period, is to "pump all the weeds and foulness out of the ground, close the lower air spaces in the soil and leave a well-granulated mulch over the level surface of the field." It is a mistake, according to Doctor Sudduth's findings, to use a surface roller on dry-farming land. A granular mulch is a much better moisture-conserver than a fine dust mulch.

During its first season of growth no alfalfa field in the Broadview Ranch is ever disturbed by cultivation. Before the weeds that have outlived the ordeal of the seedbed preparation are ready to go to seed, the young alfalfa is clipped and the cuttings allowed to remain as a mulch where they fall. All that should be expected of an alfalfa field the first season is to build up a strong root-system.

"A good many farmers in the humid sections," says Doctor Sudduth, "can't understand why they cannot get a healthy stand and growth of alfalfa on land that has been cropped to corn for several seasons. There is one thing that alfalfa will not tolerate and that is acidity in the soil. One of the most interesting experiments I ever made was in demonstrating that

(Continued on Page 85)

General View of Broadview Ranch

THE HOUSE OF THE DEAD MAN

There Were Three Horsetracks in the Road—Two Going Our Way and One Returning

By Melville Davisson Post

ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE P. HOSKINS

WE WERE on our way to the Smallwood place—Abner and I. It was early in the morning and I thought we were the first on the road; but at the Three Forks, where the Lost Creek turnpike trails down from the mountains, a horse had turned in before us.

It was a morning out of Paradise, crisp and bright. The spider-webs glistened on the fence rails. The timber cracked. The ragweed was dusted with silver. The sun was moving upward from behind the world. I could have whistled out of sheer joy in being alive on this October morning and the horse under me danced; but Abner rode looking down his nose. He was always silent when he had this trip to make. And he had a reason for it.

The pastureland that we were going on to did not belong to us. It had been owned by the sheriff, Asbury Smallwood. In those days the sheriff collected the county taxes. One night the sheriff's house had been entered, burned over his head and a large sum of the county revenues carried off. No one ever found a trace of those who had done this deed. The sheriff was ruined. He had given up his lands and moved to a neighboring county. His bondsmen had been forced to meet the loss. My father had been one of them; but it was not the loss to my father that bothered Abner.

"The thing does not hurt you, Rufus," he said; "but it cripples Elnathan Stone and it breaks Adam Greathouse."

Stone was a grazier with heavy debts and Greathouse was a little farmer. I remember how my father chaffed Abner when he paid his portion of this loss.

"'The Lord gave,'" he said, "'and the Lord hath taken away' eh, Abner?"

"But, Rufus," replied Abner, "did the Lord take? We must be sure of that. There are others who take."

It was clear what Abner meant. If the Lord took he would be resigned to it; but if another took he would follow with a weapon in his hand and recover what had been taken. Abner's God was an exacting Overlord and His requisitions were to be met with equanimity; but He did not go halves with thieves and he issued no letters of marque.

When the sheriff failed Abner had put cattle on the land in an effort to make what he could for the bondsmen. It was good grazing land, but it was watered by springs, and we had to watch them. A beef steer does not grow fat without plenty of water. We went every week to give the cattle salt and to watch the springs.

As we rode I presently noticed that Abner was looking down at the horsetrack. And then I saw what I had not noticed before, that there were three horsetracks in the road—two going our way and one returning—but only one of the tracks was fresh. Finally Abner pulled up his big chestnut. We were passing the old burned house. The crumbled foundations and the blasted trees stood at the end of a lane. There had once been a gate before the house at the end of this lane, but it was now nailed up. The horse going before us had entered this lane for a few steps, then turned back into the road.

Abner did not speak. He looked at the track for a moment and then rode on. Presently we came to the bars leading from the road into the pasture. The horse had stopped here and its rider had got out of his saddle and let down the bars. One could see where the horse had gone through and the footprints of the rider were visible in the soft clay. The old horsetrack also went in and came out at these bars.

Abner examined the man's footprints with what I thought was an excess of interest. Travelers were always going through one's land; and, provided they closed the bars behind them, what did it matter? Abner seemed concerned about this traveler however. When we had entered the field he sat for some time in the saddle; and then, instead of going to the hills where the springs were, he rode up the valley toward a piece of woods. There was a little rivulet threading this valley and he watched it as he rode.

Finally, just before the rivulet entered the woods, he stopped and got down out of his saddle. When I came up he was looking at a track on the edge of the little stream. It was the footprint of a man, still muddy where the water had run into it. Abner stood on the bank beside the rivulet, and for a good while I could not imagine what he was waiting for. Then, as he watched the track, I understood. He was waiting for the muddy water to clear so he could see the imprint of the man's foot.

"Uncle Abner," I said, "what do you care about who goes through the field?"

"Ordinarily I do not care," he said, "if the man lays up the fence behind him; but there is something out of the ordinary about this thing. The man who crossed there on foot is the same man who came in on the horse. The footprints here and at the bars show the same plate on the bootheel. He rode a horse that had been here before today, because it remembered the lane and tried to turn in there. Moreover, the man did not wish to be seen, because he came early, hid the horse and went on foot back toward the burned house."

"How do you know that he had hidden the horse, Uncle Abner?"

"The Man Who Crossed There on Foot is the Same Man Who Came in on the Horse"

For answer he beckoned to me and we rode into the woods. The leaves were damp and the horses made no sound. In a few moments Abner stopped and pointed through the beech trees, and I saw a bay horse tied to a sapling. The horse stood with his legs wide apart and his head down.

"The horse is asleep," said Abner; "it has been ridden all night. We must find the rider."

I was now alive with interest. The old story of the robbery floated before me in romantic colors. What innocent person would come here by stealth, ride his horse all night and then hide it in the woods? Moreover, as Abner said, this horse had been to the sheriff's house before today; and it had been there before the house was burned because it had started to enter the old lane and had been turned back by its rider. We were all familiar with such striking examples of memory in horses. A horse, having once gone over a road and entered at a certain gate, will follow that road on a second trip and again enter that gate.

Then I remembered the old horsetrack that had preceded this one, and the solution of this thing appeared before me. The story had gone about that two men had robbed the sheriff and these evidences tallied with that story. Two men had ridden into that pasture; that one track was older was because one of the men had gone to tell the other to meet him here had ridden back—and the other had followed. The horse of the first robber was doubtless concealed deeper in the wood. And why had they returned? That was clear enough—they had concealed the booty until now and had just come back for it.

The thrill of adventure tingled in my blood. We were on the trail of the robbers and they could not easily escape us. The one who had ridden this horse could not be far away, since his track in the brook was muddy when we found it; but why had he crossed the brook in the direction of the burned house? The way over the hill toward the house was wholly in the open—clean sod, not even a tree. The man on foot could not have been out of sight of us when we rode across the brook and round the brow of the hill but he was out of sight. We sat there in our saddles and searched the land, lying smooth and open before us. There was the burned house below, bare as my hand and the meadows, all open to the eye. A rabbit could not have hidden where was the rider of that worn-out, sleeping horse?

Abner sat there looking down at this clean, open land. A man could not vanish into the air; he could not hide in a wisp of blue grass; he could not cross three hundred acres of open country while his track in a running brook remained muddy. He could have reached the brow of the hill and perhaps gone down to the house, but he could not have passed the meadows and the pasture field beyond without wings on his shoulders.

The morning was on its way; the air was like lotus. The sun, still out of sight, was beginning to gild the hilltops. I looked up; away on the knob at the summit of the hill there was an old graveyard—that was a curious custom, to put our dead on the highest point of land. A patch of sunlight lay on this village of the dead—and as I looked a thing caught my eye.

I turned in the saddle.

"I saw something flash up there, Uncle Abner."

"Flash," he said—"like a weapon?"

"Glitter," I said. And I caught up the bridle-rein.

But Abner put his hand on the bit.

"Quietly, Martin," he said. "We will ride slowly round the hill, as though we were looking for the cattle, and go up behind that knob; there is a ridge there and we shall not be seen until we come out on the crest of the hill beside the graveyard."

We rode idly away, stopping now and then, like persons at their leisure. But I was afire with interest. All the way to the crest of the hill the blood skipped in my veins. The horses made no sound on the carpet of green sod. And when we came out suddenly beside the ancient graveyard I fully expected to see there a brace of robbers—like some picture in a story with bloody cloths around their heads and pistols in their belts; or two bewhiskered pirates before a heap of pieces-of-eight.

On the tick of the clock I was disillusioned, however. A man who had been kneeling by a grave rose. I knew him in the twinkling of an eye He was the sheriff. In the twinkling of an eye I knew why he was there; and I was covered with confusion. His father was buried in this old graveyard. It was a land where men concealed their feelings as one conceals the practice of a crime; and one would have stolen his neighbor's goods before he would have intruded upon the secrecy of his emotions.

I pulled up my horse and would have turned back, pretending that I had not seen him, for I was ashamed; but Abner rode on and presently I followed in amazement. If Abner had cursed his horse or warbled a ribald song I could not have been more astonished. I was ashamed for myself and I was ashamed for Abner. How could he ride in on a man who had just got up from beside his father's grave? My mind flashed back over Abner's life to find a precedent for this conspicuous inconsiderate act; but there was nothing like it in all the history of the man.

"Smallwood, You are a Thief and a Hypocrite and a Liar!"

When the sheriff saw us he wiped his face with his sleeve and went white as a sheet. And under my own shirt I felt and suffered with the man. I should have gone white like that if one had caught me thus. And in my throat I choked with bitterness at Abner. Had his heart tilted and every generous instinct been emptied out of it? Then I thought he meant to turn the thing with some word that would cover the man's confusion and save his feelings inviolate: but he shocked me out of that.

"Smallwood," said Abner, "you have come back!"

The man blinked as though the sun were in his eyes. He had not yet regained the mastery of himself.

"Yes," he said.

"And why do you come?" said Abner.

A flush of scarlet spread over the man's white face.

"And do you ask me that?" he cried. "It is the tomb of my father!"

"Your father," said Abner, "was an upright man. He lived in the fear of God. I respect his tomb."

"I thank you, Abner," replied the man. "I honor my father's grave."

"You honor it late," said Abner.

The man spread out his hands with a gesture of resignation.

"You mean that my misfortune has dishonored my father?"

"No," said Abner, "that is not what I mean. by a misfortune no man can be dishonored neither his father nor his father's father."

"What is it you mean, then?" said the man.

"Smallwood," said Abner, "is it not before you, where you in your ownership allowed the fence around this grave to rot I have rebuilt it, and where you allowed the weeds to grow up I have cut them down?"

It was the truth. Abner had put up a fence and had cleaned the graveyard. Only the myrtle and cinquefoil covered it. I thought the sheriff would be ashamed at that, but his face brightened.

"It is disaster, Abner, that brings a man back to his duties to the dead. In prosperity we forget, but in poverty we remember."

"The Master," replied Abner, "was not very much concerned about the dead: nor am I. The dead are in God's keeping! It is our duties to the living that should move us. Do you remember, Smallwood, the story of the young man who wished to go and bury his father?"

"I do," said Smallwood, "and I have always held him in honor for it."

"And so, too, the Master would have held him, but for one thing."

"What thing?" said Smallwood.

"That the story was an excuse," replied Abner.

I saw the light go out of the man's face and his lips tremble; and then he said what I was afraid he would say.

"Abner," he said, "if you are determined to gouge this thing out of me, why here it is: I cannot bear to live in this community any longer. I am ashamed to see those upon whom I have brought misfortune—Elnathan Stone, and your brother Rufus, and Adam Greathouse. I have made up my mind to leave the country forever, but I wanted to see the place where my father was buried before I went, because I shall never see it again. You don't understand how a man can feel like that; but I tell you, when a man is in trouble he will remember his father's roof if he is living, and his father's grave if he is dead."

I was so mortified before this confession that Abner's heartless manner had forced out of the man that I reached

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over and caught my uncle by the sleeve. My horse stood by Abner's chestnut, and I hoped that he would yield to my importunity and ride on; but he turned in his saddle and looked first at me and then down upon the sheriff.

"Martin," he said, "thinks we ought to leave you to your filial devotions."

"It is a credit to the child's heart," replied the man, "and a rebuke to you, Abner. It is a pity that age robs us of charity."

Abner put his hands on the pommel of his saddle and regarded the sheriff.

"I have read St. Paul's epistle on charity," he said, "and, after long reflection, I am persuaded that there exists a greater thing than charity—a thing of more value to the human family. Like charity, it rejoiceth not in iniquity, but it does not bear all things, or believe all things, or endure all things; and, unlike charity, it seeketh its own. . . . Do you know what thing I mean, Smallwood? I will tell you. It is Justice."

"Abner," replied the man, "I am in no humor to hear a sermon."

"Those who need a sermon," said Abner, "are rarely in the humor to hear it."

"Abner," cried the man, "you annoy me! Will you ride on?"

"Presently," replied Abner; "when we have talked together a little further. You are about to leave the country. I shall perhaps never see you again and I would have your opinion upon a certain matter."

"Well," said the man, "what is it?"

"It is this," said Abner. "You appear to entertain great filial respect, and I would ask you a question touching that regard: What ought to be done with a man who would use a weapon against his father?"

"He ought to be hanged," said Smallwood.

"And would it change the case," said Abner, "if the father held something which the son had intrusted to him and would not give it up because it belonged to another, and the son, to take it, should come against his father with an iron in his hand?"

The sheriff's face became a land of doubt, of suspicion, of uncertainty and, I thought, of fear.

"Abner," cried the man, "I do not understand; will you explain it?"

"I will explain this thing which you do not understand," replied Abner, "when you have explained a thing which I do not understand. Why was it that you came here last night and again this morning? That was two visits to your father's grave within six hours. I do not understand why you should make two trips—and one upon the heels of the other."

For a moment the man did not reply; then he spoke.

"How do you know that I was here last night? Did you see me come or did another see and tell you?"

"I did not see you," replied Abner, "nor did any one tell me that you came; but I know it in spite of that."

"And how do you know it?" said Smallwood.

"I will tell you," said Abner. "On the road this morning I observed two horse-tracks leading this way; they both turned in at the same crossroads and they both came to this place. One was fresh, the other was some hours old—it is easy to tell that on a clay road. I compared those two tracks and the third returning track, and presently I saw that they had been made by the same horse."

Abner stopped and pointed down toward the beech woods.

"Moreover," he continued, "your horse, hidden among those trees, is worn out and asleep. Now you live only some twenty miles away—that journey this morning would not have so fatigued your horse that he would sleep on his feet; but to make two trips—to go all night—to travel sixty miles—would do it."

The sheriff's head did not move, but I saw his eyes glance down. The glance did not escape Abner and he went on.

"I saw the crowbar in the grass there some time ago," he said; "but what has the crowbar to do with your two trips?"

I, too, saw now the iron bar. It was the thing that had glittered in the sun.

The man threw back his shoulders; he lifted his face and stood up. There came upon him the pose and expression of one who steps out at last desperately into the open.

"Yes," he said; "I was here last night. It was my horse that made those tracks in the road and it is my horse that is hidden in the woods now. And that is my crowbar in the grass. . . . And do you want to know why I made those two trips, and why I brought that crowbar, and why I hid my horse? . . . Well, I'll tell you, since there is no shame in you and no decent feeling, and you are determined to have it. . . . You can't understand, Abner, because you have a heart of stone; but I tell you I wanted to see my father's grave before I left the country forever. I was ashamed to meet the people over here and so I came in the night. When I got here I saw that the heavy slab over my father's grave had settled down and was wedged in against the coping. I tried to straighten it up, but I could not. . . . Well, what would you have done, Abner gone away and left your father's tomb a ruin? . . . No matter what you would have done! I went back twenty miles and got that crowbar and came again to lift and straighten the stone over my father's grave before I left it. . . . And now will you ride on and leave me to finish my work and go?"

"Smallwood," Abner said presently, "how do you know that your house was robbed before it was burned? Might it not be that the county revenues were burned with the house?"

"I will tell you how I know that, Abner," replied the man. "The revenues of the county were all in my deerskin saddle-pockets, under my pillow; when I awoke in the night the house was dark and filled with smoke. I jumped up, seized my clothes, which were on a chair by the bed, and ran downstairs; but, first, I felt under the pillow for my saddle-pockets—and they were gone."

"But, Smallwood," said Abner, "how can you be certain that the money was stolen out of your saddle-pockets if you did not find them?"

"I did find them," replied the sheriff; "I went back into the house and got the saddle-pockets and brought them out—and they were empty."

"That was a brave thing to do, Smallwood," said Abner—"to go back into a burning house filled with smoke and dark. You could have had only a moment."

"You speak the truth, Abner," replied the sheriff. "I had only a moment—the house was a pot of smoke. But the money was in my care, Abner. There was my duty and what is a man's life against that!"

I saw Abner's back straighten and I heard his feet grind on the iron of his stirrups.

"And now, Smallwood," he said, and his voice was like the menace of a weapon, "will you tell me how it was possible for you to go into a house that was dark and filled with smoke, and thus quickly—in a moment—find those empty saddle pockets, unless you knew exactly where they were?"

I saw that Abner's question had impaled the man, as one pierces a fly through with a needle; and, like a fly, the man in his confusion fluttered.

"Smallwood," said Abner, "you are a thief and a hypocrite and a liar! And, like all liars, you have destroyed yourself! You not only stole this money but you tried to make your father an accomplice in that robbery. To conceal it, you hid it in this dead man's house. And, behold, the dead man has held his house against you! When you came here last night to carry away the money you found that the slab over your father's grave had fallen and wedged itself in against the limestone coping, and you could not lift it; and so you went back for that crowbar. . . . But who knows, you thief, what influence, though he be dead, a just man has with God! I came in time to help your father hold his house—and against his son, with a weapon in his hand!"

I saw the man cringe and writhe and shiver, as though he were unable to get out of his tracks; then the power came to him, and he vaulted over the fence and ran. He ran in fear down the hill and across the brook and into the wood; and a moment later he came out with his tired horse at a gallop.

Abner looked down from the hilltop on the flying thief, but he made no move to follow.

"Let him go," he said, "for his father's sake. We owe the dead man that much."

Then he got down from his horse, thrust the crowbar under the slab over the grave and lifted it up.

Beneath it were the sheriff's deerskin saddle-pockets and the stolen money!

Ralston is economical.

Don't be deceived!—the size of the package doesn't tell the story. Ralston is condensed—there is more actual food in a box of Ralston than in others with larger boxes.

Ralston is just the finest hard whole wheat, ground, with all the flavor and rich nutriment left in. Children love it.

Gives children just the kind of nourishment their growing bodies need.

Get a box of Ralston today, for your children's sake—you will like it, too.

PURINA WHOLE WHEAT FLOUR

contains all the nutriment of whole wheat. Makes delicious whole wheat bread, muffins, rolls, etc. Fine for growing children. Easily digested, highly nutritious. Ask for the checkerboard sack.

Don't Eat *Finger-print* Butter!

EAT *Blue Valley*.

Your dealer will gladly sell it to you because one *trial* makes a *steady* customer.

And Blue Valley will open your eyes to a new kind of butter economy; also to a *quality* you never dreamed existed.

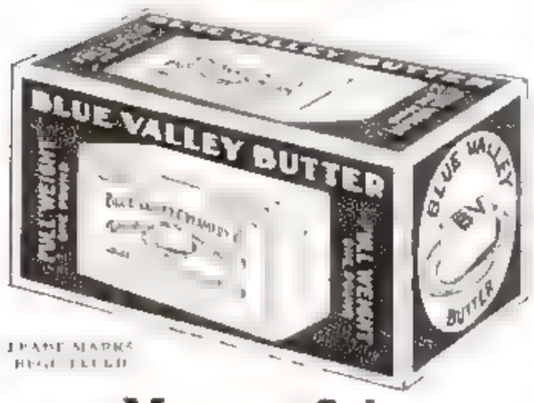
Blue Valley National Butter

Blue Valley is plus some things and minus others when compared with other butter.

It is a pure pasteurized butter churned fresh every day and sold in the original packages. It is *not* a Tub-butter nor a *cut-up butter* worked over. So you find neither marks of fingers, flavor of tub-wood, nor signs of age. This is where Blue Valley is *minus*.

But you *do* find a wonderful richness—a delicate, appetizing flavor found in no other butter. It is *characteristic* of Blue Valley *only*—put there by a ripening process of our own. This is where Blue Valley Butter is *plus*.

Plus because it stands for extra *value* that doesn't cost you a cent *extra*. Yet Blue Valley [illegible] more than any standard high grade butter. Since you *pay* for quality why not be sure you get it? Why not insist *on Blue Valley?*



TRADE MARKS REGISTERED

Monster Sales

Blue Valley is pure, wholesome, fresh *always* and UNIFORM. It is ever the same. And because of its superlative goodness over 15,000,000 packages were sold in the past year. Today it is the National Butter.

FREE

Handsome set of silver Individual Butter Knives. Ask how to get them.

Dealers Blue Valley dealers get the bulk of the local butter business. Permanent, well satisfied trade. Send for liberal proposition.

Correspondence solicited and orders filled at any creameries below.

Address one nearest you.

Blue Valley Creamery Company

Chicago
Indianapolis
St. Joseph, Mo.
Sioux City, Iowa
Grand Rapids, Mich.
Hastings, Nebr.

WHERE THE PROFITS GO

Some Reasons Why Business Failures Occur

By G. W. WRIGHT

IN MANY apparently successful commercial enterprises conditions are constantly brought to light by expert business and cost systematizers which show very serious effects on the profits. During the past few years many close-observing merchants and manufacturers have discovered that they are not obtaining the net results which they had anticipated; but few of them have yet found a way to eliminate losses and permanently stop heavy drains. Much has been written and said about better accounting methods and many ideas have been tried, but with varying results. Plans of all descriptions have been used by the incompetent; but it still requires the services of the business expert of wide experience to show, by an effective system, wherein the business has failed to produce the desired results.

The whole question of stopping losses, in almost any business, seems to simplify itself when properly understood. Suppose we consider first, for example, a manufacturer. The expert, when investigating the accounting methods used in a factory, will make a thorough and careful study until he finds every weak place and every actual and possible leak. He is very careful to find the manufacturing cost of every article, search for losses in the material and labor, and note every expense item connected with the entire plant. Having obtained a thorough knowledge of every detail, he sets to work instituting changes, cutting off expenses, reducing costs and bringing certain departments up to their highest degree of efficiency—discontinuing those that are unprofitable and suggesting any other needed changes that he deems advisable. In this way every unproductive part of the business will be quickly eliminated. The business is under his watchful eye for a space of time until every part is working harmoniously and producing even better results than were originally conceived.

A Goldsmith's Lax Methods

The skilled cost-system man never attempts to make a business fit a cast iron, ready-made "system." He studies, devises, adapts compares, tries out and keeps a constant watch until he knows exactly what is needed. He then fits a practical method of obtaining costs to the business which is as definite in its results and as positive in its operation as any scientific law.

The writer, having had several years' experience with small manufacturers, recalls many instances where lax methods could have been discarded and waste of time and material stopped, which would have resulted in a substantial increase of profit. A good-sized jewelry shop adopted the following method of charging gold to workmen: The gold was usually in the shape of a square bar, half an inch thick and some three inches in length; it was laid in one side of a scale-pan and a certain amount of buckshot poured into the pan opposite, which was supposed to balance the gold in weight; the gold was handed to the workman for his job and the shot retained in his special glass vial on the superintendent's bench. When the job was completed the workman was credited by having some shot taken from this vial to balance the finished article he had turned in, and at the end of the week the scrap and filings in his workbox were supposed to balance the shot in the glass receptacle—leaving no metal to his debit. A perfect balance at the week's end was rarely struck, however. Often the workman had more gold scrap by weight in his workbox than the shot would balance and sometimes more shot in weight than gold. The employees were quick to see this makeshift and it became a subject for laughter with them; they frequently remarked that if they wanted to steal they could do so without being detected. The firm paid little attention to the matter and called the difference in weight an "average."

Ten million pairs - and why -

DURING the past year *ten million* pairs of Interwoven Socks have been sold.

This is the result of an unusual policy.

In the past merchants have sometimes been forced into handling a brand of socks by the sheer weight of heavy advertising.

We adopted a different method.

• • •

We had discovered a new and unusual knitting process never before used by any hosiery manufacturer.

With more than 50 years experience in the making of hosiery and knitting machinery—with a factory operated by experts from leading hosiery mills of England, Germany and the United States—we proceeded to develop and perfect this new process.

It is now known as the "Interwoven Process."

It equips the socks with a wear-resisting fabric at *every* point of wear—toe, heel, sole and ankle—leaving the other portions light and sheer.

It gives you *all* of the good features common to high-grade hosiery and, *in addition*, a wearing quality never before attained. All at no extra cost to you.

• • •

In other words—

Interwoven Socks are *darned before they are sold.*

They are *the light-weight socks that really wear.*

We invented and patented the machines which make Interwoven Socks, and these machines are built and operated by us exclusively.

• • •

Having first thoroughly satisfied ourselves, through a long series of practical wearing tests, that we had succeeded in producing a sock that would far outwear any other light sock made, we offered them to retailers.

No attempt whatever was made to *force* the retailer to handle them, or the consumer to demand them.

We proposed to sell these socks solely upon their own merits.

• • •

That was 5 years ago.

Today Interwoven Socks are sold by 5,000 merchants—10,000,000 pairs a year.

Interwoven Socks are now the largest selling mill-brand of half-hose in existence.

Up to the present time they have been advertised almost solely by the good word of every wearer. No premiums, coupons, or other inducements to purchase. Nothing but straight merchandise. The Interwoven Sock has won on *merit* alone.

• • •

If you are not yet wearing Interwoven Socks, the chances are that it's because you have not been told about them.

We are only now commencing to tell our story through advertising.

This advertisement is the first of a series fully explaining the merits of Interwoven Socks, and showing why they won such wide-spread popularity in so short a time.

• • •

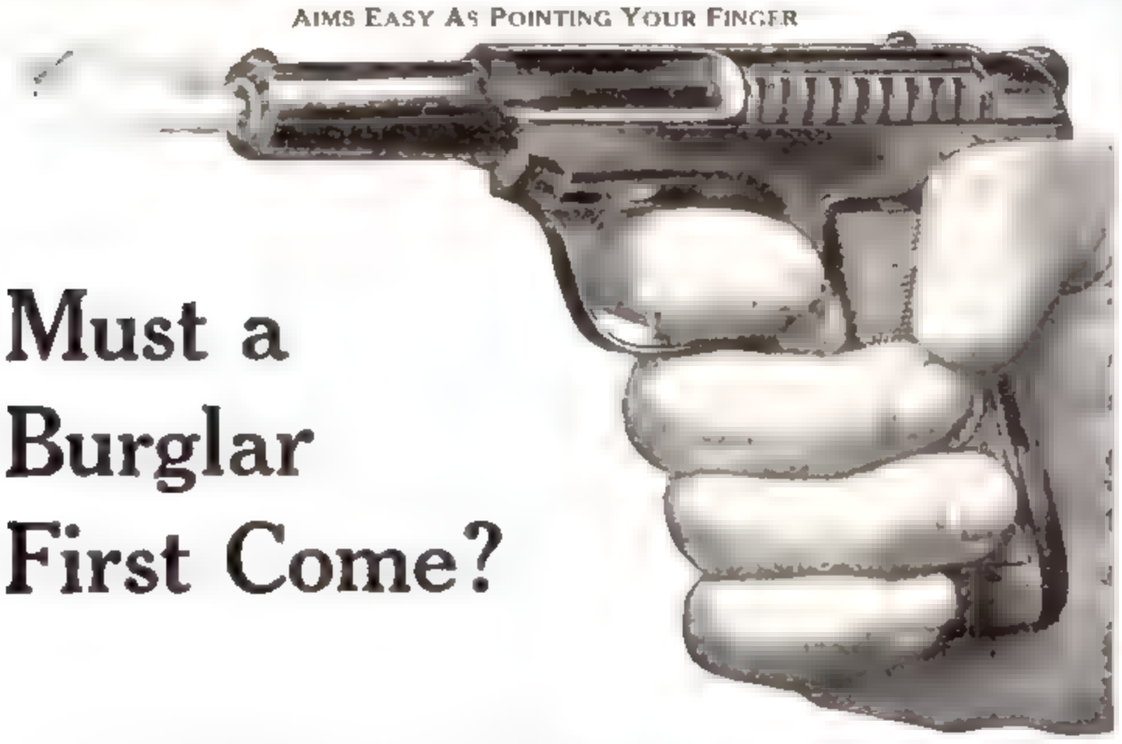
Sold direct from mill to retailer only. None sold by mail. You will find Interwoven Socks at the high-class haberdashers of practically every city or town in the United States and in many foreign countries. One trial pair will convince you.

Made in all fashionable shades.

25c, 35c, and 50c the pair.

Interwoven Stocking Company
New Brunswick, N. J.

AIMS EASY AS POINTING YOUR FINGER



Must a Burglar First Come?

SOME night he will come—the armed, expert, masked visitor.

Will you get a burglar before you get a Savage Automatic or will you get a Savage Automatic before you get a burglar?

The Savage is the gun you can shoot straight in the dark. The gun you can aim as easy as pointing your finger.

No other gun shoots over nine shots, against the Savage *eleven* shots. And no other gun can be reloaded so quick. And no other gun is so light and compact. And no other gun is carried by Detectives Wm. J. Burns, Wm. Pinkerton and Walter Duncan. And no other gun is "boosted" by these crack shots: Buffalo Bill, "Bat" Masterson, Dr Carver, E. C. Crossman

Make up your mind to get a Savage Automatic *before* you get a burglar. Get one today unless you know positively the burglar is *not* coming tonight. The telephone will get one if you're too busy just now.

Gun Fighter Book, Free

For your dealer's name on a post-card, you can get "Bat" Masterson's book, "The Tenderfoot's Turn," about the famous gun-fighter in the days when Masterson was Sheriff at Dodge City. Free

Famous Savage Rifles

Also ask for the Rifle Book, showing the famous Savage Takedown Featherweight, the high-power rifle with interchangeable barrels, for $25.00, and other Savage Rifles. Savage Arms Co., 79 Savage Avenue, Utica, N. Y.

THE NEW SAVAGE AUTOMATIC

Emery means Custom Satisfaction without the extra cost and the bother and delay of being measured.

Emery means correct fit, fast colors, dependable materials and making, and big money's-worth in wear.

Emery means PRE-SHRUNK NECKBANDS—no tightening; no discomfort, after washing.

Emery means sleeve lengths, in each size of shirt, for men of long, short and medium reach. And—

Emery means money back or—a New Shirt for One That Fails. Guarantee ticket in each shirt.

GUARANTEED fit, color and wear.

Write for The Emery Book illustrating and describing styles for Fall and Winter. Let us fill your order through your dealer

Walter M. Steppacher & Bro., Makers, The *Emery* Shirt, Philadelphia

Sales Offices also in New York, Chicago and St. Louis

Another manufacturing jeweler, when supplying his workmen with gold, gave each of them a small memorandum book; on the first left page, written in ink by the foreman, was the exact weight in pennyweights of gold taken for their jobs. When an article was finished and delivered to the foreman its exact weight in pennyweights was written on the opposite page. At the end of the week each workman's book balanced, or, if not, a definite reason was forthcoming. It is very evident that the last plan is much simpler and far superior to the buckshot method, which never balanced exactly with the gold, due to inaccuracies almost impossible to obviate. Gold could be easily taken by dishonest workmen or lost by carelessness and never missed. In a shop of twelve or more men a large item of shortage of gold would be raised in a few years, but could never be recovered. With a proper system, the exact loss in weight would be found the first week.

In another instance a certain shop bought several gallons of oil; the can became leaky and a third of it was thus wasted. When a box of soap was bought cakes were generously distributed at the sink where the workmen washed, but the soap disappeared with amazing rapidity; investigation showed that cakes were left in the wash-basins containing water over night and in the morning were a total waste. Expensive glass measuring instruments were allowed to be put where they were accidentally broken. Old antiquated presses and lathes were used, which took some of their highest-paid men five times longer to set the tools than in good presses which would do far better work. Now these items all seem of very small account; hence they go on year after year unnoticed, and the manufacturer with half-open eyes continues to mourn over his heavy expense, sharp competition and small profits. Until these apparently trivial expenses—which all enter into the cost of production—are checked and seemingly little wastes stopped and his cost is brought to a correct figure, he can never hope to meet his competitors in quoting prices on his products. Without the best methods of discovering and eliminating losses and wastes and apportioning costs, some of the largest corporations in America would go into insolvency in a few years, no matter how big their business.

Expensive House-Cleaning

Mr. Collins' most excellent article in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST some time ago contained an account bearing on this point. In a large manufacturing plant, using a great quantity of alcohol, a careless employee allowed several barrels of this valuable fluid to go to waste and run over the floor because he failed to see that the cocks were turned off when filling the tanks. As the alcohol was cleaned up, it took with it several years' accumulation of filth and dirt. The president of the concern chanced to be in that part of the plant the same day and remarked how clean the floor was and how spick-and-span everything looked. The employee did everything to remove suspicion of the occurrence, fearing he would lose his job; but the loss was never detected, for an accurate system, which would have showed up the shortage, was unheard of at that plant. However, a clean floor was had at the expense of about three hundred dollars.

Every business man remembers how cautiously he was warned in boyhood to bestow considerable care on certain small coins and that larger ones would look out for themselves—an old saw it may be, yet success is built on this very principle. Look out for the costs and losses, and fat profits will be the positive result. This is as safe a rule to follow as the pennies-and-dollars adage referred to.

A commercial veteran sent out two salesmen. One made a large number of sales, but his expenses were excessively large and heavy risks were involved in many of his transactions. The other man made fewer sales, but saved the firm a large expense item by his careful and thorough methods. The first man pointed with pride to his results. "Yes," said the old man; "you can sell goods, Frank, but what interests me most are the sales that are made where there is least expense to cut into the profits."

It is practically impossible accurately to gauge the profits, where many kinds of goods are manufactured, until the various expenses connected with the factory have been carefully analyzed. This work should

"The Easiest Shoe for Women"

Dr. Edison Cushion Shoe

The result of our thirty-one years' study of the problem of giving women *comfortable* footwear with *style* retained. Ease, style, and wear combined to make a perfect shoe. Made in all leathers, button or lace; high or common sense heels.

Boots, $4.00 and $4.50
Oxfords, $3.50 and $4.00
Sold by Leading Dealers

If your dealer does not sell the Dr. Edison Cushion Shoe

Write for Style Book

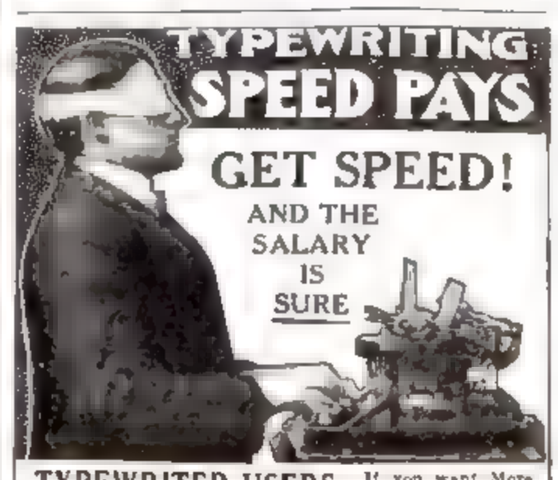
and we will tell you the name of one who does.

UTZ & DUNN CO.
80 Canal St., Rochester, N. Y.

TO SHOE DEALERS:

We do not exclusive sale of the Dr. Edison Cushion Shoe [illegible] Write for wholesale [illegible] proposition to dealers.

UTZ & DUNN CO. Rochester, N. Y.



TYPEWRITER USERS: If you want More Speed—More Salary

[illegible] the Tulloss Touch System. The standard speed [illegible] for over ten years. New *Instructions*, [illegible] will quickly fit you for the expert [illegible] speed [illegible] satisfied to [illegible] now to remain [illegible] Change [illegible] sight to [illegible] touch and learn to expert, go ready [illegible] increase your [illegible] pay [illegible] time study, no interference [illegible] regular work. Write for free booklet, sample pages and special offer.

SEND FOR OUR 72 PAGE FREE BOOK

[illegible] new lessons [illegible] of greater value [illegible] last [illegible] typewriting. The [illegible] operation [illegible] every case of operation [illegible] page of the [illegible] Every [illegible] graphed, every [illegible] the [illegible] special [illegible] marks [illegible] a sure road to a greater ability, a bigger income.

If you use the machine and want more speed—more accuracy—more ease in writing—a high class position and the expert's pay, send for this book today—at once.

THE TULLOSS SCHOOL OF TOUCH TYPEWRITING
37 College Hill, Springfield, Ohio

Deer Skin Tobacco Pouch Free!

[illegible] offer is made to introduce to [illegible] Tobacco Direct From Factory, and we [illegible] always [illegible] one-fourth pound of **French's Mixture** [illegible] of seven 45c for one [illegible] pound **French's Long Cut Smoking Tobacco** and we will include **free a Deer Skin Tobacco Pouch** [illegible] We guarantee the tobacco, [illegible] not entirely [illegible] the [illegible] postage stamps, money order or check.

French Tobacco Co., Dept. E, Statesville, N. C.

Just a little *Quicker* every stroke *makes the* Light Touch Monarch *the typewriter of efficiency*

LIGHT Touch Monarch machines make possible a stroke that is just a little quicker *without interference* — and with every stroke a little quicker, more work can be done in the same time. Hence, more business, more profit.

Write us and we will write you.

Better yet, let our nearest representative show you the Monarch. If he isn't near enough and you know of a good salesman, send us his name and address

THE MONARCH TYPEWRITER COMPANY

Executive Offices: Monarch Typewriter Building, 300 Broadway, New York

Canadian Offices: Toronto, Montreal

Branches and dealers in all countries.

No Three O'Clock Fatigue

Social Enjoyment
Fraternal Assistance
Insurance for the Family
are best combined in the

Royal Arcanum

a FRATERNAL BENEFICIARY SOCIETY
Chartered under the Laws of Massachusetts

Membership is effected through some one of its nearly 2000 Councils in this country and Canada

Certificates are issued in amounts of **$1000, $2000** or **$3000** payable to legally designated beneficiaries at a member's decease.

Over $143,000,000 has already been paid to 54,000 such beneficiaries during the past 34 years. Assessments moderate and on **easy monthly payments.**

Any man between 21 and 55 years of age deeming to be a partner in a great secret fraternal beneficiary society, of 248,000 members, where brotherly assistance in accident or sickness is extended through its local Councils and Hospital Bed Fund Associations and protection guaranteed to his loved ones at his death, can learn full particulars by applying to any local Council, or by addressing

ALFRED T. TURNER, Supreme Secretary
Box E, Station A, Boston, Mass.

FREEMASONS "Ralph de Tremblay, Freemason and Knight Templar," a romance of [illegible] A.D., by [illegible]. Masonic—begins in October. Will appeal to all [illegible] degrees, science, philosophy [illegible] clubs of 30 [illegible] subscription 15c. **Masonic Advocate, Indianapolis, or Fredonia, Ind.**

be done only by a skilled system expert who has had a wide experience and who knows exactly how to adjust every expense and apportion it correctly to every article. The apportioning of what are termed "overhead expenses" to various factory products has of late been given considerable attention by cost-accountants in order to arrive at the exact cost of each article and to ascertain the true profits.

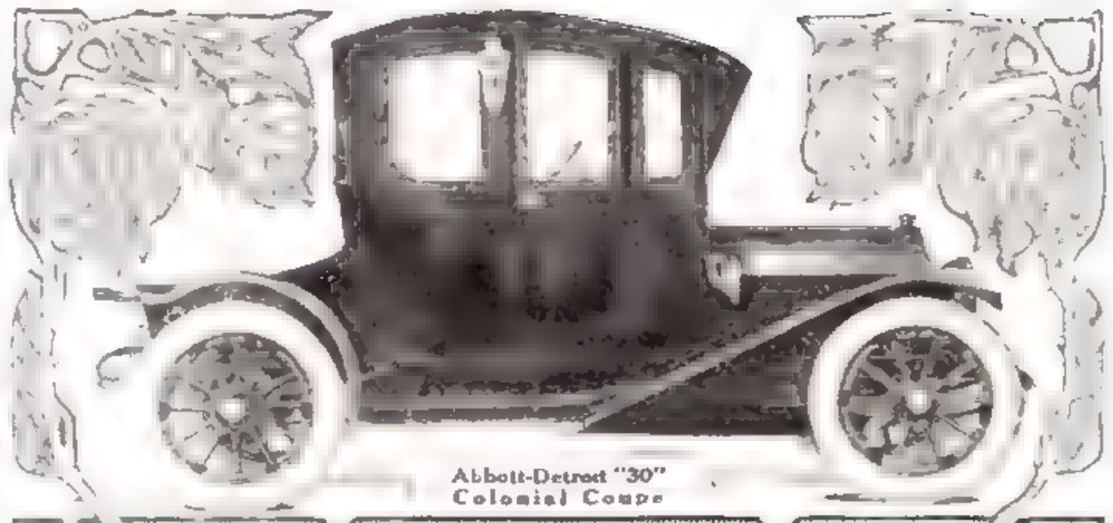
A manufacturer of novelties in a large eastern city engaged a cost-accounting firm to install a system by which the exact cost of production could be known. The system man, in going over the plant, found many articles which went through in some of the departments charged with the same overhead expense as those articles which went through all the departments of the factory. If an article, for instance, was composed of wood and steel it should be charged with its portion of the overhead expense of the steel department and, also, with a portion of the overhead expense in the wood-working department.

It is evident that to charge a percentage of the overhead expenses of the entire factory to an article which passes through but one or two instead of all departments swells the cost of that article out of all proportion and opens a way for competitors to undersell and capture trade. A manufacturer who is questioned as to why he charges an overhead expense of ten per cent or twenty-five per cent, as the case may be, naïvely answers: "Jones & Company, out in Michigan, charged that percentage. I traveled for them a good many years before I started in business for myself, and I have always judged they had a good accounting method; and what they considered good enough for them ought to be good enough for me." Nothing more foolish is to be imagined. The Jones concern may derive their power from a stream that passes their factory and be free from high cost of power. They may be located by a railroad siding and save transportation expense. Again, because of certain concessions made to them by the town, they may be exempt from taxation for a number of years; in fact, a multitude of considerations enter into the determining of overhead expenses. It is fair to assume that no two firms in a thousand even those engaged in the same lines of business—will have the same percentage of these charges. In some establishments this important item is based on productive labor. This way of arriving at the percentage will not always work out well.

Slaughter House Cost-Keeping

As an instance, a large abattoir near the city of New York tried this method of distributing their overhead expenses, but the plan failed to meet expectations. Their "productive labor" was considered to be the wages paid to butchers for slaughtering all animals, whether cattle, sheep or calves. The management thought the overhead expenses could be properly proportioned accordingly; but, for obvious reasons, the estimated results in accordance with their so-called system failed to agree with the actual results obtained at the end of the fiscal period. A business expert was called in and, on making an investigation, showed up their error in figuring costs. The butchers were paid on a piecework basis and received the same price for killing a fifteen-hundred-pound steer as for one weighing eight hundred pounds. It is needless to state that the expenses are larger for selling fifteen hundred pounds of dressed meats than for eight hundred pounds, which also includes cartage, handling and refrigerating. The only method for a logical and accurate proportioning in this case was to distribute these overhead expenses, previously enumerated, according to weight. After adopting this method, the actual results worked out entirely satisfactorily and at the end of the year following convincingly proved to be the correct solution of this problem. This matter of weight also worked out accurately with a large structural steel concern. Their overhead expenses—such as expenses in the plant, shipping expenses, office expenses, traveling expenses, etc.—were all based on the tonnage of the steel; the heavier the steel or the more steel used, the larger its share of the overhead charges.

One of the most discouraging conditions to meet in manufacturing is the failure of an estimated result. After working long and hard, and believing every part is working in concord, it is discovered that there is



Abbott-Detroit "30" Colonial Coupe

"The beautiful rests on the foundations of the necessary."—Emerson.

THE inherent beauty of the Abbott-Detroit Closed Cars, resulting from the useful and adaptable character of their design, makes them models of their types.

¶ Unlike most enclosed vehicles, they have an abundance of room inside.

¶ The cushions are wide and thick—the head room ample—and the back upholstering so thick and well arranged that large hats can be worn with comfort—a feature which commends itself to women.

¶ The exterior and interior are carefully finished and the bodies are so constructed as to not only be dust and weather proof, but perfectly rigid and noiseless as well.

¶ Both cars are well suited for shopping, calling, town car use and theater going—particularly in inclement weather, when they are always snug and comfortable inside.

Abbott-Detroit "44" Fore-door Limousine, fully equipped with Bullet electric head lights, electric side and tail lights, 180 ampere hour lighting battery, Tungsten lamps—body of lamps black enamel with nickel plated trimmings, 36 x 4 inch tires, front; 37 x 4½ inch rear, universal demountable rims, horn and complete set of tools **$3,000**

Abbott-Detroit "30" Colonial Coupé, fully equipped with Bullet electric head lights, electric side and tail lights, 100 ampere hour lighting battery, Tungsten lamps, 34 x 4 inch tires, demountable rims, horn and complete set of tools **$2,150**

These cars are completely described in our 1912 Art Catalogue.

Abbott Motor Company, 601 Waterloo St., Detroit, Michigan

Abbott-Detroit 44" Fore-Door Limousine

Imperial $3 Hats

THE dealer who has the agency for *Imperial* $3 hats in your City sells *Imperial* hats because, in his judgment, they are the smartest and best value he can offer you.

The *Imperial* label, No. 1, in a hat guarantees the style. The quality and service of every *Imperial* is guaranteed by an Insurance Policy, No. 2, which is under the sweat band of every hat.

The style No. 1241, illustrated above, is one of the Fifty smart *Imperial* styles for Fall. Send for a pocket list of *Imperial* Hat Fashions and write us for the name of the *Imperial* agent in your town.

SAMUEL MUNDHEIM CO., Makers, 15 Astor Place, New York
Brooklyn Chicago Canada

Benjamin Clothes

IF you had the opportunity of going to an exclusive Fifth Avenue tailor for your Fall clothes, you would pay several times as much, but the style he would give you is matched "to a dot" in BENJAMIN clothes.

Made of the best foreign and domestic cloths, cut and tailored by the most skilled craftsmen and by thoroughly scientific methods, BENJAMIN clothes for Men and Young Men present in every line and detail of finish the smartest current creations of New York and London tailors. BENJAMIN clothes are exactly adapted to the requirements of the well dressed American, and are moderate in prices.

BENJAMIN SUITS & OVERCOATS
For Fall and Winter, at $20 up

Write us for our Fall Book of New York styles as well as for the name of the clothier nearest you from whom you can obtain BENJAMIN clothes

Alfred Benjamin & Co
NEW YORK

a great falling off of the expected profit. An accounting firm was called in to find the leak in the profits of a factory turning out metal specialties. This manufacturer was using several delicately constructed machines in finishing his products; frequently these machines got out of order and needed readjusting. A high-priced toolmaker, ordinarily engaged at other work, often spent hours getting these machines to work right; during this time the power was running and not producing, six girl operators depending on these machines were idle and still drawing their wages. The firm's output was based on ten hours a day; so were their overhead expenses in reality, they were getting considerably less. When a proper cost system was installed it showed where the losses were and why the profits did not reach the expected amount.

Another article made in this same factory passed through four operations in four different machines; as fast as the finished parts were turned out, six boys stood waiting to carry them to the next machine. The system man—amazed at such waste of labor—suggested a table fitted with casters, on which could be laid the parts to be taken to the other machines, wheeled by one boy, thereby dispensing with the services of the other five for this work and giving them more profitable employment in other departments. This one change alone considerably reduced the cost of this article. This proves conclusively that the best way to enlarge the profits is not merely to increase the output but to cut down every useless expense on the production. A more systematic handling of material and a better concentrated working force are going to bring about marvelous changes in the near future, which will affect both production and the capital invested.

Loss by Careless Estimates

The hot competitive rivalry often seen among printers when estimating for work is an example of the way profits are murdered. Some years ago an advertising man submitted a carefully made-up dummy booklet, which he had prepared for a manufacturer, to four printing concerns for a price on printing. When he received their replies he was astonished to find a difference of more than one hundred per cent from the lowest to the highest estimate. Amused and curious, he went to the lowest bidder and asked him if the job would be guaranteed satisfactory at that price. On receiving assurance that it would, he went a point farther and asked if there had not been some mistake made in the estimate. The proprietor himself had done the figuring and with wideopen eyes went over his estimate again and sheepishly admitted he had forgotten to allow for the cost of the ink, which in this case was very important, as it was a three-color job and the order was for several thousand copies. He was allowed to add the cost of the ink and contract for the work. Careful figuring afterward disclosed the fact that his profits were not leading him rapidly on the royal road to fortune. It has been found in many instances that business men in sharp competition have given estimates far below the profit mark, entirely guessing on some parts of the work instead of actually knowing the cost. Discovery has been made when too late of the loss they have sustained and the bad precedent they have established.

Many merchants are satisfied when their profit-and-loss account at the end of each year shows that they are making money; but have their profits been as large as they could have been had they not been affected by drags in some of the departments? An admirable case is illustrated in the following: A pharmacy centrally located in a city of over three hundred thousand people was operating with advanced methods; every part and branch of the business was departmentalized and was always under the eye of the manager; every expense was charged up to the department to which it belonged or distributed equally to such departments as were judged best. The wages were charged direct to each corresponding department; the rent was apportioned to each department according to space used; the unit was obtained on the electric light bill as to the number of lights in each department; the delivery system was charged according to sales in each department—and every other expense similarly proportioned. It became highly interesting to watch how neatly this plan

Save Your Wife

All Ironing Drudgery

The Imperial Self-Heating Flat Iron

Does [illegible] work in [illegible] the [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Factory Price $16.50 on a $25 Karpen Chair

To advertise Karpen Furniture we make this special offer for a limited time, if bought for use in a Karpen dealer

The above price represents our factory cost of [illegible] and materials. All selling expenses and profits have been eliminated

These are most beautiful and comfortable chairs, [illegible] the equal of which in the world's best furniture stores sells for much more than the price we name. When the rest of the [illegible] made designs will be used in living room or reception hall in any home.

We believe our most valuable advertisement is to place a beautiful example of Karpen Furniture, such as these chairs, in every home. Nevertheless, to accomplish this we offer the greatest [illegible] ever [illegible] and a [illegible] let [illegible] account it. Please read this description

No. 229. English Rocker (Arm Chair to match)

[illegible] Spanish leather [illegible] Mission [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Why Shingles?

ISN'T IT because shingles make a good roof, and because the old-time abundance of lumber created the habit of using shingles? But the alarming scarcity of good lumber is making this old shingle habit so expensive that it is giving way to

NEPONSET ROOFINGS

The Real Rivals of Best Shingles

NEPONSET Proslate is the particular Neponset Roofing adapted to houses (steep-pitched roofs). It is reddish-brown in color, resembling stained shingles. It costs less to buy, less to lay, lasts as long, and adds real fire protection.

NEPONSET Proslate is for houses of average cost—*bungalows, school houses, churches.*

NEPONSET Paroid is the Neponset Roofing for barns, factories and warehouses (low-pitched roofs).

Leading dealers everywhere sell the full line of Neponset Roofings and Building Papers

Send for Book of Photographs showing dwellings, U. S. Government and industrial buildings roofed with Neponset permanent-wear roofings.

F. W. BIRD & SON, 244 Neponset Street, East Walpole, Mass.

New York Chicago Washington Portland, Ore. San Francisco Hamilton, Ont. Winnipeg Montreal St. John

up to the standard. The accountants went over every part of the plant and examined every detail of the business. From their discoveries it was somewhat miraculous that the business existed at all. There was no semblance of a system about the place. No records or receipts controlled the receiving of goods or deliveries. Coal and fuel were delivered without reweighing. The engineer and drivers could arrange by mutual agreement to extract certain amounts for personal needs. Customers frequently disputed their bills and the company could not prove delivery. Collection expenses, "entertaining" customers and petty office expenses totaled abnormal proportions. The widest latitude was given every driver. He would take a load of meat out in the morning for delivery to various customers; and if any of his customers returned or refused any of the goods the driver verbally reported it to the bookkeeper, who supposed that these goods were placed back in the refrigerator. Conditions were such that the driver could retain a certain amount of money he collected, report the meat as put back in stock and his dishonesty could rarely ever be traced or discovered.

The systematizing firm at once installed a well-regulated delivery system, and a receipt could be shown any disputing customer at a moment's notice. A trustworthy man was placed in charge of the stock, who gave a receipt for all goods returned; these receipts were properly signed and approved by a third party. This entirely checked the loss in that department. In the killing department a system was devised in such a form that one department checked the other. Each butcher was placed on a piecework basis and was paid for each animal he killed. Hides, tongues, tails, etc., had to check accordingly, and by this management a "perpetual inventory" was built up. Well-devised modern methods were installed in the office and a saving was effected there. Accounts were so analyzed that every department was easily followed and every item of expense traced.

The Necessity of Frequent Audits

Soon after this efficient system was installed and in operation, it developed that articles failed to check out right. A watch was set and finally some of the workmen were discovered appropriating what they were not entitled to; sheep and beef tongues, heads, livers and other small portions were disposed of to whoever would quietly take them at a "cut-rate" figure. This matter had been going on for a number of years. As soon as these employees saw their plight, they very promptly departed, a formal discharge being unnecessary. They had reached their limit, but the newly installed system had turned the trick. After this, the business began to show a marked increase and today, so far as known, is in a flourishing state.

The sin of thievery has been the means of depleting many a merchant's and manufacturer's cash receipts. A man is not absolutely proof against default because he has grown up from boyhood in the employment of a concern; nor is it any greater argument in his favor that his father and grandfather, or any other relative, are well known to the house. A case comes to mind where a bookkeeper was employed by a large firm for several years. He had been with the concern since his boyhood; no suspicion of any nature was ever directed against him; he not only performed the duties of a bookkeeper but also those of cashier. The proprietor, for some unaccountable reason, decided to have his books looked over by expert auditors. Shortly after they began their work he was dumfounded when told there were a number of "shady" entries on his books. He ordered a thorough audit covering the time this "bookkeeper-cashier" had been with the firm; and, to his still greater amazement, defalcation was discovered which ran into thousands of dollars. It seems most unwise for a business house to make these two important positions the charge of one person—a dishonest cashier has it within his power to extract various sums of money and conceal it by corresponding entries until uncovered by the auditor. The fancy prices for auditing have passed into history; good accounting firms who will give absolute security to the proprietors can now be retained for a nominal fee. Auditing is as essential now as fire insurance. Business men take due precaution to prevent fires; nevertheless, to protect a possible

The Modern Clean-up
After Shopping, Travelling and Motoring

Put a liberal quantity of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream on a wet cloth and wipe the face and hands thoroughly. This is the most effective [illegible] to remove the [illegible] and irritating effects of the wind and dust.

Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream

has for 50 years been the main reliance of thousands of women who, in a state that they owe the [illegible]

Tubes: 10c, 25c, 50c. Jars 35c, 50c, 85c, $1.50

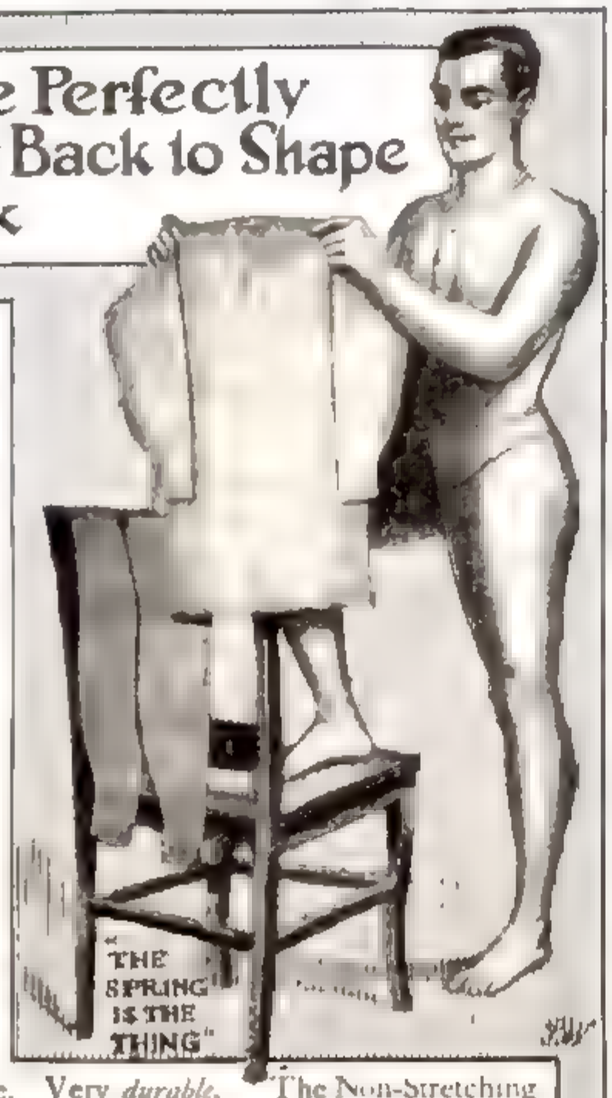
Tube, Calendar and Book

[illegible] Hamilton King

A Ideal Dept. 13

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL
D & R Bldg
314 West 14th St., New York

Fits the Figure Perfectly Always Springs Back to Shape Won't Shrink



UNDERWEAR is a necessity—but Wright's Spring-Needle Ribbed Underwear is a *luxury* at the moderate price of a *necessity*—$1.00, $1.50, $2.00 for shirts or drawers; $1.50 to $4.00 for union suits; at all dealers.

WRIGHT'S Spring Needle Ribbed UNDERWEAR

is a wonderfully *elastic* fabric, permanently *springy*. Fits any figure perfectly, and keeps its shape under the hardest usage. Very *durable*. The Non-Stretching Neck (pat. appld. for) ensures neck will always *hug snug*.

Made in fine Egyptian cotton, all-wool or cotton-and-wool, in various colors. All weights for all seasons. If not at your dealer's, send us his name and we'll see you are supplied.

WRIGHT'S SPRING NEEDLE TRADE W MARK RIBBED UNDERWEAR

Write for booklet showing samples of different fabrics.

Wright's Health Underwear Co.

Makers of the famous Wright's Health Underwear (all-wool, fleece-lined), and Wright's Spring-Needle Ribbed Underwear.

76 Franklin Street **NEW YORK**

BARNEY & BERRY
ROLLER SKATES

Ideal Ball Bearings will not work loose and get lost. They need no adjusting.

Reinforced extension that fits the skate to the shoes of the growing boy.

The name B. & B. assures the buyer of absolute reliability.

Ask your dealer for them.

Send for catalog.

Barney & Berry
111 Broad Street
Springfield, Mass.

WIPE YOUR FEET

[illegible] snow, dust and dirt will not be tracked over your floors if you use

Grab's Foot Scraper

outside your door. The only device made which cleans both sides and [illegible] sides of shoe.

Automatically Adjusts Itself

to any size shoe. Handsomely enameled [illegible] and save useless work. Price $1.00. If your dealer will not supply you don't take substitute but send your order direct to us. Illustrated folder FREE.

VICTOR M. GRAB & CO., 548 Ashland Block, Chicago, Ill.
Canadian Sole Agts., Onward Mfg Co., Berlin, Ont., Can.

A Ten Cent Habit That Saves YOU Many Dollars

"It does not take very long to establish a right habit, and if it is encouraged, it will serve us a lifetime."

So writes Dr. Marden in "Succ—"

It [illegible] establish The Togard Habit [illegible] will serve you a lifetime—serve you in [illegible] in greater *foot comfort*, in money [illegible] on your hosiery.

But *occasional* wearing of Togards will not do. You [illegible] vehicle. Com[illegible] wear of Togards [illegible] your stock.

[illegible] you can wear the [illegible] *healthy* feet.

You'd think such a good idea was worth a dollar a pair instead of a dime. It is. But it only *costs*.

A dime for lisle A quarter for silk

Every [illegible] pocket [illegible] Togard [illegible].

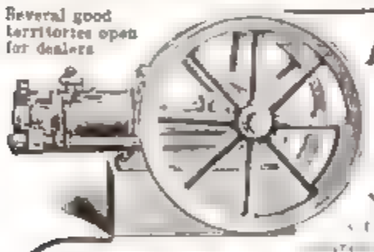
[illegible] and stockings are worn [illegible]. If your dealer [illegible] we will send prepaid on receipt of price.

Lisle, 10 cents per pair; $1.00 per dozen pairs
Silk, 25 cents per pair; $2.75 per dozen pairs

In ordering, be sure to state [illegible] you wear

H. L. Nelke & Co.
Tenth and Norris Streets, Philadelphia

Several good territories open for dealers



A Perfect Power Plant

[illegible] valve to [illegible] place [illegible] smoke, coal [illegible] fires to slack or bank [illegible] minute—no expense except when running

Gas and Gasoline ENGINES

[illegible] Otto has our carburetor [illegible] never [illegible] 44 years' experience [illegible] awarded 476 [illegible]

[illegible]

THE OTTO GAS ENGINE WORKS
3301 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Kaleidophane

Makes art glass out of plain glass

It is a thin, transparent material, easily applied to any pane of glass with [illegible]. It [illegible] perfectly all the rich coloring and beautiful designs found in stained glass at a trifling cost. Will not fade from [illegible] or washing. Made in many patterns, appropriate for [illegible], offices, churches and other business places. Also churches, clubs and public buildings. Use Kaleidophane wherever privacy is desired. Shuts out the view but admits the light. More economical [illegible] drapes or shades for transoms, cellar windows and door windows in stores and offices. Costs little and very easy to put on. Write today for free samples.

Kaleidophane Art Co., Dept. B, St. Louis, Mo.

loss, they take insurance. In the same manner they try to procure the most reliable bookkeepers; but, as a further protection, they retain a high-class auditor, to have their accounts as secure as possible.

That thoroughly good auditors of recognized standing are invaluable today in the business world is proved by the following experiences. A leading official of a large jobbing house retired. The remaining officials asked for an investigation of the books. An auditing firm of high repute was called in and in due time reported that a large percentage of the accounts were worthless; the books were poorly kept and no bad debts or depreciation had been charged off for five years—not to speak of other defects in the accounting methods. The company became alarmed and called a creditors' meeting, at which the accountants' report was read. It was still evident that the firm was solvent and made money every year, but many items were entirely out of proportion. The creditors decided to allow the company to continue, on the strength of the accounting firm's report, provided such changes as suggested by the auditors were made and they be retained to supervise the business and periodically report to the creditors. The company soon began to recuperate and, under careful management, bade fair to more than make up all losses in a surprisingly short time.

A bank flatly refused to renew the notes of a company unless an accounting firm of high reputation were retained to audit the books each month and render a monthly report to the bank. Owing to former loose methods, the firm was on the verge of bankruptcy. The accounting firm installed the proper accounting system, the bank had more confidence in the debtors, and, by following the new system, a change in the business was soon felt—and it took but a short time to improve their credit and press on toward success.

BUSINESS HELPS

THE desire for land is as natural as the desire for light and air. At some time or other it comes to every one. And fortunately it is a desire that can be satisfied by the poor as well as the rich, for the investment may range from five hundred dollars to five million—from the payment of ten dollars to the signing of a huge check.

Recently there went the rounds of the newspapers the story of how a wealthy woman, reputed to be the shrewdest business woman in the world, had made eight hundred thousand dollars on an investment of two hundred thousand dollars in Chicago real estate; and everywhere there was admiring comment on the wonderful profit of the deal; but, analyzed, it does not seem so wonderful after all. For the property was purchased and paid for in a foreclosure sale thirty-four years ago, and, according to the story, has been held all these years unproductive and entirely unimproved.

Now, it should be considered that ordinary six-per-cent interest would raise two hundred thousand dollars to over six hundred thousand dollars in thirty-four years, and that compounding the interest annually would send it far above a million. Really, that speculation in real estate, except for the very important element of safety, does not seem to have been so desirable after all.

Usually it is bad ethics to hold property unimproved for years and let the expense of neighborhood advancement be borne by others. More than that, as a very able man once expressed it: "Whatever is bad ethics is very likely to be bad practical policy." In cases such as this, holding property unimproved is quite likely so to injure an entire neighborhood as to prevent advancement. In the Chicago case, it chanced that no injury was done; but that was by mere luck. On a large tract in Cleveland, the owners lost hundreds of thousands of dollars by holding it too long in open pastures, with the temptation of farm taxes, waiting for the increase that in time was coming—only to find that the city began to expand in other directions and could not be tempted back. And to keep property poorly developed is as bad as to leave it undeveloped altogether. I know a corner in New York which, up to a few years ago, was one of the

BEAUTY and utility should go hand in hand. The material used in painting or finishing the home and the home things should combine durability with the qualities that give attractive appearance. You want them to *look as well as possible* and you want them to *stay finished*.

So, for appearance's sake, for economy's sake, and to secure entire satisfaction—select carefully the paints and finishes you use.

ACME QUALITY

Paints, Enamels, Stains and Varnishes

and there is one for every purpose—are not only most economical and durable, but they are easiest to apply

ACME QUALITY HOUSE PAINT is superior to any other in durability and covering power. There is no chance for variation, as the mixing and tinting is reduced to an exact science. Best for exterior decoration, because of its tough, elastic surface. It will not blister, chip nor curl.

For door frames and interior woodwork, **Acme Quality Varnishes** include the best grades of rubbing and polishing varnish as well as the less expensive flowing and gloss finish varnish.

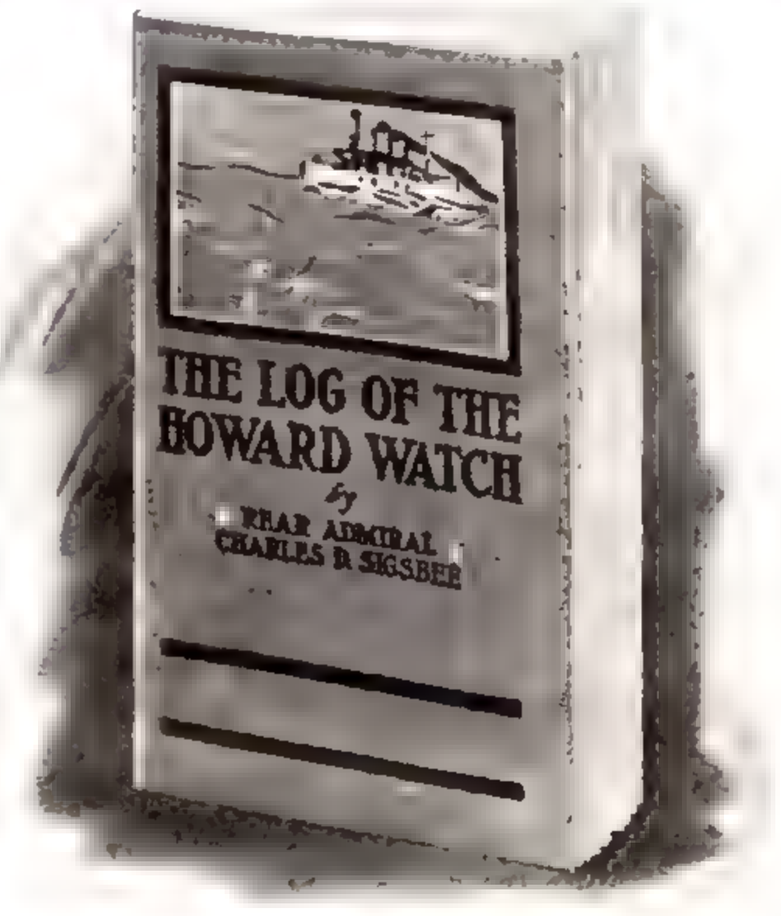
To give a soft, dull, "flat," washable finish to walls and ceilings—**Acme Quality No-Lustre Finish.** In white or attractive colors suitable for any surface. Hard and durable.

These, like all other Acme Quality kinds, are best of their class. You'll see their value in wear and beauty. Your dealer doubtless can supply you. If not, write us. Send to-day for

The Acme Quality Painting Guide Book

Tells precisely which kind should be used for any given surface about the house, interior or exterior, and just how it should be applied. Handsomely illuminated. A complete painting and finishing hand book. Sent *FREE*. Address

ACME WHITE LEAD AND COLOR WORKS, Dept. Q, Detroit, Mich.



The Howard Watch

Every man and boy who takes pride in American achievement will enjoy reading "The Log of the HOWARD Watch."

It is a voluntary contribution to HOWARD literature by Rear-Admiral Sigsbee. His service, as you know, covered the whole navy history, from the middle of the Civil War.

"The Log of the HOWARD Watch" is a remarkable evidence of the fitness of the HOWARD Watch for the hardest kind of *practical* service.

A HOWARD Watch is always worth what you pay for it.

The price of each watch—from $40 to $150—is *fixed* at the factory and a printed ticket attached.

Not every jeweler can sell you a HOWARD Watch. Find the HOWARD jeweler in your town and talk to him. He is a good man to know.

This interesting little chapter of American History is yours for the asking. Drop us a post card—Dept. N.

E. HOWARD WATCH WORKS, Boston, Mass.
Canadian Wholesale Depot: Lumsden Building, Toronto

busiest and best in the city, and where great rents were freely paid; but the owner of the building that, from its location, was by far the most important would not heed advice or warning would not tear down his old and out-of-date structure and, by sacrificing income for a short time, prepare with a proper building to meet new and increasing demands. Business began to drift away. Then, in fright, he built a towering and expensive structure; but it was too late, and even at tempting prices much of it stands empty.

A highly successful investor likes to say that land-holding makes a sort of life insurance—is a safe investment for one's future or one's family. And, if wisely gone into, it is. Land cannot be stolen. Land cannot be lost by a bank's stopping payment. Even though it depreciate in value, it cannot well be an absolutely total loss.

It is pitiful, however, to see people throw away on uninvestigated schemes money they cannot afford to lose. There is splendid paying land to be bought on Long Island—but that is no reason for throwing money away haphazard, merely because of some flaunting advertisement. There is much fine land to be bought in Florida—but that is no reason why any one should get your cash in exchange for some worthless swamp. No one should buy land without personally knowing all the conditions, or without having the personal assurance of some one whose honesty and judgment he can trust. Without this, land-buying would be a mere gamble. I remember, in a boom town of the Northwest, seeing a stretch of undrainable backwater where, according to the prospectuses, there ought to have been firm earth; and beside this the ironical owner, not wishing to call it water and not being able to call it land, had put up a sign on a moored boat: "This property for sale."

A Girl's Good Investment

One should investigate personally and be able not only to see but to seize an opportunity. I know a farmer's daughter—an orphan—who a few years ago found herself the possessor of eighteen thousand dollars. Her friends advised conservative investment and modest independence. Then came an invitation to visit relatives in Alberta; and when this young woman returned to Ohio it was with the tale of having put her money into Calgary town lots. Her friends were horrified. She might as well have said Timbuctoo! What and where was this Calgary? Patiently she explained. She knew nothing of finance, but she did know crops and soil. She had seen and understood the crops and soil of Alberta; and she saw that Calgary, its center, had a future. And already she is rich.

Fixing the electricity in my room in a New York hotel the other day was a man who, looking out at the trees in sight from the window, remarked that it made him think of his place in the country.

"Jersey?" I hazarded indifferently; and he replied:

"No; New Hampshire. I have always been a New Yorker," he went on, "but I wanted to own some land. I read of the abandoned farms of New England; and I took my wife with me and went up into New Hampshire last year, and found seventy acres and an old house offered for twenty-two hundred dollars. I bought it. We stayed there last summer; my wife took care of six Boston boarders, and I painted and repaired—and tidied generally. We came out ahead even that first summer. A neighbor took the land on shares. This coming summer—well, it's a case of boarders again unless I sell. I've given an option at three thousand dollars. If I sell that place I'll get another. We're going to have a home of our own to retire to!"

So many brave efforts have gone to wreck that one can only advise infinite caution. Take a Detroit case. A man invested wisely in land and put up a two-story business building, with the intention of building it higher. After a few years, during which he got a fair return, he had a chance to sell for seventy-five thousand dollars; but, instead, leased for a hundred years at five thousand dollars a year. The lease was drawn with great care and the lessee was to pay all taxes, repairs and insurance, and also to add, at his own expense, four stories more. For a few years all went well. Then, through unexpected

Duofold
Health Underwear

A sheep wears his wool on the outside. That's where it is in **Duofold.**

The inner fabric hasn't a thread of wool in it. Only fine cotton or silk touches you. The wool is in the outer fabric. Two light-weight fabrics in one, with air space between the wool and cotton, and the two fabrics together weigh less than the ordinary thick one.

Could anything be more scientific and sensible?

Delightfully smooth on the skin, well-ventilated, keeping the body always at an even normal temperature.

Duofold gives the warmth of wool without the "prickly" sensation of wool against the skin; nor the sticky effect of a solid cotton garment. **Duofold** is always smooth, dry, light and perfectly ventilated.

Single garments and union suits in all weights and various styles for men, women and children. $1.00 and upwards.

Your dealer has them or will get them for you. Write us for Style Booklet.

Duofold Health Underwear Company
Mohawk, N. Y.

CHENEY
SILK
CRAVATS

ACCORDION PLEATS
BENGALINES
BARATHEAS ARMURES
CROSS BARS PLAIDS
PERSIANS CHECKS
SURAHS SATINS
FOUR-IN-HANDS
BOW TIES MUFFLERS

ALL OUR CRAVATS ARE MARKED
CHENEY SILKS
IN THE NECKBAND

CHENEY BROTHERS
SILK MANUFACTURERS
4TH AVENUE & 18TH STREET
NEW YORK

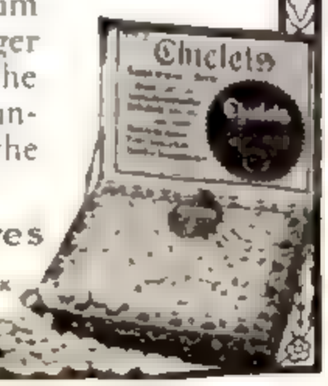
DURING 1910, 2,623,412 CHICLETS WERE SOLD EACH DAY

Chiclets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

The Dainty Mint Covered Candy Coated Chewing Gum

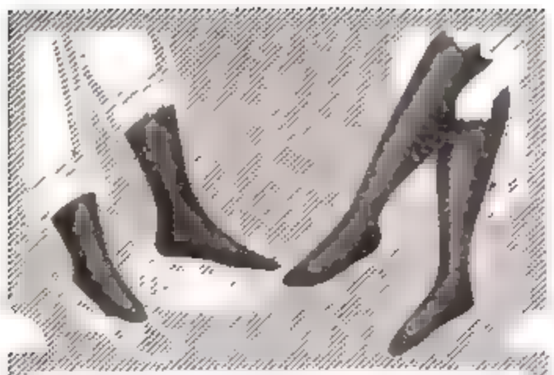
Chiclets are the refinement of chewing gum for people of refinement. Served at swagger luncheons, teas, dinners, card parties. The only chewing gum that ever received the unqualified sanction of best society. It's the peppermint—the *true* mint.



For Sale at all the Better Sort of Stores
5¢ the Ounce and in 5¢, 10¢ and 25¢ Packets
SEN-SEN CHICLET COMPANY, METROPOLITAN TOWER, NEW YORK

FASTEN IT UP
with glass headed, needle-like steel pointed Moore Push Pins. For [illegible] tires, draperies and many other articles use the [illegible]. Always in color harmony because glass heads are [illegible]. Will not deface the finest [illegible].

Moore Push-Pins
[illegible] **10c**
Moore Push Less Hangers [illegible]
Moore Push Thumb Tacks [illegible]
Sold by all stationery hardware and photo supply stores or by mail
MOORE PUSH-PIN CO., 1101 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.



PHOENIX
GUARANTEED
SILK HOSE

Twelve months in the year you can now indulge your taste for Silk Hose. And for all of that time you can be strictly economical. Phoenix Pure Silk Hose is sold at prices that hitherto only bought imitation silk—and what is more a definite guarantee accompanies each box.

4 pairs Guaranteed 3 months

Heels and toes are so expertly woven that we guarantee to replace with a new pair absolutely free, any pair in a four-pair box that shows holes in heels or toes within quarter year from purchase.

Men's

No. 285, medium weight 50c
(4-pair box $2.00)
No. 281, extra heavy 75c
(4-pair box $3.00)

Women's

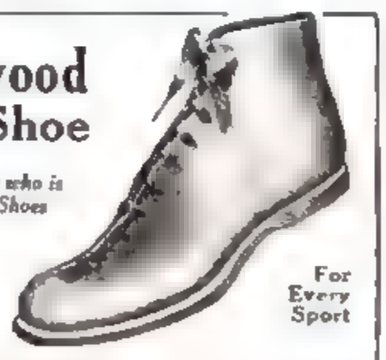
No. 365, medium weight . . 75c
(4-pair box $3.00)
No. 370, extra heavy $1
(4-pair box $4.00)

At all good dealers or direct from us on receipt of price and style number.

PHOENIX KNITTING WORKS
300 Broadway, Milwaukee
Makers of the Famous Phoenix Mufller

Eastwood Play Shoe

For the Boy who is Hard on Shoes



For Every Sport

Real smoke-tanned leather, *unlined.* Natural (Chrome Gray) Color. Both inner and outer sole is the best oak tanned leather. The shoe is cutting out, laces low in front. Seamless easy and pliable Spring heel, with an arch to the last that gives full support to the foot

The best shoe for football, baseball, tramping, shooting, as well as all-around service.

Eastwood Play Shoe [illegible] show scratches. Strong enough to wear out [illegible]

Very economical—Wears longer than the ordinary shoe. No nails in heels to wear out stockings.

Youths' Sizes, 10 to 13½, *not covered* $3.25
Boys' Sizes, 1 to 5, " 3.75
Men's Sizes, 6½ to 11, " 4.25

Play Shoe folder on request

Wm. Eastwood & Son Co. 203 Main Street Rochester, N. Y.

The Home of Good Shoes since 1850

Parcels Post Merchandise Co.

A Positive Money-Saving Way of Buying

Basket, Size 11x11x½ in.

Write and we will send you our Catalog of Women's and Children's wear, Suits, Dresses, Holiday Goods, Neckwear, Hosiery, Swiss Embroideries [illegible]

Handkerchiefs in Gift Boxes

[illegible] Swiss Embroidered. Six in this basket [illegible] basket $1, postpaid.

849 Fourth Ave., New York City

changes in street-car routes, the district began to deteriorate. The owner would now gladly have sold, but he had debarred himself from that. He could not compel the lessee to build the additional stories, for the lease bore a promise only, without any provision to enforce it. The owner had not even retained supervision of the insurance. One night the place was completely destroyed by fire; and the owner found that, though the lessee's property had been insured, the insurance on the building had been allowed to lapse—and all that was left was a piece of land of lessening value.

When to invest; at what point to stop; when to go in farther—those are the things that are determined by judgment, intuition—sometimes luck. In a suburb of Philadelphia, a few years ago, prices began suddenly to boom. A cautious German put in four thousand dollars. He had an additional four thousand; but, rather than go in more deeply, he lent on mortgage to another man, who was venturing in the same suburb. The German's idea was to play a cautious game and either get his interest on this second four thousand or else the other man's land on foreclosure. Well, he won; for the piece he bought outright rose to a five-thousand-dollar value and the mortgage interest was steadily paid. The other man, however, borrowed not only the four thousand dollars but thirty thousand dollars of others; and he chose land with such insight as to development that his holdings gradually rose to a trebled value.

"His daughter, she used to hide, her clothes were so poor—so hard up they were," wailed the German to me; "but now nothing is too good for her. Oh, yes; he was honest, and he paid me interest and principal—but he is rich! And I had the same chance and couldn't see it!"

* * * * * * * *

"A man should never pay the market value if he wants to make money," said a dealer to me frankly. "Of course, if he finds the ideal spot for his own home, that may be different; but if he's looking at it as an investment he ought to buy for not over two-thirds of the value. Wait till there's a sheriff's sale or a foreclosure—or a man is mighty anxious to sell. Property is so subject to fluctuations—so ready to go down as well as up—that there ought to be leeway."

A laborer in a little town was telling me the other day of his intention to make some money by buying and renting. "I can buy a house and lot for only seventeen hundred dollars!" he exclaimed. I asked him what he could rent for. "Why, I can get fifteen dollars a month!" he said proudly. That would give less than a safe margin, however, and I happened to know, too, that tenants in that vicinity were of a class that made painting and papering and repairs a frequent necessity.

Horses for Tenants

Even the best of tenants have a way of always asking for expenditures, and the landlord must steer sagaciously between stinginess and squandering. One who has the knack of handling people and houses can make money out of property that would spell only loss for the knackless.

In a fine residential part of Cleveland a house and lot were purchased eight years ago for sixty-one hundred dollars. Within a few months the buyer was offered seven thousand dollars. He refused it, deeming the place a ten-thousand-dollar proposition; but that was a mistake. Less than a year ago it was necessary to sell—and the price was only sixty-nine hundred dollars. New residence districts had opened up, putting the older districts somewhat in the shade. And that is particularly a danger in real-estate investments in American cities—the danger that, in the eager rush for the new, the slightly older properties will become unfairly depreciated. And the more rapid the growth and progress of a city, the more is this a danger to be reckoned with.

In the city of New York, where it is the custom to believe property is always going up in value because the total of the city's wealth is enormously increasing, there are many apartment houses whose rents are smaller than they were ten years ago. There are streets in New York where, as real-estate dealers will tell you, the best way to make money is to turn out the humans and put up great stables for horses.

It is all a matter of judgment. There are parts of New York where prices are soaring

Make This Famous Test

It has Convinced Millions

Pompeian makes people good-looking by *complete facial* cleanliness, but you can make the test on your hands and see the result. We say that soap and water will take off the dirt, but won't take out the dirt. And it is the dirt that is in—not the dirt that is on—that makes the complexion muddy and sallow; that keeps the rosy blood from the circulation it seeks.

Here is the Test for

POMPEIAN MASSAGE CREAM

Wash your hands [illegible] in warm water and with the best obtainable soap. Get your hands just as clean as old-time methods will permit, then apply Pompeian Massage Cream on the back of the hand as in above illustration; rub it in gently, but firmly. It is quickly absorbed, and a minute's more massage will bring it out of the pores, together with the dirt that has accumulated there. The darkened, dirt-filled cream astonishes you.

Try this simple hand test. If it does not convince you of the merit of Pompeian, and its merits as a complete cleanser for the face pores, we have nothing more to say. A skin which is "Pompeian Clean" means a clear, fresh complexion.

Who can deny the immense business value to man, and the great social value to woman, of a clear, clean, wholesome skin? "Don't envy a good complexion; use Pompeian and have one."

Trial Jar and Art Picture

[illegible] and packing [illegible] you have heard of Pompeian [illegible] we will send a "Pompeian Beauty" Art Picture, with [illegible] trial jar of The [illegible] Pompeian [illegible] and immensely popular. Clip coupon now.

THE POMPEIAN MFG. CO., 49 Prospect St., CLEVELAND, OHIO

Sold by 50,000 dealers
50c 75c $1.00

Cut along this line, fill in and mail today

The Pompeian Mfg. Co.
49 Prospect St., Cleveland, Ohio.

Gentlemen:—Enclosed find 10c (stamps or coin) for postage and packing, for which please send me a trial jar of Pompeian and a "Pompeian Beauty" Art Picture.

Name
Address
City. State

There are many salespeople promoting the sales of DEPENDON Hosiery and Underwear. A few words of suggestion and of encouragement should interest the wide circle, which includes thousands of department stores and retail dealers generally—their salespeople—those in our direct employ—and the millions of housekeepers who buy DEPENDON Hosiery and Underwear for the entire family, and commend it to their friends.

Instructions to DEPENDON Hosiery and Underwear Salespeople

DEPENDON FACTORY METHODS. Impress upon the customer that only carefully inspected and selected yarns of the best quality are used Explain that DEPENDON Hosiery and Underwear is made in factories equipped with the most modern knitting machinery—by contented, expert employes—amid sanitary surroundings. That it undergoes the most rigid inspection. That DEPENDON is made to *look* well and *wear* well—to give *lasting* satisfaction.

DEPENDON FAIR PRICES. The housewife of today knows the advantage of buying DEPENDON Hosiery and Underwear at the *same* price she would have to pay for ordinary goods. Explain that the DEPENDON line can be sold at *right* prices because every sale insures *additional* satisfied customers and a correspondingly larger volume of business.

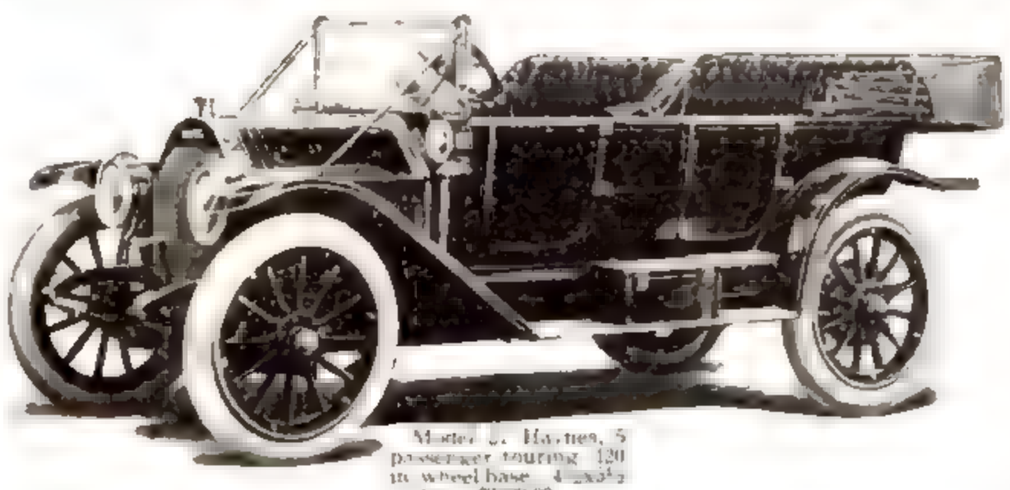
DEPENDON FAIR PROFIT. Explain to customers that DEPENDON Hosiery and Underwear sells at such reasonable prices *because* fair prices enable dealers to keep the DEPENDON stock moving—assuring a fair profit throughout the *entire year*.

DEPENDON ECONOMY. DEPENDON Hosiery and Underwear is so well made it must last long. Although made in the most modern way, DEPENDON has *old-fashioned* "home knit" qualities of endurance insuring *economical* desirability—reducing the weekly darning to a great extent. That this quality of endurance distinguishes *all* DEPENDON Underwear and Hosiery, whether made for men, women or children, at no sacrifice of comfort.

DEPENDON CHEERFULNESS. You sell *good* Hosiery and Underwear when you sell DEPENDON. Remember this when you add *your* local prestige to the DEPENDON mark. Let customers *sense* the "comfy" feel of DEPENDON Underwear and Hosiery. Show them how DEPENDON satisfies the demand of people of varying tastes and circumstance The wearer of DEPENDON finds winter undergarments a positive daily joy instead of a binding discomfort. Prove that women like its trim fit around the waist, the absence of folds under the corset—the feeling of "bulkless comfort."

John·V·Farwell Company
CHICAGO

Tell customers to send 10c in stamps to us for which we will mail *Free* one of our new BOY SCOUT ART POSTER PANELS, executed by a new art color process



Model 32 Haynes, 5 passenger touring 120 in. wheel base 4 cyl. motor, $2[illegible]0.00

The Haynes for 1912 Has Received a Royal Welcome

IF ANY further evidence of the place which the Haynes car holds in the minds of the discriminating public were needed, it was furnished by the overwhelming response to our announcement of the 1912 Haynes.

By reason of the fire which completely destroyed our old factory last February, the Haynes car virtually had been out of the market for seven months. During those same months, other manufacturers were going to the public day after day, month in and month out, with their advertising, with their salesmen, and with their announcements of new models while *we* were at a standstill.

Last month, when our magnificent new factory had risen from the ashes of our old one, when its wonderful modern equipment had been installed and our first 1912 model had been built and tested and found to be the *best* of all the splendid Haynes cars ever built, *but* we came back into the running—it was a glorious return and the welcome it has given has been beyond all expectation. We hadn't realized it but the *public* was waiting for the new *Haynes*.

The 1912 Haynes—two chasses, eight types of body—is truly a superb high-power car, and built into it are eighteen years of Haynes experience and skill Prices, $1650 to $[illegible]. See a Haynes dealer now, or write for catalogue at once

HAYNES AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
Dept. A, KOKOMO, INDIANA
New York: 1715 Broadway Chicago: 1702 Michigan Avenue

steadily; and on one apartment house nearing completion I read that the apartments would rent at from eleven thousand to twenty thousand dollars a year!

A good many have the idea that a man of moderate means can profitably speculate on Manhattan Island—say, by purchasing an apartment house for forty-five or fifty thousand dollars, making a cash payment of ten or fifteen thousand and leaving the rest on mortgage. "But I don't want to try any such thing myself!" said one of the most prominent real-estate men of the city. "There have been too many disasters and foreclosures. And a curious thing is that many of those who have tried and failed have been Hebrews, whose racial genius for finance has not saved them."

Apartment houses are becoming so common throughout the country, and must in so many cases be making money for their owners, that it is worth while looking into the figures somewhat.

On a fifty-thousand-dollar apartment house the interest at five per cent would be twenty-five hundred dollars; taxes in New York, seven hundred dollars; repairs, eight hundred dollars; and to these, as a beginning, would be added water, heat and electricity, with numberless large and petty charges, expected and unexpected.

Or, I may instance a recent sale, looked on as being fairly favorable to the buyer. He purchased a fifty-thousand-dollar house for forty-five thousand dollars, and left thirty-five thousand dollars on mortgage. The rents totaled sixty-five hundred dollars a year when all the flats were occupied, thus ranging well over the ordinary ten-per-cent desideratum—but not too much over to meet New York conditions and expenses. Such things are always a matter of careful figuring and good judgment; but, with apartment houses even more than single houses, it is well to remember that up-to-date improvements—in elevators, lighting and plumbing—are more and more demanded, and are more and more setting poorly equipped buildings at a great disadvantage.

When conditions have been fully and thoughtfully investigated; when all has been anticipated that it is possible to anticipate; and when every indication is favorable and there is a fine bargain in sight—it pays to plunge in and risk something for the possession of a home.

And here is an illustration of what it is possible to do with three thousand dollars:

A man had an opportunity, at the edge of one of our largest cities, to buy a place—house, barn and ten acres—for ten thousand dollars. He left seven thousand dollars on mortgage. He saw that the advance of the city would soon reach there, bringing with it a marked increase in value. There was every indication that the region would build up attractively. Even then, such roads as were in existence were macadamized.

To pay out three thousand dollars—all the capital he possessed—and assume a debt of seven thousand dollars seemed to him a serious undertaking, but he did not hesitate. He went farther, and spent three thousand dollars in improvements, on account of which he added two thousand dollars to the mortgage. He lived in the place for two years—another factor in estimating profits on residence property—and at the end of the second year found that he could sell for twenty thousand dollars, leaving him, after paying the mortgage and interest, ten thousand dollars instead of the three thousand dollars with which he had begun two years before.

Of course in that case there was a measure of good luck; but the conditions were such that nothing but some measure of success was possible. And it is because things like this can be done that the purchase of real estate is so alluring.

IT STAYS IN THE AIR

The Wonderful
AEROFUME
Egyptian Deodorizer
Destroys disagreeable odors and perfumes the air.
SHOULD BE IN EVERY HOME
office, club, theatre, hospital, public building and institution.
Sixteen Pastilles in Box 25 Cents
If your dealer cannot supply you send his name and 25 cents for a box postpaid.
PAUL MANF'G CO., 36-40 Fulton St., Boston, Mass.
Makers of Cando, the celebrated Silver Polish.

The Florsheim SHOE

LOOK FOR NAME IN STRAP

Men prefer Florsheim shoes. They embody correct style and "Natural Shape" lasts. Perfect comfort from the start.

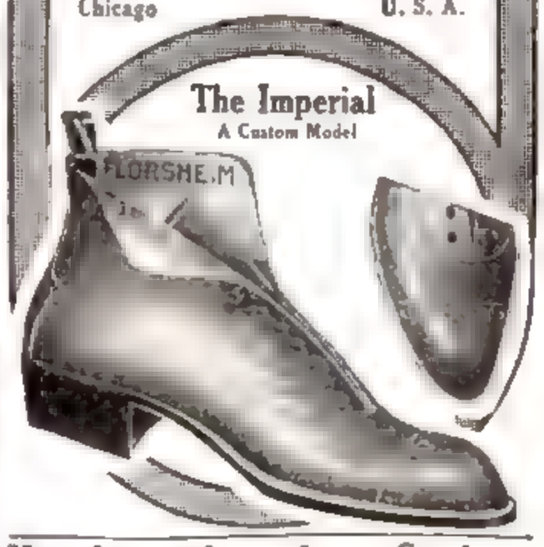
Ask your dealer or send amount to cover cost and express charges and we will have our nearest dealer fill your order.

Most Styles $5.00 and $6.00

Write for our free booklet "The Florsheim Way of Foot-[illegible]" showing [illegible] that are [illegible]

The Florsheim Shoe Company
Chicago U. S. A.

The Imperial
A Custom Model



Hamburg-American Cruises to the Orient

By the palatial cruising steamer "Victoria Luise" (16,500 tons), sailing from New York, January 30, 1912, on a 78 day cruise to Madeira, Spain, the Mediterranean and the Orient. Especially equipped with every comfort and luxury of the best modern hotels to meet the most exacting requirements of pleasure cruising—Fashionable Nile sailing party assured comfort at sea. Her spacious promenade decks extending from stem to stern is the largest on any ship. Itinerary includes Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Algiers, Genoa, Villefranche, Syracuse, Malta, Port Said, Jaffa, Beyrouth, Piraeus, Kalamaki, Smyrna, Constantinople, Messina, Palermo and Naples. *78 days duration of cruise* Cost including landing and embarking expenses, $325 up

AROUND THE WORLD

SPECIAL NOTICE: Only a few accommodations left for first cruise leaving New York, Oct. 21, 1911 ranging in price from $1,000 to $1,400 including all necessary expenses afloat and ashore. Itinerary includes:

Madeira, Spain, Italy, Egypt India, Ceylon, Straits Settlements, Java Philippines, China, Japan Sandwich Islands and Overland American Tour, Inland Excursions and side trips.

Optional tours of 17 days in India, 14 days in Japan.

Two cruises on the Magnificent S. S. *Cleveland* (17,000 tons), each 108 days duration. From New York, Oct. 21, 1911. From San Francisco, Feb. 6, 1912. Now is the time to make your reservations. *The finest, most comprehensive pleasure trip ever offered.*

Accommodations on second cruise leaving San Francisco Feb. 6, 1912, from $650 up.

ANNUAL EVENT "Around the World Cruises" will be repeated in November 1912 and February 1913, by the large Cruising Steamship *Victoria Luise. Send for illustrated booklet.*

HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE, 41-45 Broadway, New York

Corner the Fun Market!

[illegible] fun lovers [illegible] Managers [illegible] made

$680.00 in 30 Days

[illegible] Manager At you need is energy [illegible] of a small investment [illegible] exercise [illegible] expenses of any kind except rent [illegible] Our Guarantee [illegible] paid us within what you took in [illegible]

American Box Ball Co., 370 Van Buren St., Indianapolis, Ind.

RIGHT clothes, plus right living and right thinking, will give any Young Man a flying start along the course that leads to Success. They make him the natural choice for promotion in the business world, for favors in social life.

FITFORM Clothes and Success are pals—companions. Successful makers produce them, successful stores sell them, successful Young Men wear them. They have an air other clothes lack. They give that appearance people speak of as well fed, well bred, progressive, prosperous. Smarter, more stylish and dashing than ordinary clothes, they inspire confidence, poise, assurance. Better tailored and more perfect in fit, they afford utmost pleasure and enjoyment.

Write for Style Book and McFall Art Poster, and ask at the better stores for

FITFORM CLOTHES FOR YOUNG MEN

EDERHEIMER, STEIN & CO., CHICAGO

"A penny for your thoughts"?

They are worth more than that to us

We will pay for YOUR thoughts of the Richelieu

We simply seek reasons why you believe the Richelieu Union Suits for women are the best.

$150.00	for	best
100.00	"	2nd best
50.00	"	3rd "
25.00	"	4th "
10.00	each for	5 next best
5.00	" "	10 " "
75 Richelieu Union Suits for		75 " "

All payments will be made in orders drawn by us on any underwear dealer you name

Excepting where Richelieu Union Suits are designated orders will be honored for any merchandise desired, valued at from $150 00 to $5 00

WE WANT IDEAS

Spelling, grammar, or punctuation will not count. Tell your story in your own words—not over 200.

The only ideas considered will be those written on blanks furnished FREE at your dealer's underwear counter, where you may see the Richelieu; or furnished by us direct.

This opportunity is open and *free* to everybody, excepting employes of this company, and the best 94 ideas will be paid for as shown opposite. We reserve the right to publish such as we choose.

Replies will be received at the Richelieu Knitting Company's office, 60 Broad Street, Utica, N. Y., until November 30th, 1911. Announcement will be made in this publication January 27th, 1912.

Richelieu

Patented **Union Suits for Women**

"WIN-SUM"

Winter Summer

THE only fine-ribbed union suit uniting without seams the weights for winter and summer.

For women who are precise in their demand for a light, seamless vest to be worn with a heavier lower garment, the "Win-sum" is a decided innovation, and to many a long-wished-for relief. It is really a two-weight garment combined in one, knitted from the finest yarns to fit your particular figure and without seams to worry or irritate the flesh.

If your dealer cannot supply you, we would thank you for his name and address, and will be glad to attend to your orders direct. Send your height, weight and bust measurements.

Priced from $1.00 to $3.00

RICHELIEU KNITTING CO.

60 Broad Street, Utica, N. Y.

For years manufacturers of the famous Richelieu Summer Underwear

Unusual Booklet Free

"SEEM-LESS"

No side seams

THE only fine-ribbed union suit knitted seamless to your form, from sleeve to hip, with thinner texture at the waist line. The one garment for discriminating women, who wish to feel well and look well.

The glove-like waist fit gives freedom and comfort beneath snug-fitting corsets, and induces the gown to hang neatly, gracefully, perfectly.

Unequalled in fabric, fit and finish; no waist seams to rub, rip or ravel.

If your dealer cannot supply you, we would thank you for his name and address, and will be glad to attend to your orders direct. Send your height, weight and bust measurements.

Priced from $1.00 to $3.00

RICHELIEU KNITTING CO.

60 Broad Street, Utica, N. Y.

For years manufacturers of the famous Richelieu Summer Underwear

Sense and Nonsense

Cleveland and the Cook

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND went to visit General John B. Gordon at the Gordon plantation in Georgia. The dinner was superb and President Cleveland asked who cooked it. General Gordon told him his cook was an old negro mammy who had been a slave in the Gordon family before the war and had continued as cook.

"I'd like to shake hands with that cook," said the President.

General Gordon sent a servant to ask the mammy to come to the dining room. The servant came back with this message. "Tell Marse John ah won't come."

"Did you tell her what I wanted her for?" asked the General sharply.

"Yes, sir," replied the servant.

"Tell me exactly what she said."

The servant hesitated. "Go ahead!" commanded the General.

"She said ——" replied the servant. Then he stopped, shuffled a bit and looked appealingly at General Gordon.

"Out with it!" commanded the General.

"She says: 'Tell Marse John ah'se not a-comin'.'" The servant stopped again.

"What else?" asked the General.

"She said," blurted the servant, in an agony of apprehension—"she said: 'Ah'se not a-comin'. Ah'se lived wif bettah people than Mistah Clevelan' all mah life.'"

President Cleveland shouted with laughter. "That," he said, as soon as he had composed himself, "is the most beautiful example of loyalty I have ever observed."

Bohemia

I'm looking for Bohemia,
Where hearts are ever kind,
Where all the folk are young and poor
And no one seems to mind,
I'm looking for Bohemia,
The glad, the ever gay,
Where faith and hope are realities,
Where undiscovered merit is
Won't some one tell me where it is
And point me out the way?

I'm looking for Bohemia,
Where men are loyal and true,
Where one may know the rosemary
And never taste the rue;
I'm looking for Bohemia,
Where joy has her abode,
Oh, I have heard how fair it is,
How filled with "do and dare" it is,
Can some one tell me where it is
And put me on the road?

I'm looking for Bohemia,
The land of heart's desire,
Where love is made of tenderness
And not of tears and fire;
I'm looking for Bohemia
Despite the cynics' doubt
(An idle dream, they swear it is,
The truth I still declare it is)
Won't some one tell me where it is
And set me on the route?

I'm looking for Bohemia,
I've sought it far and long:
The place of ever-wreathing smoke,
Of laughter, love and song.
I'll not believe Bohemia
Is only dream-stuff frail,
Ah, surely more than air it is,
In some Elysian lair it is,
And I shall learn of where it is
And follow on the trail!

Berton Braley

Up a Family Tree

CHARLES JOSEPH BONAPARTE, former Attorney-General, descendant of the family of the great emperor, owned some property in Baltimore adjoining a house that was the home of a descendant of one of the Celtic kings. The drains for the two houses made sewer connections through a common pipe. The pipe became stopped and there was a row about it that culminated in a lawsuit.

Mr. Bonaparte appeared for himself and the neighbor had engaged counsel. After the evidence was in Mr. Bonaparte addressed the jury. He had made a good case. The opposing counsel, not having a leg to stand on, took a shy at Mr. Bonaparte.

"Why, gentlemen of the jury," he exclaimed, with great declamatory effect, "while my client's ancestors were already respectable and law-abiding citizens of Baltimore those of his opponent were brigands roaming the wilds of Corsica!"

A Restful Day

JOHN, I am more than glad to hear you'll spend the day at home, my dear; you've worked with such tremendous zest I really think you need a rest. Just spend one really restful day and spend it in your own sweet way. If men spent more such days in peace and quiet, and took more of ease I'm sure they'd gain a lot in health, live longer and get more of wealth. When things go wrong downtown, you know, there's always peace at home, and so your nerves get rested up and then you're fit for real hard work again.

NOW, John, if you will leave the den a little while we'll clean, and then you may come back to your big chair and read the book you've opened there. Today is cleaning day, so just go in the parlor till we dust and mop the walls and oil the floor and polish up the sliding door. It won't take very long, my dear, and then we'll let you come back here, light your cigar and crook your knees, and spend the day just as you please.

THAT'S right, my dear, sit right down there in that big cozy rocking chair, and read your paper just as though you were at your own club, you know. Just move a bit—a little more—so we can close the folding door; perhaps you'd better swing about, so Jennie can get in and out and not disturb you when she brings the polishers and dusting things. Or, come to think, perhaps you'd be more cozy there on the settee.

NOW, dear, I'll run round with the broom, if you'll move in the dining room. It won't take very long and then we'll let you come back here again. You won't object, I feel right sure, if I should dust the furniture—the weather is so dry it's just one endless battle with the dust. Take your big easy chair with you and I will call you when I'm through. I know a man despises dust on everything about—he must. That's right, my dear, just settle down. I'm glad you didn't go downtown. I've long intended to suggest that you stay home one day and rest. Tonight I want to hear you say you've had one simply restful day.

NOW, John, we've nearly done the den and parlor—if you'll move again out on the porch I'll take the broom and pick up in the dining room. It only needs a touch or two, and then, you see, we're almost through. A stitch in time, you know, saves nine, has always been a rule of mine. Just take a big porch chair and see how comfortable you can be while I am dusting off this shelf. I want you to enjoy yourself. I think a rest like this will do you more good than a week or two at some resort. You look, somehow, considerably rested now, and by tonight I'm sure you will be feeling far more rested still.

YOU look so comfortable there out on the porch in that big chair. And Jennie's almost ready, dear, to bring the mop and pail out here. Now if you'll only move once more, until she mops up the porch floor, we'll let you come right back and see how restful one's home life can be. Just take that pillow on the lawn—the morning sun has almost gone—and you may let the minutes pass while resting on the cool green grass.

WHAT, dear, asleep? 'Tis as I thought. The lawn is such a restful spot. Now if you'll only move once more! The lawn should have been cut before, but I've just found a man out here who'll cut it for his dinner, dear. The basement's cool, so take a chair and read your paper, dear, down there. I want you to enjoy your rest just as you think will be the best; to sit around and lie at ease and pass one day in perfect peace. So, John, if you will move, the man will mow the lawn, and then you can ——

Well, goodness gracious! He has gone to catch a town car!

John! Oh, John!! —*J. W. Foley.*

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"The House with the All-Wool Policy"
Philadelphia New York Chicago San Francisco

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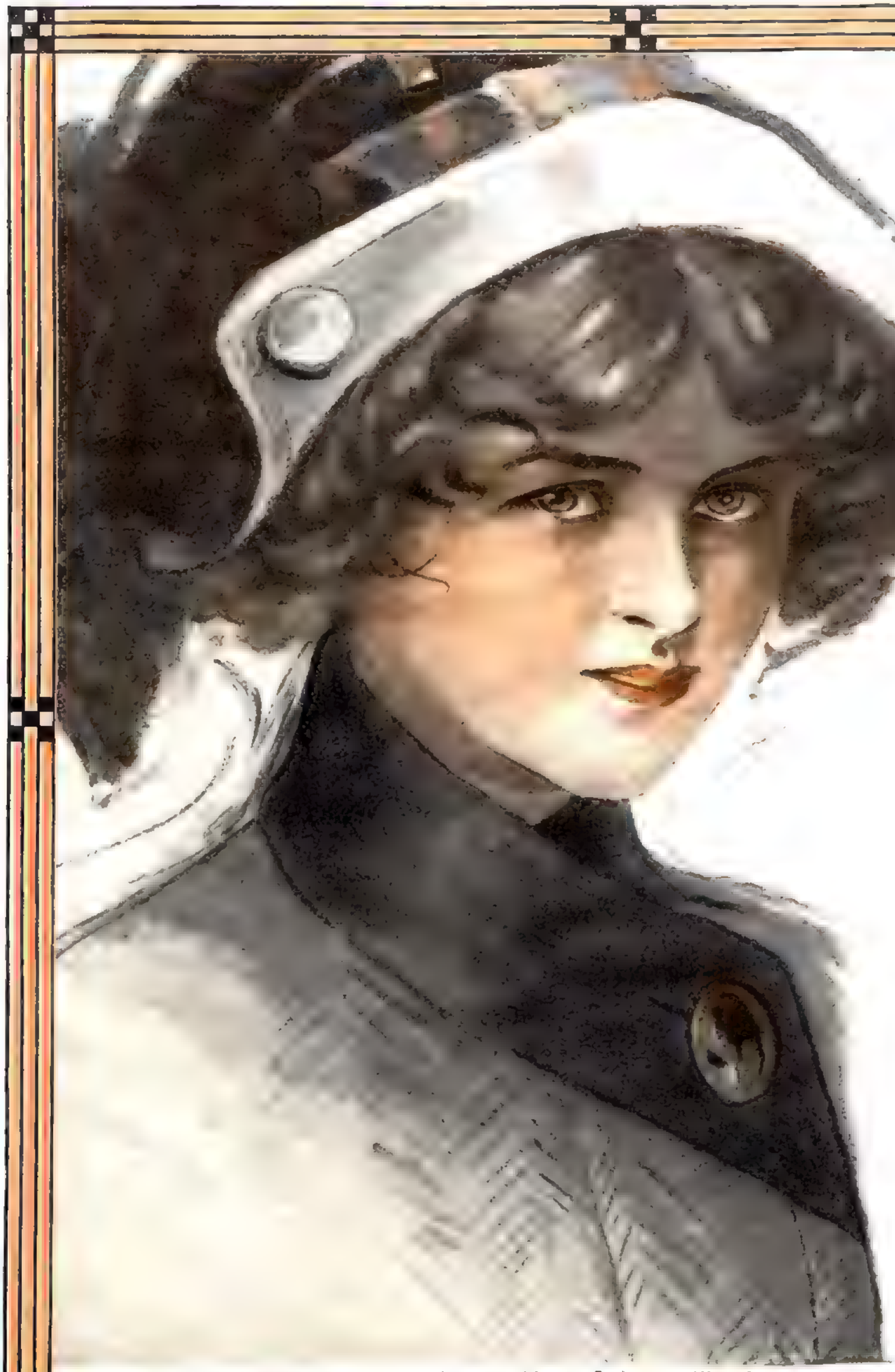
"Dixie" Features

Coat—Front slightly cut away, [illegible] peaked lapels, medium long collar, Kirschbaum hand worked natural shoulders, form-fitting back.

Vest—[illegible] slightly curved at bottom.

Trousers—Medium peg tops, narrow at bottom, [illegible]



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OUT-OF-DOORS

The Prospector and His Work

SOME twenty-five or thirty years ago three men sat on a wind-swept slope in the far-off Southwest. They were lazy, as became men of their calling in that region. A mound or so of fresh-turned dirt marked the mountainside near at hand. They conversed idly, after the fashion of their kind.

"It's getting slow here," said one. "Bill and me pull out tomorrow."

"Which way?" asked one of the others.

"We're going to drop down to the Andes," was the wholly casual remark.

"Different here," remarked the other speaker. "I'm going up to the Fraser country next week. I never did think the Caribou diggin's was quite played out."

The third man announced his intention of returning to the States—which brought out, very properly, pitying contempt from the others. Within thirty days the three, good friends as they had been, were journeying farther apart each day to at least three several points of the compass. They have never met or heard from each other from that day to this, although the man who went back to the States has often wondered what became of the others.

Such incidents were not uncommon in the history of prospectors in the Western region at that time—indeed, are not wholly uncommon today. The prospector remains to a certain extent, even now, something of a vagabond and an adventurer. No one could tell, for instance, what had brought a certain prospector by the name of Jack Wilson years earlier into this particularly dry country, two hundred miles from the nearest railway station. No one can tell today how Jack Wilson lived while he kept on his prospecting in those arid mountains. Tradition hath it that one day Jack, having finished his noonday meal of sheep meat and green peppers, was idly pecking at a stone which lay between his feet. He saw something of a shiny speck appear on the surface of the piece of rock, picked it up, saw that it shone the same from any angle and so knew it was gold.

Gold is Where You Find It

That was the first of a million-dollar mine, which unfortunately did not prove to be what the Mexicans call an A mine, with the vein broadening as it went down, but the reverse, or a V mine, pinching out from the grass-roots down. In result whereof, the camp pinched out and the prospectors scattered to other and far-off fields, after the custom of their kind. One of them had word of rich strikes made in Peru. The other knew well the history of the rich British Columbia diggings in 1862, when many a man washed out a hundred ounces in a day; where one claim paid a hundred and five thousand dollars in two months; another turned out two hundred pounds of gold in one day; yet another six hundred ounces daily for a long time, and where one lucky miner on the pay streak actually took out six hundred dollars in a single pan; another fifty-two ounces in one pan; another three hundred and ten ounces in a single day. It is facts such as these that keep the prospectors wandering all over the surface of the earth, and results such as these which have led to the finding of gold in all sorts of places, in almost every corner of the earth's surface.

The prospector of today in his best type must be something of a student as well as very much of a woodsman and mountaineer. The wider his knowledge in geology and in assaying, the better his chance of success. In addition to this, he must be a man of sound judgment, not disposed to lose his head or to waste time and money in locating worthless claims, which have produced rather a few glittering specimens than a large body of workable ore.

The profession has, perhaps, lost a little of its original glamour of risk and excitement. In the early days in California, Idaho, Montana and British Columbia, when men were hunting out the rich placers all through the mountains, the prospector and the miner were pretty much one. The country needed fighting men in those days and had them. The solitary adventurers or the band of followers might need to fight Indians or other marauders. They lived in part upon the wild game of the country and in part upon supplies packed in at incredible expense from distant supply points. They took millions and millions of dollars out of the placers which they discovered all through the mountain regions, and they did this without the exercise of much skill or judgment. Their profession was in its infancy and placer gold was its main quest. Gold had been discovered by accident in California, and in the search for other gold-fields each man had almost as much education as his neighbor. They hunted out the beds of waterways and learned to sink to bedrock for the heavy particles of gold. They learned that the flats back of an abrupt bend in a rockbound stream, where the waters originally had eddied, made a natural settling ground for the precious metal. Later on they learned to follow, by shaft or tunnel, even into and under the heart of mountains themselves, those old stream-beds which sometimes had been filled up with basaltic or other formation ages earlier. They did not much care for quartz in those earlier days; and the profession of prospecting, as well as that of mining, was one made up of loose education and good or bad luck in its pursuit. Such methods have been in part followed by men who have combed out the sub-Arctic country of the North, the rough mountains of South America or the half-desert wastes of Australia. It is they who have established the maxim that gold is where you find it. Certainly they have found it in all sorts of impossible places and all sorts of geological formations.

Why the Profits Vanish

Those methods, however, were those of adventuring and not those of business. The prospector today would not knowingly evade a good placer, nor would he flee from a free-gold proposition in quartz; but his business is that of locating bodies of ore bearing precious or semiprecious metals. When he has found his deposit he cannot wash it out and carry it away in a buckskin bag. On the contrary, he must arrange to carry in the heaviest of mining machinery, often over remote and expensive trails. He must know about transportation as well as about geology—must be part engineer and part prospector. It is his business to locate only such properties as can be handled profitably under existing conditions. The average man who buys mining stock has not the slightest idea of what a mine really is, but the true prospector today must know the full meaning of that term if he is to succeed in his own business.

Mining is wholly different from any commercial business, which has fixed overhead charges and a reasonable turnover of the capital invested, with computable expenses in advertising, distribution, etc. Five per cent, turned over in a mercantile business, may be reasonable profit. Twice that percentage may be very bad business in a mine. A million-dollars-a-year mine is not a ten-million-dollar business investment. Every pound of ore taken out cuts down the principal that much—lessens the security that much. In ten years a ten-million-dollar mine at ten per cent would pay back the ten million dollars of money put into it—and only that. Everything has to come out of the mine; so that, at the end of ten years, the owners would not have had a dollar in dividends, although they thought they had ten per cent. To put that mine upon an actual ten-per-cent-profit basis the mine should have paid out in the ten years in actual dividends five and a half million dollars additional—that is to say, it should have paid its owners fifteen and a half million dollars to make a net profit showing, entitling it to be called a ten-million mine, or a million-a-year investment property. Selling and getting out is not mining. It is the prospector's business to find real mines.

The prospector today of the best type is something of an engineer as well—or, at least, he is apt to work in combination with an engineer. It is his business to establish an ore body, to be able to tell where it is, what it will cost to develop and how much its probable resources will be in ore. In the old times an enthusiastic prospector who

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found one or two good specimens was all too apt to rush off to the nearest local paper and tell about the find. The local paper promptly reported the latest "strike" and renewed the ancient appeal to "Eastern Capital" to come and develop this most promising camp, etc., etc. In the camp where the three prospectors above mentioned separated it was a poor citizen who did not have a quart or so of coarse gold taken from his claim. Yet few of them were mines, as the truth was proved later. In other camps of not greater worth the promoters have dug up wonderful newspaper values in late years, and have done what they could to ruin what should be a sober and honest industry. The prospector must be continually carried by imagination, continually actuated by hope; but both these qualities must be or should be set aside when it comes to the business of marketing what he has found.

The prospector ought not to come out of the hills wild-eyed and overenthusiastic, shrieking excitedly for a ten-stamp mill by return mail each time he finds a quartz outcrop. Suppose you put a ten-stamp mill on a one-foot vein in an ore chute of one hundred feet. An engineer will tell you that in four years your ten-stamp mill would oblige you to go down just twenty-four hundred feet. Many mills have not done it because the money ran out too soon. Neither prospectors, miners, nor even the investors get rich on that kind of business judgment. What the prospector wants to find is a mine that will be a mine and stay a mine.

In the old times he needed a rifle and six-shooter as much as pick and shovel. Today his equipment, beyond that necessary for his daily subsistence, still includes the gold-pan and the steel-faced little hammer. A curved spoon made of horn will often prove useful to him in sampling residues, and he ought to have a little vial of quicksilver to help him in assembling the finer "colors" in his work of testing his samples. A tape or proved measuring line of some sort he must have, for if he finds an ore body of value he should take no chances with later lawsuits. Of course the prospector has his strong microscope—or "glass," as it is called—for the examining of specimens, and the more skilled members of the profession, who do not want continually to run to distant assayers in town, carry a blowpipe for reducing ores, and sometimes a few acids for certain tests of convincing nature. The better assayer a prospector is the more time he is apt to save in his preliminary work. The best prospector is not the one who locates but who does not locate many claims.

Locating the Lode

The average man knows little of the method which the prospector uses in his daily work. The most modest mountainside looks large and discouraging to the seeker for mineral wealth. How does the prospector go about finding mineral?

In the first place, though he knows gold may be found almost anywhere unexpectedly, he districts his own ideas, determining what he is going to look for, where he is going to look for it and how far that region ought to be from proved transportation. Usually he works in a neighborhood of districts already partially proved. Unless he be a mere adventurer, hunting for gold placers, he will know that an ore-body found fifty miles from transportation is worth many times the same ore-body a thousand miles from transportation—and he will govern his search accordingly.

Having established his field of operations, the prospector pushes out into the hills. In general, he still sticks to the waterways, present or past. He hangs to the bottoms of valleys and ravines, and examines with especial care all outcrops shown in cut banks or rock faces which have been worn down by water. He knows the powerful effect of erosion—that is to say, of weather upon rock, carried on through many ages. knows the effect of snowslides and storms on exposed rock veins. He knows that the force of gravitation carries detached pieces of rock downhill. Hence, probably keeping pretty low down, his first search is for "float"—that is to say, bits of rock which do not look like the country rock on which they are found, but which either show mineral value or the earlier presence of mineral value. Sometimes the elements will have leached out the mineral itself in a "specimen" of float, so that only a stain remains. The prospector examines this under the

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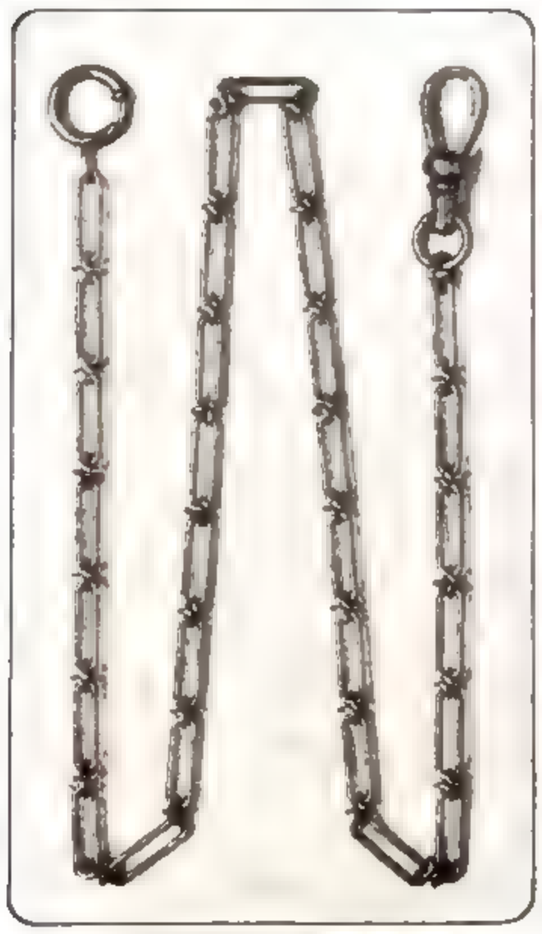

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glass and passes on, trying to find more float of the same kind. Perhaps he is passing up a depression between two hills. Once in a while he finds a piece of float, but after a while ceases to find them. He turns now and goes down his depression until the float is no longer found in that direction. His theory, though perhaps he has never thought of it, is that the vein from which these pieces of quartz came is probably somewhere up the mountainside, its locality making the apex of the triangle over which the scattered pieces of quartz have been carried by the elements during many years past.

Acting consciously or unconsciously on this theory, perhaps our prospector now goes up a bit higher on his mountainside. Of course his float is not abundant and it lies in no such regular form as theory may give it; but slowly and methodically he crosscuts what he supposes to have been the course of these falling bits of float. He does this again and again, working higher up all the time. Theoretically, and sometimes practically, his deposit of float gets narrower as he goes higher. Also the specimens of float ought to show less and less leaching—that is to say, they should be fresher from the vein.

Hour after hour, perhaps day after day, the prospector runs out his trail, nosing out the mineral, picking a little here and a little there, very likely doing some panning of the dirt as he works on up and across; perhaps sometimes grinding a specimen in his mortar down at his camp and panning the residue for colors. If he gets results he knows that this mineral must have come from some vein somewhere. In rare cases he can locate the lode quickly by sight in an outcrop marked definitely by natural retaining walls. If the ore-body, like most quartz, is harder than the surrounding rocks, it will project as the mountainface wears down. Sometimes, however, the reverse of this is true and the ore-body is softer than the walls of the country rock, in which case the vein is a depression and not an outcrop. In any case, however, our prospector finally locates what he thinks is his lode, or "lead," as it is pronounced.

Staking Out the Claim

The next thing is to trace out the lode and determine whether there is a workable ore-body in place. It is more difficult on the ground than it is on paper, for outcrops do not always come with regular or easily traceable walls. Perhaps the prospector does not, at first, know which way his lode runs. Perhaps he follows it out, losing it now and then, through forest growth, sometimes across regions covered by lesser vegetation. He must use his judgment and be patient. Sometimes he does a little picking or shoveling, proving his judgment that he is still over his lode.

Granted that our prospector knows that a specimen does not make a mine, and granted that he has ultimately figured out that it will pay to locate on his discovery, there remain certain other things which the businesslike prospector must know and must do. It will serve no good purpose for him to find a valid mine and later to lose it through his own ignorance or carelessness. He cannot locate and hold a claim on a place where he may have found merely some good-paying specimens or rich pieces of float. He can only hold a claim located actually on "mineral in place"—that is to say, on the ore-body proper. His vein may be only a few feet wide or less, but for working purposes the law will allow him three hundred feet on each side of it and fifteen hundred feet lengthwise of the lode. He is obliged to follow out that "mineral in place" throughout that fifteen hundred feet, wherever it goes; but the ends of his claim must be parallel to each other. This work, perhaps, is done in a virgin forest, perhaps on a steep, bare hillside; but it must be done accurately. The bounds of the claim must be marked out in such unmistakable fashion that he can prove he was the first to find and locate his claim on "mineral in place." He must put up a stake or monument carrying his location notice at the point of discovery, and he must set up at least four stakes or monuments—one at each corner of the claim. For legal reasons it is far better to have a monument also on the lode where it leaves each end of the claim.

The prospector will not be allowed by the deputy surveyor or by the courts any more ground than he has actually staked out; so usually he is careful to measure his claim rather large than short, as the law will then only cut him down to the fifteen hundred by six hundred feet. If he be shrewd he may, perhaps, make the end of his claim begin at the point of discovery and locate a claim in each direction on the lode from that point. It is his business to mark out each such claim distinctly and unmistakably. If he uses a blazed tree for a monument it should be cut deeply and inscribed unmistakably, as such and such a monument on such and such a claim. It is not enough to stick any sort of a piece of wood down into any kind of a heap of stone. A good prospector leaves the record of the work of a man in his monuments, piling them up carefully, so that the elements will not remove their artificial look. He is apt to inclose his location notice or to place it between stones where it cannot be removed. In short, he knows what the intent of the law is; and, in order to protect his rights, he leaves unmistakable, visible evidence of his occupancy and his intent.

The good prospector, however, is there to sell a mine. Hence he looks at accessibility when he locates his claim, considering the lay of the country. He knows that, though not obliged to make his claim six hundred feet wide, he cannot locate his mine one hundred feet to one side of the lode and five hundred to the other; but he can measure off his claim five hundred feet one way from discovery and a thousand feet the other on the lode. Of course he knows he must stick to the vein and not try to locate the whole face of the mountain, where there may or may not be "mineral in place."

The theory of the mining law is that all mineral deposits once belonged to the crown. We have no crown in this country, but our Government establishes a few simple preliminaries before it will pass title of the people's common property to an individual. That individual, if a skilled prospector, is fully familiar with the law and with the physical requirements of his calling at this stage of the operation. Therefore if, in his pan, or his horn spoon, or in his iron or rock mortar, he finds a rich showing, he does not rush off hotfoot to the nearest camp, but proves out and locates his mineral in place, taking care that he can legally hold his find. The blocking out of the ore in place is properly a matter for an engineer, but the prospector who cannot come back with a definite description and definite proof of everything he says regarding his mineral find is not apt to get the attention either of an investor or of an engineer. In short, it is a business that he is following, and he must use the business principles of caution and good judgment, as well as of initiative and daring.

The Safe Law of Averages

Nearly all prospectors and miners are apt to deceive themselves in spite of themselves. No man can trust himself to select specimens from an ore dump or an outcrop with any assurance of getting the fair average value of an ore-body. The careful prospector, or his engineer, in proving up his mineral body, gets portions of the ore from many different places on the vein, as widely as possible removed from each other. All these samples of ore he mixes, first breaking it up a little, so that it will assimilate fairly well. He now quarters this heap, and, taking one quarter, will crush this up a little bit finer and mix it again. Then he quarters this quarter and still further reduces his remnant. He now has what properly may be called a sample of his ore-body; and this residue, when crushed to pulp and assayed, is what gives him his value to the ton—only probable or estimated even at that. To be cautious, he will give some of the same pulp to two different assayers and compare their results, taking the average of both combined. The prospector knows how absolutely inaccurate would be any test of a single specimen taken from any locality on the vein. He allows the safe law of averages to guide him and, theoretically at least, does not allow himself to get crazy at an unexpectedly good showing. All of this sort of thing takes time, care and money. The folly of locating at first sight every mineral showing which may come up is easily apparent. There is, after all, a sort of system in the safe and sane prospector's method—if he be a prospector and not a dishonest speculator, trying to unload on ignorance and credulity, or on organized rapacity in search of victims farther down the line.

Granted all this, the great factor of luck does enter into the prospector's life; and

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Why Buy Nondescript Clothing For Your Boy—clothing without antecedents, so to speak—that you know nothing of—where, how or by whom made—when you can buy "*Sampeck Clothes*" manufactured under the brightest, healthiest and happiest conditions for the past 30 odd years?

"*Sampeck Clothes*" are fashioned with the same consideration for Style effects as is given in producing the best tailored clothes for men and young men. That's a prime reason why your boy will look a great deal better in "*Sampeck Clothes*" than in any other clothes he has ever worn.

SEEING is believing. Have your boy try on "*Sampeck Clothes*" and see how much more becoming they are to him. The wear is guaranteed, as no garment is signed "*Sampeck*" unless we know it will give *satisfaction*. *Insist* on seeing our label.

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SAMUEL W. PECK & CO.
NEW YORK

Styled in New York

again, natural genius in the calling prevails here as elsewhere. There are some men who seem to be able to smell out mineral and to go straight to a vein. The shrewdest of these, however, are men who know a little of geology and who have learned a few of the tricks of the trade. These men study all cutbanks, watercourses, streams and springs, even the vegetation of the district.

Of course it is human to cry up one's wares. The average prospector locates nothing less than a "true-fissure vein," in which every foot of the vein is mineralized. As a matter of fact, the actual ore-body which carries the values rarely fills the whole vein from wall to wall. The latter distance may be forty feet, fifty, a hundred or even a thousand; but the ore-bodies or the pay streaks may be only a few feet or a few inches in cross-section. The Comstock veins, as often is pointed out, sometimes ran a thousand feet from wall to wall, with relatively small amounts of quartz, not all of which carried paying values. The more nearly complete information of this sort which the prospector can bring out of the hills the better engineer he is, the better he is in his calling, and the more apt he is to succeed; though, of course, his function properly is that of discovery and not of exploration or development.

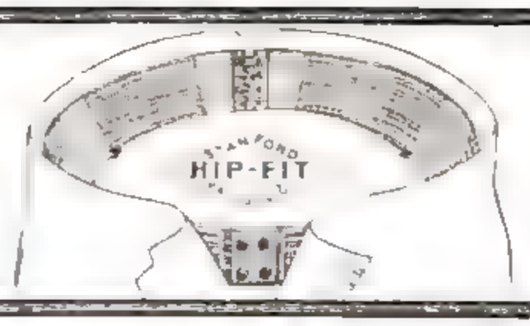
Many great gold placers were found by accident. Natives have taken white men to some of the richest placer districts, and some of the best Alaskan copper mines and coal mines really were discovered by Indians who got small pay for telling the white men where they were. There is no region so remote and dangerous that the prospector will not go into it—and none so difficult that miners will not swarm after him.

The Cleanest Money in the World

The glory of the prospector, however, was in the romantic days of adventure, when each man had the right to think he could grow rich by merely going West and working at this or that calling for a time, as did the three men of our story. No more thrilling reading ever will be written than the history of the prospector's life—his many adventurings, his sudden wealth or his narrow escapes therefrom. His is a life remote, devoted to the wilderness, and his are the ways of the open. He sees what perhaps the big-game hunter does not see or does not value. Thus, in the far Southwest where our three prospectors above mentioned foregathered, the writer once, while out deer hunting, discovered a clean-cut six-foot vein of coal. There is a railroad within six miles of that place today, though there was none within a hundred at that time. Since we could all burn piñon wood and did not need coal, but did need venison, the hunter passed on, finally killed his buck and for a long time forgot the vein of coal. Very likely it is there today. Again, while bear hunting above the great bend of the Columbia, our party once picked up certain pieces of rotten quartz which later assayed in very decent values. We were hungry and hurried, and did not pause to follow up the float. Yet even on that hunt we found, far back where no man belonged, two silent men, with picks and shovels, who were leading the water of a little spring some hundreds of yards to a certain flat, near which stood their little tent. And when we came out of that wilderness region we did so down a stream which, in 1867, was occupied by an army of the boldest and hardiest goldseekers of the West—the men who left the Fraser and tried the Columbia, on French Creek, Gold Creek and many others, leaving behind them, on certain pieces of bad water, the gruesome name, Death Rapids, where scores of them were drowned when they tried to get out of that country on rafts.

Those days were long before railway transportation, when supplies had to come in over incredibly difficult country. The adventurings of great bodies of men into so remote and forbidding a region was the best possible proof of the potent lure which mineral wealth always has proved for the boldest and hardiest of men—those who make their living out-of-doors; and who thus enable us, who make our living indoors, to barter and trade and swap the tokens of that wealth, all of which ultimately must come from the soil itself—in one form or other of the wealth which all of us covet and few of us attain. It is an old saying that the cleanest money in the world is what you dig out of a mine. The prospector's trade is not only an interesting but a clean one.

Attaches to Inside of Trousers at Waistline.



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"HIP-FIT" Invisible Trousers Support

Does away with suspenders and belts—keeps shirt smooth and tucked down permanently and neatly—promotes extreme comfort and ease of motion. Supports trousers comfortably from inside; dispenses with hitching and continual belt adjusting. A few stitches will quickly attach it to the inside of your trousers. Easily fastened by snap in front. Trousers can't sag but are held in perfect hang with no weight on shoulders. Being three inches wide and durably made of light, tough, linen gauze, and the finest silk elastic over hips and back, it bears snugly and lightly all around waist without binding. Outwears trousers and maintains snug fit continually. Fine for slender and stout men alike; supports large abdomen. Particularly appreciated by athletes. Outside belt may be worn for appearance if desired.

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Particularly attractive trade discount to dealers, and some good territory open for sideline salesmen

"HIP-FIT" Manufacturing Company

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Grabowsky Four Cylinder Truck

Has been stamped the pinnacle of Motor Wagon Achievements

Our Removable Power Plant which slides out like a drawer—making inspection or adjustments easy at all times, without holding up the car in service, quadruples efficiency. Our Hardened Steel Bushings protecting all working connections mean a saving of hundreds of dollars yearly.

These and other features, WHICH NO OTHER CAR HAS—NOR CAN HAVE—and which have proven such a force, owing to their great time and money saving qualifications, are incorporated in our new design. In addition to which, in keeping with Grabowsky advanced ideas of construction are new and approved features.

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Cars built to meet every commercial requirement.
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The Safety Type Waterman's IDEAL Fountain Pen

Another style of the fountain pen you have used and carried for years.

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"Safety" principally because it is entirely safe to be carried in a lady's handbag or trunk, or in any gentleman's pocket, *in any position*, as no ink can escape. Especially useful where the pen cannot be carried upright.

This Safety Pen has all the superior qualities and writing advantages of the universal Waterman's Ideal, in addition to being so made that the cap screws over the ink barrel and corks it. It is a simple, practical pen. Booklet on request.

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"THE BRISTOW AMENDMENT"

(Continued from Page 8)

Why should we now go back and take from the Federal Government an authority that was given it by its original framers unless there appears to be some valid reason for taking from the General Government that power?

An intense race prejudice exists in the South; and to array this prejudice against the amendment as it passed the Senate was not improbably the purpose of Mr. Bacon. He not only appealed to the race prejudices, but also to the doctrine of state rights, which is still dear to many Southern Democrats. These foreign questions were injected into the discussion in the Senate and used by the Senators who are opposed to the direct election of Senators.

I do not believe section four should be changed. I think the Federal Government ought to have the power that it confers. I think it was of vital concern in 1866, when the Stockton controversy was up. At one time I was ready to sacrifice my belief in that respect if by so doing I could get the resolution changing the method of electing Senators adopted, because I considered that of the most vital consequence to our country. Whether I would do so now I am not ready to say. One thing is certain—the Senate must become more responsive to public opinion than it has been in recent years; and it will be made so by the American people, even if they have to nullify the provision in the Constitution relating to the election of Senators, by passing state laws such as the Oregon law, which requires the people of the state to select at the general election a candidate for United States Senator whom the legislature is practically directed by state statute to elect. The people will govern this country and protect themselves from the powers of greed and avarice—in spite of the Constitution if they have to. This they have done in the election of their Presidents; and in time they will do so in the election of their Senators.

Victory After Countless Defeats

On February twenty-eighth the resolution came to a vote. For more than half a century every device known to parliamentary practice had been resorted to to prevent the Senate from taking a record vote on the proposition; but at last the vote was taken and the resolution was defeated, the vote being fifty-four for and thirty-three against. Two-thirds being required, it lacked four votes of having a sufficient number.

The new Congress was convened by the President on April fourth, and ten Senators who had voted against the resolution had retired. From careful inquiry I learned that at least six of the ten new Senators would have voted for the resolution if they had been members of the Senate when the vote was taken. So I determined, with the convening of the Senate, immediately to introduce the resolution in the same form as it had been voted upon, feeling certain that if we could get it to a vote again in that form it would pass without question. So on April sixth I introduced the resolution. It was again referred to the Committee on the Judiciary.

Meantime the House of Representatives had passed a resolution in the same form as it was reported to the Senate by the Senate committee at the former session. This House resolution, when it came over to the Senate, was also referred to the Senate Committee on the Judiciary, and that committee promptly reported out the House resolution in lieu of the one I had introduced. I at once offered the resolution in the form I had introduced it and as voted upon at the former session, as a substitute for that reported by the committee, feeling confident not only that it was the best form, but that it would be more certain of passage in that form than in any other.

This substitute, commonly called the Bristow Amendment, was debated with the same animation as had been the amendment offered by Mr. Sutherland at the former session. Mr. Bacon, of Georgia, led the opposition, claiming in a most extravagant way that it was conferring upon the Federal Government authority to enact force bills and send armies and United States marshals into Southern states to

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Every woman using the Savory Roaster has the reputation of serving tender and delicious meats—no matter how little she pays for them.

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Ever taste vegetables or cereals cooked with live steam? **The Savory Double Boiler** [illegible] them so they taste better than [illegible] looks all the good [illegible]

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has [illegible] can collect 50 cents up

Savory Bread and Cake Box

The Savory Coffee Percolator

[illegible] It work [illegible] the price, [illegible] $2 to $3

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Write for Our Savory Prize Recipe Book

contains [illegible] brings it [illegible]

The first Derby made in America was a
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KNAPP-FELT Derbies have the noticeable elegance of style which is produced by hand-work of the highest grade — the C & K kind. The modern tendency toward labor-saving machinery is followed in the Crofut & Knapp Shop only where better results can be achieved and not for mere cost cutting.

EXPERIENCE of more than fifty years in making fine hats guides the manufacture of Knapp-Felt hats. Under the personal supervision of members of the Crofut & Knapp organization they pass through thirty-seven unique processes, in each of which intelligence is used in producing the best result.

THE authoritative Derbies for Fall are of exclusive C & K design in a wide variety of proper styles which cannot be found in hats of any other make.

Knapp-Felt soft hats and Derbies are made in two grades — Four Dollars and Six Dollars. The C & K quality is sold at Three Dollars at all shops where Knapp-Felts are found — the best in every city.

Write for THE HATMAN

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was the first Derby made in America

intimidate voters, though the Senator from Georgia well knew that there never have been and never will be United States troops or marshals sent to the South under section four, if it remains in the Constitution. It was not under the powers conferred by that section that President Grant sent troops to supervise Southern elections, but under the Fourteenth Amendment.

Many extravagant and ridiculous assertions were made as to the results of electing Senators by a direct vote without changing section four—the same old play upon sectional prejudices, all for the ultimate purpose of defeating the resolution changing the manner of electing Senators. So vigorous was the attack by a number of opponents of the resolution that an impression was created in many sections of the country that I was trying to add new powers of control to the Federal Government—when, in fact, I was only seeking to preserve in the Federal Government an authority that it has had since the beginning.

On the adoption of the substitute there was a tie vote in the Senate, the Vice-President casting the decisive vote in its favor, so that the resolution came before the Senate for final action on June 12, 1911, in exactly the form in which it was voted upon on the twenty-eighth of February last. This time it carried by a vote of sixty-four for and twenty-four against, receiving five more than the two-thirds, thus confirming the judgment of the Senators who believed it was more certain of passage in that form than in any other. If the substitute had not been adopted, from the most accurate information the resolution would have lacked two or three votes of a sufficient number to pass.

The passage of the resolution was a great triumph. After eighty-five years of agitation both houses had agreed that Senators should be elected by a direct vote instead of by the legislatures. The Senate, however, having rejected the change in section four, as provided by the resolution that had passed the House, the bill went to conference—and there it remains today. The representatives of the two Houses disagreed on the paragraph repealing a part of section four. It will remain in conference during the vacation, having failed of passage by both Houses in the same form at this session because of that disagreement. Mr. Rucker, of Missouri, is the chairman of the committee of the House, and he refused to accept the Senate resolution; though, as a member of the House in 1900, he voted in favor of the resolution that then passed, which is substantially the same as that which passed the Senate this year.

Champ Clark, present Speaker of the House, was also a member of Congress in 1900, and he voted for the resolution as it then passed, which was substantially the same as the Senate resolution. So did Underwood, of Alabama; Burleson, of Texas; Clayton, of Alabama; Newlands, of Nevada; Kitchin, of North Carolina; Livingston, of Georgia; Lloyd, of Missouri; Stephens, of Texas; Taylor, of Alabama; and Williams, of Mississippi—all, with the exception of Livingston, of Georgia, now Democratic leaders in Congress. Senators Williams and Bankhead were both members of Congress in 1900 and voted for the resolution; but as members of the Senate this time they both voted against the resolution, because it did not repeal the clause in section four.

From this record it clearly appears that, though these Democratic leaders may be in favor of the direct election of Senators, they apparently are more desirous of depriving the Federal Government of the authority that it now holds—and has held from its establishment—over the manner and times of electing Senators than in changing the system so as to give the people the opportunity to elect their Senators by direct vote. By holding up this great national reform in order to force a change in section four, these leaders are most unfortunately shifting the entire controversy now from the question as to whether the people shall elect their Senators by a direct vote to that of the advisability of taking from the Federal Government the control over the election of Senators that the Fathers of the Republic gave it when they framed the Constitution.

The Senate resolution leaves the Federal Government with the same authority to regulate the election of Senators that it now has over the election of members of Congress. And why our Democratic leaders should insist upon making the change in section four a prominent issue in the campaign for the direct election of Senators is difficult to understand. I suggested to Mr. Rucker and to the Senate conferees that they might compromise and report two resolutions to the Senate one providing for the election of Senators by direct vote and one providing for the change in section four, so that the two propositions suggested by the House resolution could go to the state legislatures separately and stand or fall upon their own merits.

Those of us who have been so earnestly in favor of the direct election of Senators have been willing to make any reasonable sacrifice in order to secure the adoption of a resolution making such provision; but when the demand is plainly made that in order to secure such adoption we must consent to a change in section four, taking from the Federal Government its original power over the election of Senators, a grave issue is presented. There might come a time, independent of the race question in the South or the ancient doctrine of state rights, when such authority in the Federal Government would be of the highest importance.

Congress at the extra session just closed passed a corrupt-practices act requiring every candidate for the Senate, not only in a state primary but before a state legislature to state under oath before and after the primary, and before and after the election the amount of money he has expended. Promises of political patronage of any kind are forbidden.

The authority that the Federal Government has to enact such a corrupt-practices act is conferred by the very provision in section four that it is sought to repeal, and we certainly should hesitate before taking any course that will weaken the Federal Government in enforcing such a statute.

It seems to me that it will be better to hold on to that power and keep up the fight for the plain and simple change in the Constitution giving the people the right to elect their Senators. If the House conferees will accept the resolution that passed the Senate, and which a majority of them voted for in 1898 and 1900, it will be far better for the country. To refuse, it seems to me, will result in no good. To insist on the changes in section four will only tend to arouse anew sectional prejudices which all of us ought to want to forget.

DANGERS OF THE AIR

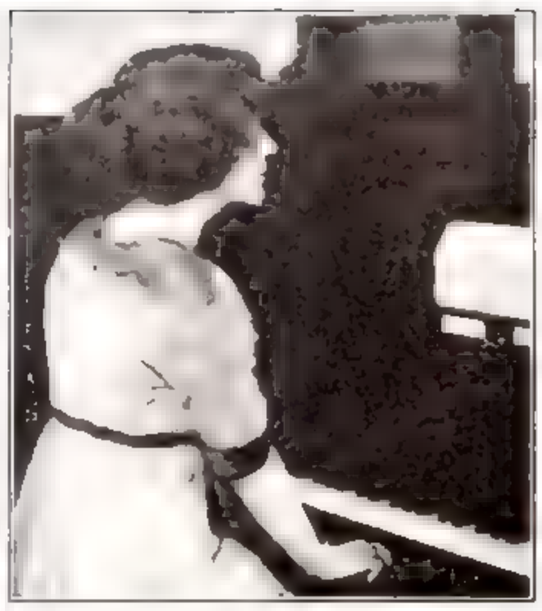
(Concluded from Page 7)

motor by means of the propeller and then quickly stepping aside is fraught with danger; and that the absence of a change-speed gear renders it impossible to control the speed of the machine adequately.

The motor, carbureter—when used—and fuel-tank are not ordinarily disposed in a monoplane with a view to safety. Aviation motors generate from fifty to one hundred and forty horsepower. It may be asked: How much power does it take to fly? Approximately nine horsepower is the answer of actual experiment.

A horsepower is about equal to the muscular strength of ten men. Consequently the one-hundred-and-forty-horsepower racing monoplane that recently has been cleaving the European atmosphere is using up the mechanical equivalent of the efforts of fourteen hundred men.

It may be wonderful to compress in a little motor of steel so much energy; it is very much more wonderful to attain very nearly the same result with a fraction of a horsepower. The biggest creature that ever flew was the extinct pterodactyl. Its spread of wing was, perhaps, as much as twenty feet—not much less than that of a modern racing Blériot. Yet that huge creature flew with an expenditure of energy estimated at less than one-twentieth of a horsepower. The greatest flying creature of our day is the condor, with a wing-spread that reaches a maximum of ten feet; yet its horsepower has likewise been placed at about one-twentieth. Birds of prey may not be able to outspeed a racing monoplane, but their marvelous efficiency as flying-machines raises the question whether we have not still much to learn from them.



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Instinctively

IT takes a Darwin, a William James and a hundred other great thinkers a hundred years to make man realize that his Instincts are more wonderful than his Reason.

All human beings do possess Instinct to produce music with soul and life in it. All you need is an instrument which plays the notes, and gives you control of expression *instinctively*.

You find it as natural and instinctive to play

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For $700 we offer the Hallet & Davis Virtuolo in special mahogany case of Colonial design; or in a refined Arts-and-Crafts case for $775. The Conway Virtuolo in beautiful mahogany or walnut case is $575. These instruments all have the new, sensitive Acrolo accent buttons.

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SUCCESSFUL motor-car manufacture demands continual improvement of proven products, and either increased values or lower prices year by year.

Enhanced values or lower prices are possible only by economies effected by better manufacturing and selling methods and facilities, and by quantity production.

To this end the United States Motor Company was formed by successful makers.

With an already wonderful car, with a wonderful record and reputation, the Stoddard-Dayton, since joining the United States Motor Company, has been able in two years to effect economies and improve its cars until in 1912 each dollar buys half as much again as was possible two years ago.

We gratefully recognize the satisfaction our cars have given in the past eight years, and are proud of the pride of ownership expressed by Stoddard-Dayton owners.

But we are confident they will regard 1912 Stoddard-Daytons as the most extraordinary values ever offered in QUALITY CARS.

The lines of all the body designs tend toward extreme simplicity. The effect is striking. The use of running-board tool-boxes does away with all unsightly battery boxes, gas tanks, etc., that mar the appearance of the usual car. Neatness and simplicity is carried to a still further impressive state by removing from the dash everything except the gasolene and oil pressure gauges and the small cover of the coil.

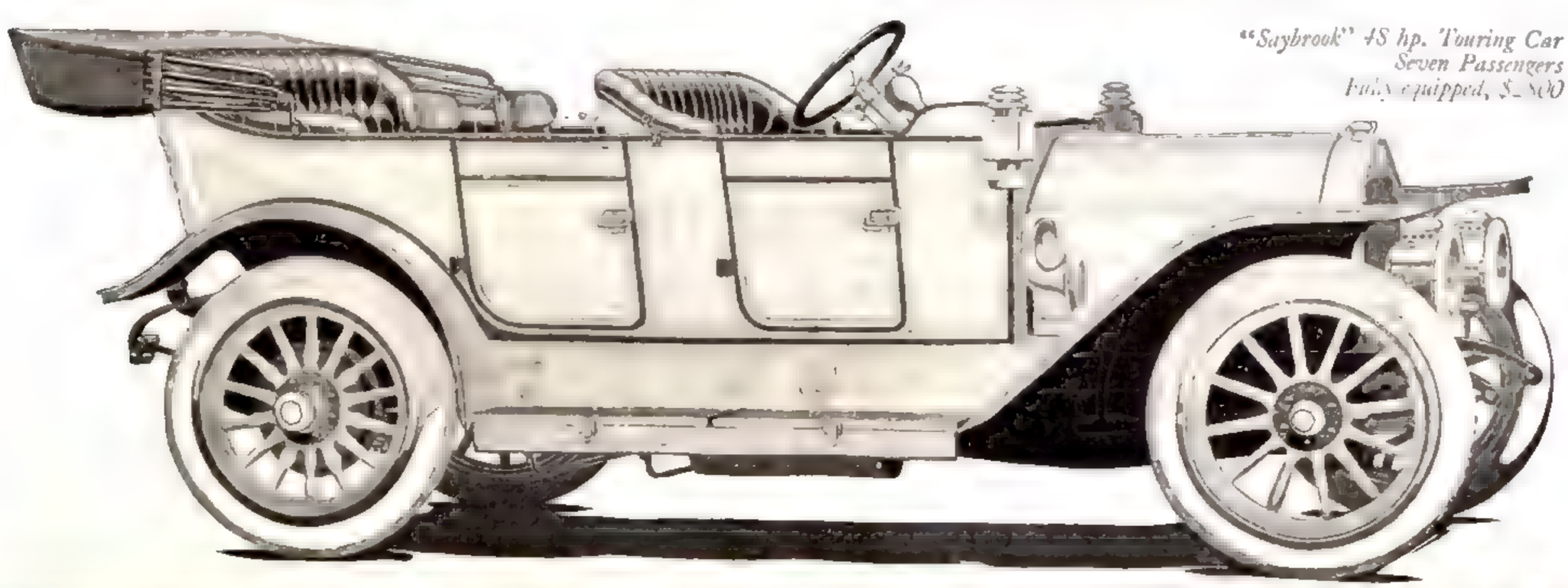
The forward part of the bodies have been widened considerably, giving ample space for the working of control and brake levers inside the body. The front seats of the "Knight," "Special" and "Saybrook" Touring Cars and Torpedo models are adjustable forward and back, to accommodate drivers of various leg-lengths who have found no car that exactly fitted them.

Stoddard-Dayton "Savoy" 28 hp. $1450 Five-passenger Touring-Car; four-cylinders, 4 x 4½; wheel-base, 112 inches. Made also with four-passenger Touring or two-passenger Roadster bodies or with two styles of Commercial Wagon bodies.

Stoddard-Dayton "Stratford" 38 hp. $1850 Five-passenger Touring-Car; four-cylinders, 4¼ x 5⅛; wheel-base, 114 inches. Made also with seven-passenger Limousine or Landaulet bodies or with three-passenger Coupé or two-passenger Semi-Torpedo bodies.

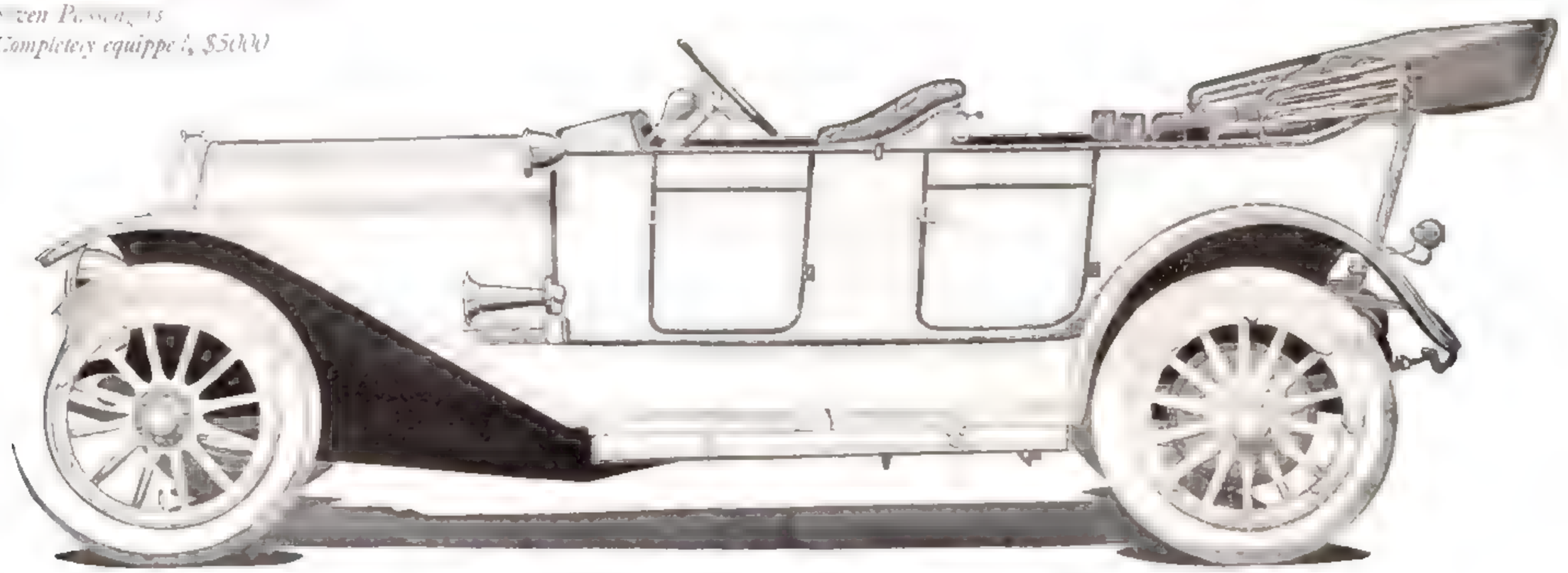
Stoddard-Dayton "Saybrook" 48 hp. $2800 Seven-passenger Touring-Car; four-cylinders, 4¾ x 5; wheel-base, 122½ inches. Also made with seven-passenger Limousine, four-passenger Torpedo or two-passenger Roadster bodies.

Stoddard-Dayton "Special" 58 hp. $3500 Seven-passenger Touring-Car; four-cylinders, 5 x 5½; wheel-base, 130 inches. Made also with seven-passenger Limousine and six-passenger Torpedo bodies, or on a 122½-inch wheel-base with four-passenger Torpedo or two-passenger Roadster bodies. (All prices are f. o. b. Dayton.)



"Saybrook" 48 hp. Touring Car
Seven Passengers
Fully equipped, $2800

Stoddard-Dayton-Knight Touring Car
Seven Passengers
Completely equipped, $5000



And a Six-Cylinder "Stoddard-Dayton-Knight" 70 hp. $5000

Combining the six-cylinder and Silent Knight principles for the first time in any car made in America—and two important, widely-commended innovations—**left-hand drive and centre control.** Seven-passenger fore-door Touring car with wheel-base 133 inches; six cylinders 4½ x 5½; 36 x 5 tires; Q. D. demountable rims; mohair top and boot; windshield, rain vision; tire holders; foot-throttle; robe-rail, foot rest, seat-covers, trunk rack, Hartford shock absorbers, speedometer, big electric horn, electric-lighting outfit (including dynamo storage battery and electric lamps); running-board tool-boxes, bulb horn, jack, all tools, **$5000.** Furnished also with seven-passenger Limousine, four-passenger Torpedo and two-passenger Roadster bodies. (All prices are f. o. b. Dayton.)

THE superiority of the "Silent Knight" motor lies in the substitution of new means for governing the admission of fresh gas to the cylinders, and its exhaustion after explosion.

What the Difference Is In the usual poppet valve motor the gas is admitted and emitted through valves placed either in the head or sides of the cylinders. These valves set on metal seats, and are opened by rods driven from an independent shaft fitted with cams, and are closed by coil springs. The cams are governed by gears. The disarrangement of gears or rods, the wearing of valve seats or valves results in loss of power.

In the "Knight" motor there are only the silent, tremorless, sliding sleeves working away perfectly without care or attention. They make no noise for they strike nothing. They cause no vibration. They merely slide up and down in perfect lubrication, and silently. The timing is positive and mechanical, and cannot be deranged by neglect or wear. In fact, it can never become deranged.

What this Sleeve Action is like Take in your hands two smooth pieces of metal, oil them, then slide them one upon the other—this is the simple, noiseless, vibrationless, silent action of the sleeves in the "Stoddard-Dayton-Knight." Fitting the engine cylinder closely, one within the other, with a film of oil between, are these two sliding cylinders, and within the inner one slides the piston. Each sleeve has two slots in it, one on each side. When slot Y in the outer sleeve comes opposite slot X in the inner sleeve, and opposite the intake port C, a charge of gas is drawn into the cylinder. After the explosion has taken place, the sliding of the sleeves brings the slot B in the inner sleeve opposite slot A in the outer sleeve, and right opposite the exhaust port E, allowing the burnt gas to escape through the exhaust manifold.

Why Greater Power The valve openings are larger than is possible with any other style of valve, so that greater power is secured through admittance of a fuller charge of gas, as also because of a more complete scavenging of the cylinder chamber after the explosion. Loss of compression through leakage at the sliding sleeves is impossible.

Complete water jacketing encircles the cylinders, cylinder heads, circulation areas enclosing the spark plugs, and also the gas ways, so that a uniform heat is maintained the entire length of the piston travel.

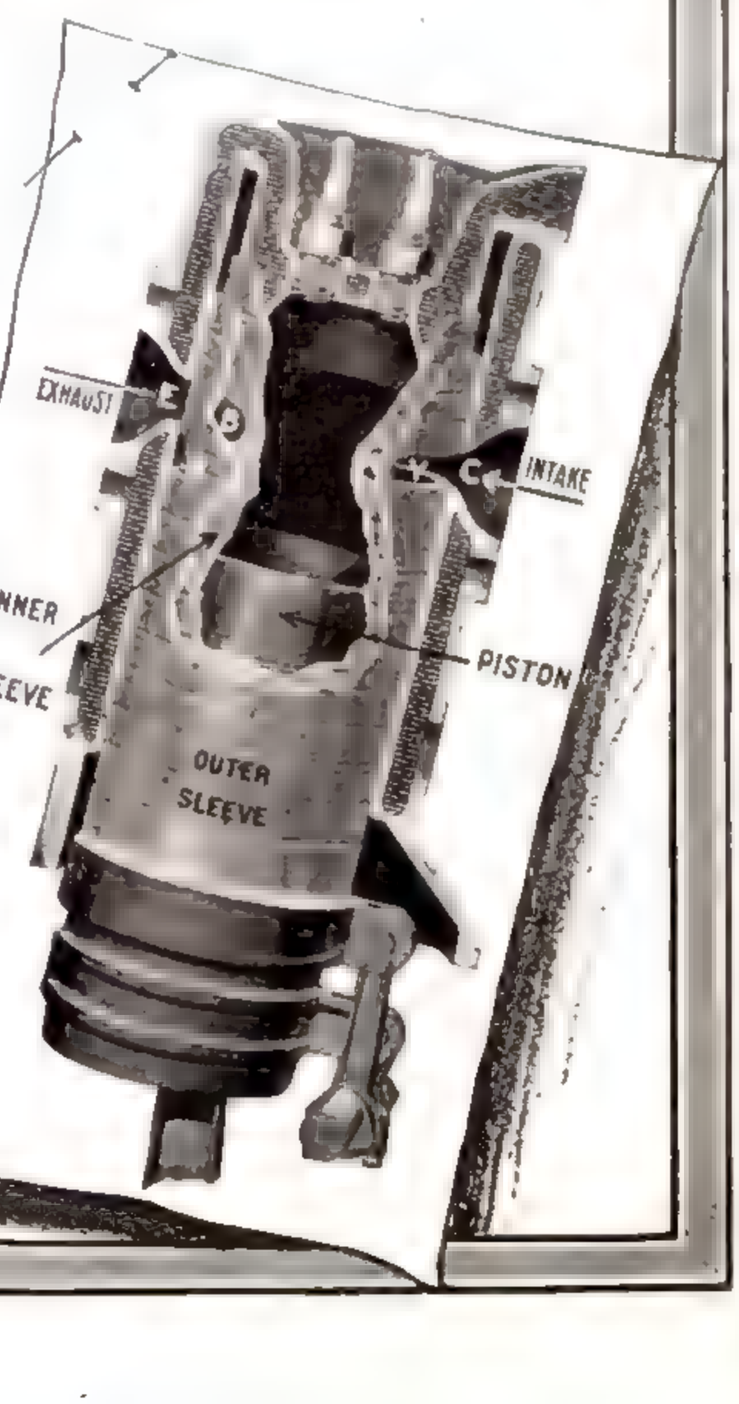
The magneto and pump drive shaft, as also the valve shaft, are driven by silent chains. Today the silent chain is used on scores of foreign cars to drive the cam shafts.

Its Wonderful Oiling System The lubrication of the "Stoddard-Dayton-Knight" motor is what is known as the "movable-dam" system. Located transversely beneath the six connecting rods are six oil troughs, hinged on a shaft connected with the throttle. With the opening and closing of the throttle these troughs are automatically raised and lowered. When the throttle is opened, which raises the troughs, the ends of the connecting rods dip deep into the oil and create a splashing of oil on the lower ends of the sliding sleeves.

When the motor is throttled down, which lowers the troughs, the rods barely touch the oil and a corresponding less amount of oil is splashed. Tests of 750 miles of running on a single gallon of oil have been many.

The engine runs with equal smoothness at 50 miles or 15. It accelerates and gets away under load with remarkable ease, changing from 5 to 50 miles if desired, without slipping the clutch or changing gears.

A "Silent Knight" motor in a five-seated car, in which were two passengers, has accelerated from a standing start on high gear to more than 35 miles an hour in 30 seconds. Surely this is an indication of remarkable low-speed engine torque. Nothing short of an actual trial of the car can possibly convey any adequate appreciation of its characteristics. Its silence, the peculiar light feeling of the engine, and its great reserve power constitute one of the great delights in driving this machine.



Write for Details of Satisfied Owners' Free Inspection Service, and Catalog of all Models.

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Division of UNITED STATES MOTOR COMPANY

RECENT improvements in processes of manufacture enable the Gillette Safety Razor Company to announce a razor blade of greater superiority—a blade that will give you a still better shave than any heretofore produced.

These wonderful Gillette Blades, for use exclusively in the Gillette Safety Razor, are now offered to shaving men everywhere as the ultimate achievement in edged steel.

These blades have been evolved during ten years of untiring experimental research in our own laboratories and workshops, in determining the best formula for producing razor steel and in the gradual perfecting of automatic machinery and tempering systems.

The result is a shaving implement of rare quality—uniform, keen, hard and lasting—as near perfection as human ingenuity can approach.

No expense has been spared in bringing about this achievement. In fact, the recent expenditure of over $170,000.00 on special blade machinery has largely made possible the matchless Gillette Blades we are now marketing.

The Gillette Blade eliminates stropping and honing—an irksome, wasteful and ofttimes hopeless task for the man who shaves. This enormously important feature is the fundamental principle of the Gillette Safety Razor, and has done more than anything else to popularize self-shaving all over the world.

King C Gillette

GILLETTE SALES CO.
22 West Second Street
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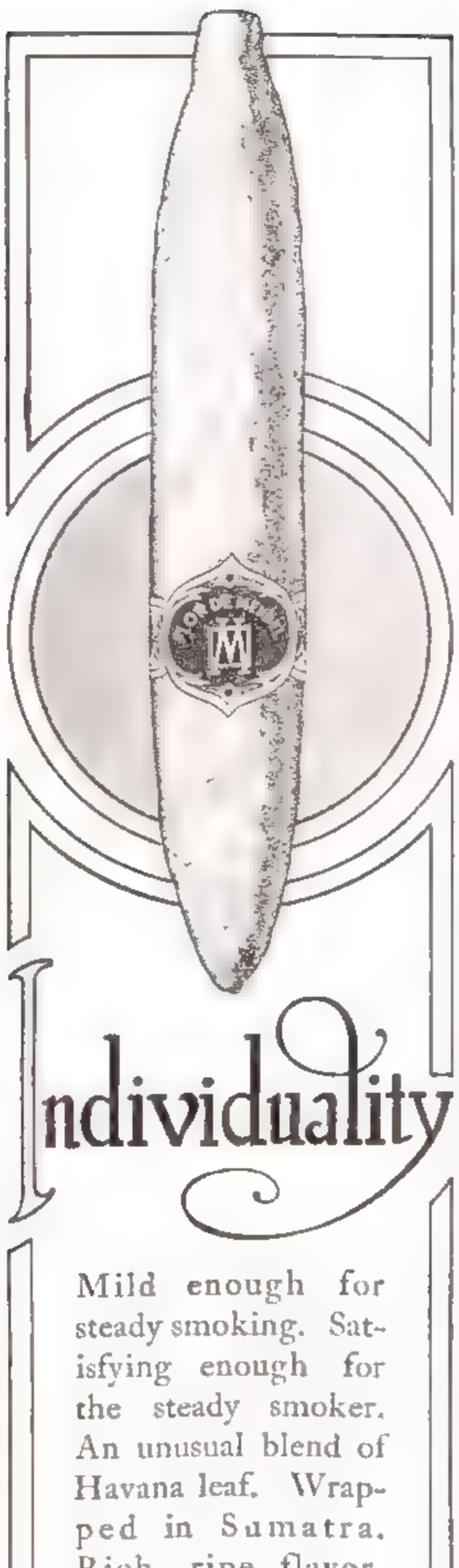
September 1, 1911

Try the Gillette Safety Razor—and Shaving Comfort



Individuality

Mild enough for steady smoking. Satisfying enough for the steady smoker. An unusual blend of Havana leaf. Wrapped in Sumatra. Rich, ripe flavor. Aromatic bouquet. A good smoke—an all-day-long smoke. That's the whole story.

FLOR DE MENDEL

Try one—you'll like it. 3 for 25c, 10c straight, [illegible] for 5c, according to size. Your dealer should have Flor de Mendel Cigars. If he has not, send us his name with $3.50 and we will see that you are supplied with a box of 50 three-for-a-quarter size.

MENDEL & COMPANY
202 E. 100th St., New York

SUCCESS AFTER FORTY

Continued from Page 18

simplified system of bookkeeping that permitted the office to be run with eighty per cent of its former force. For this he was promoted over the heads of the old employees to an assistant managership that pays him thirty-two hundred dollars.

Few stories are as simple as those of the men who in business made successes of themselves after forty—the whole secret resolves itself into the ancient trick of the egg of Columbus. But if the story of the business men who finally succeeded is simple, that of men who entered the professions late in life and "made good" is even simpler. For, whereas the man in business is more or less dependent upon other humans whom he must win over by argument and perseverance, the man who takes up a profession in later life is under no such handicap. Before him, in his field, lies the work of the wide world, wherein he can cut just as wide a swath as he pleases. Success lies wholly within the palm of his own hand and it is his as certainly as he has the energy to fit himself for the practice of a professional field.

There is not today a profession that has not among its bright lights men who entered its ranks late in life. As a matter of fact, it is the late comers in a profession that have passed the ordeal of the primitive law, "the survival of the fittest"; for a mind so eminently fitted for a profession as to master it when past the years of readiest impressions and in the face of difficulties is of no ordinary caliber, and is apt to make a mark in conjunction with a business training and a mature temperament. Extraordinary instances showing how men who at first failed consistently reached success in professions in late life are numerous.

A case of this sort is that of a well known New Jersey lawyer who was over forty years old before he was admitted to the bar. The bugbear that had entered the life of this man, who from boyhood had had the ambition to be a lawyer, was a factory of no mean importance that had come down to him through his uncle and his father. It had come to him when he was half through the university where he was studying his chosen profession.

In those days the factory was doing splendidly, for it had almost a monopoly in its field; but steadily, under the new and inexperienced handling, the business began to go downhill until it failed; and the owner, who by that time had a family of his own, had to take up with any sort of work to support his little brood. At the age of thirty-nine he was climbing down cellar stairs in tenement houses, nearly breaking his neck falling over rubbish heaps, reading gas meters for twelve dollars a week.

A Thousand a Month at Fifty

On one of his trips into the bowels of the earth he broke a leg—the finest piece of luck that ever struck him; for while he was lying on his back recuperating at the company's expense his wife brought him one of his old college textbooks with which to wile away the time. And he wiled it. He had forgotten everything he had ever learned, but the books brought back the old ambition; and by the time he was able to get about again he had made such strides that he determined to become a lawyer if he had to sit up half of his nights to study.

On his route there lived a lawyer and to him he went for advice, confiding his ambition. In this way he obtained lawbooks that he did not have the money to purchase. When he had studied at night for three years he knew enough to make himself valuable in a law office and his lawyer acquaintance got him a position where he earned as much as he did reading meters. Six months later his employer told him he was worth more money and that he would find him a better opening, which he did.

As the law clerk climbed he figured for himself that quick success in his profession depended on knowing many people; so he spent his spare time with politicians and in the rooms of clubs and societies. By the time he was admitted to the bar the asset he had made through cultivating acquaintances was so valuable that his employer offered him a partnership. This he declined. He struck out at once for himself and from the jump-off made a splendid success. Today his income is more than one thousand dollars a month. His age is not yet fifty.

To the chronic fizzle who spends his evenings lolling on the small of his back in slippers, sucking a pipe, the story of this lawyer may seem almost incredible; but there is nothing strange about it, except that it took an accident to awaken this man to his chances. Thousands of men in various lines of business are studying law at night and will make a big success of it, and hundreds of these are men over forty. The newspaper profession and that vast army of clerks with insurance companies contribute a steady crop of promising lawyers.

Reporter Turned Lawyer

Three years ago a new lawyer, a former newspaperman, was admitted to the New York bar. His practice last year netted him thirty thousand dollars! For twenty-five years this man had been a reporter on a well-known newspaper, where his work as "star" political reporter brought him in contact with many politicians. One of these, a Supreme Court justice, was a special friend of his.

"John," he said, "you're a virile, level-headed sort of man and have a big slice of life before you. Why don't you buckle down and study law? It wouldn't take you more than a few years to make it and with your circle of acquaintances it would prove a tremendous thing."

The newspaperman went home and thought things over; next day he went to his friend and got a list of books to start with, and at regular intervals thereafter he kept in touch with the justice, who guided and advised him. At the end of two years he was offered a private secretaryship to a prominent millionaire; but he declined, for he thought it best to keep in touch with the men with whom he was thrown into close contact in his newspaper work. At the end of four years he was admitted to the bar and there was a wild scramble among several prominent law firms for his services. One of these made him a salary offer that it would not do to mention, for the reason that it would not be believed—but the asset in this case was a matter not of law but of a tremendous circle of desirable acquaintances. For a time this offer tempted the new lawyer. Then he said to himself: "If as a grass-green man I'm worth this sum to these people what ought I to be worth to myself inside of five years?" He struck out for himself and from the outset was successful. In cases where law did not prove a client's purpose he used horse-sense, and where this fell short he used his personal acquaintances.

As for himself, he is running his office along brand-new lines—without assistants. "You go to the average-bid law firm and what happens?" he said to a friend. "You see the head of the firm. After you are gone he turns the case over to a fifteen-dollar-a-week assistant and he thereafter has charge of it. You're paying for a 'star' lawyer and getting fifteen-dollars-a-week services! In my office I do all the work and am paid accordingly."

The salary of this man while he was a political reporter was a guaranty of seventy-five dollars a week. Seldom did he run over one hundred dollars. As stated, his income last year was thirty thousand dollars!

What this lawyer did has been duplicated in other professions. Twelve years ago there was an engine-driver on one of the biggest railroads in the country. He was a mighty good engine-driver, for, although only thirty-five years old, he was intrusted with one of the fastest trains on the system.

This engineer was a widower who had been left with two little girls. These children meant everything to him. Often he wondered how he could better himself for their sake. To rise in the company where he was located was difficult, although not impossible. The men who were certain of reaching the top were "book engineers"—men who had gone to universities and studied coördinate geometry and calculus and mechanics, and had taken degrees. To do this would require time to study and would necessitate his changing to a position that would be less nerve-racking than taking a limited express through pitch-black nights, past a thousand signals and switches and over drawbridges. He took the master mechanic of his division into his confidence and through him landed as an engine-driver on the elevated railroad in the city of New York, where he worked on an average eight

Here is the Instrument Ready—Charged with Pyrene

3 inches in diameter
14 inches long
weight 5 lbs.

Labeled Under Direction of the Underwriters Laboratories

Retails for
Metal $6.
Brass $7.
Nickel Plated $8.

Fire in all its Destructive Horrors has at last found its master in

Pyrene TRADE MARK

Pyrene is a combination of powerful gases in liquid form absolutely devoid of moisture, thus rendering it a non-conductor of electricity. When this liquid is subjected to a temperature of 200 degrees or more, it is instantly converted into a heavy flexible, non-poisonous gas blanket, which, surrounding the fire, excludes oxygen, and extinguishes the fire without damaging adjacent property.

Pyrene will not freeze at a temperature of 100 degrees below zero; does not deteriorate with age, thus eliminating cost of renewal; it does not corrode metals or injure varnished surfaces or the most delicate fabrics or materials. It is equally efficient on all classes of incipient fires, including chimney fires, curtain fires, grease and gasoline fires.

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Pyrene is recommended by the Automobile Underwriters Association of America and an approved Fire Appliance by the National Board of Fire Underwriters.

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"Pyrene Liquid" is an absolute non-conductor and an extremely high insulator. It is, therefore, safe to use on fires caused by short circuits or on fires in and about electrical apparatus, regardless of voltage or amperage.

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"Pyrene" is especially serviceable in schools, factories, offices, public institutions and private residences. Its simplicity, and the fact that it is not dangerous to life or property, and can be used by man, woman or child, give it special claims on public favor.

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"The Vital Five Minutes."

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If you are interested in a Simple, Safe and Sufficient protection against Fire of any nature whatsoever, mail us your name for a convincing demonstration in your own town.

Your Name
P O Address
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You can delight the Family with Superior and most Tempting Dishes by using

Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes

10c. — sizes — 15c.

The codfish caught in the cold deep seas off the coast of Maine are famous for delightful flavor and firm meatiness. These qualities of excellence are so saved for you in Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes that it is easy for you to **make ready in a few minutes**

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tempting, digestible, nutritious, delightfully toothsome—far superior to any results you've ever been able to obtain from dried-up, chip-like, tasteless, "manufactured" codfish

[illegible] "Good Eating" [illegible]

You can have in your home—no matter where you live—Codfish—just as fresh and flavory as the day taken from the ocean—coming to you in a sanitary container absolutely free from any preservative. Every ounce cooked perfectly and said by Food Experts to be the most creditable and desirable Sea Food product ever offered.

[illegible] grocer to-day for Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes. If he happens to be out of it he will get it; but to avoid delay send us 10 cents and a full sized 10c. package will be sent you by return mail prepaid.

BURNHAM & MORRILL CO.
PORTLAND, MAINE, U. S. A.

Burnham & Morrill Paris Sugar Corn—new packing—always tender—sweet—creamy—is now on the dealers' shelves. If you want to be sure of getting a superior quality of canned corn order a case from your grocer to-day.

hours a day. This gave him plenty of spare time to study at night. He sent his babies to be cared for by a relative, and saw them only once a week.

He began his studies in a technical institute that had night sessions. From the outset he worked with concentration and energy that were almost grim, and made headway steadily. At the end of two years he had made such headway that he ranked second in a class of thirty. A prominent engineer learned of the man who was "making himself" and got him a position in the machine shop of a technical college. This was not necessary to his success. He would have finished his course in time under the old plan, but it made life easier for him. He passed the examinations of this college, barring courses in languages and other frills; and, though he took no degree owing to the absence of the tail-feathers, he was considered one of the most promising engineers ever sent out by the institution.

As the class he was keeping up with neared graduation there was rivalry to see who would land the best-paying jobs. Only the former locomotive engineer, now a man of forty, had the proper perspective. He took a ten-dollar-a-week job as a draughtsman in a big locomotive works to work up from the bottom. This was seven years ago. The position that he now holds with this company is assistant to the general manager. He is owner of four important patents used on many of the biggest railways throughout the country. His salary is sixty-five hundred dollars a year, with more to come when he fills the place of his present superior.

Many a man would regard the foundation upon which this engine-driver had to work with envy. The idea of being so situated as to earn enough money to permit studying seems huge to the man who cannot earn enough to make ends meet as it is. There are men any number of them who make successes of themselves late in life despite this handicap.

There was a foreman of a big bluestone quarry who had more or less of an eventful career. He came of good family and had gone to a university to study mining engineering. In the middle of his course his father died, leaving but little fortune. This the son lost in a contract for building a section of trunk sewer; so he was left high and dry. He knew no business in particular and was glad to find a job as foreman in the quarry; and for ten years he had charge of a gang of forty or fifty men. Meanwhile he pitied himself because his "career had been blasted."

One Secret of Success

One day he stood watching an old Italian feeding stones into the jaws of the stone-crusher. This man had earned one dollar and seventy-five cents a day for the past five years and had grown rich on it. He had lived on something like fifty cents a week on a black potful of Indian meal cooked with water and a slab of bacon rind—prepared on Sundays and eaten with a relish three times a day, with water instead of coffee. Winter and summer alike this man worked ten hours a day. He was the picture of health and had slept in a home-made bunk in the boiler room. And now he had announced that he was going to throw up his job and buy himself a farm in Italy. In this quarry scores of Italians had made what they considered riches and had returned home to live in comfort after roughing it in this country for a few years; but it was not until the foreman came across the case of the old crusher-feeder that a secret of success was brought home to him. He began to estimate all that he would be able to save if he were to board himself on a cot in the quarry office and pinch expenses with a view to saving enough to enable him again to study engineering; and he found that, including clothes and all other necessaries, he would not fare too roughly on an allowance of five dollars a week. The thought suggested itself to him to pick up his old engineering books and brush up at least to the point where his courses had been interrupted. The task was easier than he had thought. Inside of eight months, using the early mornings, rainy days and Sundays for his books, he had regained the lost ground, had saved four hundred and fifty dollars and had gone far enough to know that eventually he would succeed.

With this money he went to see the president of his former university, who advised him to try for the junior year examinations and to trust to luck and the advice the president could give him for working his way through the course. He entered with three conditions. The day he worked these off he was informed that, upon the recommendation of the president, the trustees had suspended his tuition fees until such time as it would be convenient for him to pay them. By tutoring underclassmen and by teaching three nights a week in a local night school he managed to earn enough to support himself comfortably.

The first job that came to him was of his own making. It was in a Mexican mine which, although rich in deposits, was unworkable because of an acid in the water that quickly ate through the pumps and pipes. The problem was to find an alloy that would withstand this acid. The new engineer found not one but several composite metals that would withstand the acid, and was appointed general manager at a salary of eight thousand dollars a year.

What Came of a Course in Chemistry

In an Eastern city of the third class lived a high-school principal who had started with the ambition of being an analytical chemist. Before he was old enough to go to college he had met a girl he liked and, after marrying her, was kept busy hopping from one line to another in the fight to make ends meet. Finally he found a job as a teacher in a small private school. While there, he studied; and in due time he qualified as a public-school teacher and began the climb until he became principal.

Year after year he had hoped to save enough money to work his way through some college and emerge a full-fledged analytical chemist; but a family of five girls knocked this ambition in the head. By the time the youngest girl was self-supporting the head of the family was forty-six years old—old enough to be a grandfather. Up to the time the girls began to work the family had not been able to lay aside five cents; and the usual specter with a big P was staring husband and wife in the face for their old age.

In the ordinary course of events the young women would have married, one after another; and in due time an appreciative board of education would have given the veteran his walking papers. This is undoubtedly what would have happened in the principal's case had it not been for a clever plan evolved by one of the girls. Her idea was that the young women should support the family as best they could while the father took a course in analytical chemistry.

The proposal to have children pay for the tuition of a parent seemed at first almost grotesquely preposterous; but in it was a germ of wisdom that could not be entirely rejected. The idea grew on closer scrutiny until the father began to investigate its possibilities shorn of its drawbacks. The upshot was that he resigned his position and went to a certain town and began a private course with the professor in chemistry in an engineering school. At first he made his way by tutoring preparatory-school pupils for the college, but this cost so much valuable time, and the plan as originally proposed by the family proved so feasible, that he cut out the idea of self-support and devoted every hour from early morning until late at night to studying. By specializing in the analysis of refined copper the course was narrowed to a single year, at the end of which time the former school principal knew about as much of the delicate operations in this important field as it was possible for a general chemist of twenty years' experience to know. Before he left his chemistry professor he had devised a wonderful new method for determining accurately the percentages of those pests, antimony and arsenic, which it is often so necessary to know in the analysis of refined copper and which up to the time of the new method could not be determined with a proper degree of precision.

Inside of six months he was a recognized authority on the analysis of refined coppers; and the analyses he was making by contract, not to mention the others, were netting him seven thousand dollars yearly. In his laboratory at that time he was using three assistants. This chemist died comparatively young, for he lived to practice his new profession only ten years; but he left an estate valued at forty-two thousand dollars—surely a fitting example of success after forty.

MANY "SINCERITY" styles come from England and many "SINCERITY" Clothes go to England *with the wearers inside of them.* Over here or over sea, they're impeccably correct.

FOR,—sound fashion has *no* boundary line. It girdles the globe. Wherever you wear "SINCERITY CLOTHES," you're kin to the *best-dressed* man.

AND—the *sincerity* of the tailoring preserves and perpetuates the style. It's not just *with* the garment, but *of* it and *in* it. This label in the *coat-pocket* is our business *coat-of-arms:*—

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It pledges that every part and process of the tailoring has been "*search-warranted*"—searched for a fault and warranted to be free from it.

IF *you* should have trouble in finding a "SINCERITY" dealer near you, it's no trouble for *us* to send you his name, besides our Book of Modes that unfolds the whole realm of fashion to your eyes. Free. Write for it!

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Did the steam heat in your building fail to give satisfaction last winter? There's still time to assure perfect heating for next winter, in any building, at less cost, by installing

The Reliable Vacuum Pump

For Steam Heating-Plants—New or Old

BY automatically pulling out the air from radiators and piping, the Reliable Vacuum Pump assures quick, uniform heat in every loop of every radiator; eliminates all rumbling, grumbling, hissing and hammering-noises; does away with all danger of leakage. And in assuring these advantages it also cuts off a fourth of the customary fuel-cost.

Cures Sick Heating-Systems

A TYPICAL instance of the way the Reliable Vacuum Pump cures the ills of faulty installations is furnished by the terrace shown at the top—illustration No. 14.

With the boiler located under the owner's residence at the near end of the terrace it was impossible to heat the farther residence properly. Heating was slow and uneven no matter how much the steam-pressure was forced.

Trouble like this is most frequently found in connection with large buildings of this type. Installing a Reliable Vacuum Pump cured the troubles. It pulls out the air from radiators and piping and permits the unobstructed steam to flash at once to every part of the system. Equally perfect results follow its use in every residence, whether it be a cottage or a skyscraper. All this is accomplished with less coal and at less cost than attending the troubles the owner actually suffers from the lack of it.

Insures New Heating-Systems

BETTER heat at less cost is assured by adding the Reliable Vacuum Pump to new installations—for the same reason that applies in curing the troubles of old systems.

By pulling out the air, it removes the greatest enemy steam heat has to contend with. You don't have to have steam enough to force the air out. A smaller radiator will instantly rush to all parts of the system. Moreover, you get the full benefit of every inch of radiation you have—or that you buy—since the heat has room to flow right through from the boiler to the return pipe, without being driven out.

In Cottage and Skyscraper

ALL the buildings shown in the margin of this advertisement—and very many other buildings—have better heat at less cost because of the Reliable Vacuum Pump.

Every steam-heated building—from the smallest residence to the largest business or public building—will find it at once a better heat and economy. This is true whether steam is generated on the premises or obtained from a central station.

How the Pump Works

THE Reliable Vacuum Pump is a simple automatic air-suction pump made in two types—one operated by city water-pressure, the other by electricity.

One [illegible] the Reliable Vacuum Pump is connected to the system. When [illegible] the pump begins to work. The [illegible] automatically.

The Question of Cost

UNTIL the details of your heating-problems are known it will be impossible to tell you the cost of installing the Reliable Vacuum Pump. But it is certain that the saving in fuel-cost and the gain in comfort will pay many times over for the cost of the pump.

The cost of operation, which varies with the work to be done in trying many cases [illegible] to show that the Reliable Vacuum Pump [illegible] with 8000 square feet of radiation, [illegible] of water a day for operation purposes.

Investigate Immediately

ASSURE next winter's comfort and economy by making an immediate investigation of the Reliable Vacuum Pump.

Write today for the booklet [illegible] "Steam Heat at Less Cost." It will [illegible] you, [illegible] the special features of your building [illegible] can be secured more quickly.

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THE BISHOP-BABCOCK-BECKER CO

Index to Buildings Illustrated—All using the Reliable Vacuum Pump

1 McKeesport Bras[illegible], Pittsburgh
2 [illegible] Terrace, [illegible]
3 [illegible]
4 Grace Church and School, Milwaukee
5 [illegible] Lodge, Allegheny, N. Y.
6 [illegible] Hotel, Detroit
7 [illegible] Rochester
8 Carter's [illegible], Boone, Ia.
9 [illegible]
10 Kansas [illegible], Kansas City
11 [illegible], Western [illegible] Grosse Pte., Mich.
12 Marshall Residence, Augusta, Wis.
13 [illegible] Residence, New York City
14 [illegible] Terrace, East [illegible]
15 [illegible], Buffalo
16 H. Rentz Residence, Weehawken
17 [illegible] Residence, Lafayette, [illegible]
18 Webb Building, Rockland, Mass.
19 Abraham Lincoln Grade School, Boston
20 [illegible] Shoe Machinery [illegible]
21 [illegible] Hotel, Utica, N. Y.
22 [illegible] the Register [illegible] Davenport, Ia.
New Armory, Bay City, Mich.
24 St. Joseph's Hospital, South Bend
25 [illegible] Building, [illegible], N. Y.
26 [illegible] College, San Rafael, Cal.

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YOU CAN do this—anywhere you live—if you get the chance. Let me begin at once write today for this new proposition, proved wonderfully successful.

No experience was necessary for these teachers, lawyers, salesmen, clerks, writers, business men—and women as well as men—who joined our selling organization, now earning better incomes than they had before.

We show you sworn statements before notaries and voluntary enthusiastic letters from our representatives everywhere telling the money they are making—as high as $25 to $50 a week and up many at the rate of several thousand dollars a year.

Be your own "boss"—independent to work in the time you please. Work when you know you can make the most money.

Do this in part or all your time as Agent, Salesman or Manager

It's well worth your while to write us and get our special offer to you. That costs you only a 2c stamp or a postal.

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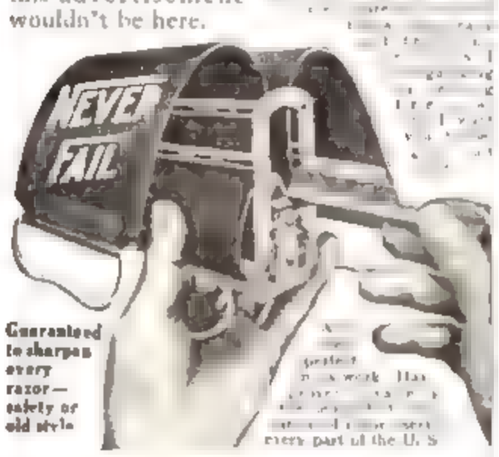

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Special large made for territory. Protection against others running over your field. [illegible] are also making [illegible]

It is a new proposition. A positive automatic razor sharpener which is guaranteed to sharpen safety or old style razor blades any and every time perfectly. Handles any and every blade automatically. Just a few seconds will put it in perfect and better shape to [illegible] satisfying shave than can any expert hand operator. [illegible] Men are eager to buy it. We [illegible] proposition.

The possibilities are unlimited. We are ready to prepare you on how to start at once and make a great success for yourself and us. Don't delay. Territory is going fast. Write today and give the name of your county.

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THE FRESHMAN

(Continued from Page 24

time for no further reflection—the big red team was surging lumpishly into the low blue line.

The little team, fighting with cleats dug into the mud, was forced backward; the slippery soil betrayed it; sapped beneath it its superior speed. It went back, and then again, a few seconds later, to big slow bucks too heavy for it. Almost immediately this took on a sort of mechanical precision. The signal sounded, the red backs came forward, the two lines met in a swirl—and the little team slid back. Carter danced frantically about the whirling mass, afraid to mix in on account of the post he must guard and seeing his mates go back before his eyes. Then suddenly he himself was attacked; and so completely had his whole personality gone to the hammered and distressed center that now he was caught napping. With a shock of surprise he saw the three backs, instead of plunging straight ahead, come toward him; with stupor he watched the rise and fall of their low, galloping shoulders. Only at the last limit of possible action did he remember. He leaped out and back, just escaping being rounded. The red squad swerved sharply. Behind the interference he saw the man bending over the ball. He leaped after him, too late, missed by several feet—and, lying flat, saw the formation, slipping between him and Flannigan and fiercely attacked now, go stumbling on, to collapse at last far behind the blue line.

He got up and ran to his place, full of a bewildered rage. Again heavy bucks hammered the little team back, and another attack, directed at him and succeeding in exactly the same way, brought the reds very near.

There, however, in the shadow of their own goal-posts, the last white line searing their backs like hot iron, the men of the little team, fighting like catamounts, tore to pieces three charges; and, taking the ball, they punted it back to the center of the field.

But the red team came on again, heavy, with that steady inexorable pressure which the little team, slipping in the mud, could not withstand. With slow heaving masses on the center, varied by sudden end runs thrown at Carter again working mechanically like a pile-driver, they crumpled the blue band back upon its own goal-posts; but there again, disgrace crucking its whip, the little teammates stopped the giants.

It was like a nightmare. All the time, in spite of Bloomingdale's relieving kicks, the struggle remained in the blue territory, all the time in the shadow of the goal-posts. All the time, the last white line close to their backs, the little team just saved itself, holding on with clawed fingernails to the edge of a precipice.

But Carter's condition was gradually changing; he was changing it, with concentration, with patience, keeping himself in hand; his mind was speeding up; he was speeding it up. It had caught up with the events; it moved with them; it began to hover ahead of them. The last time he had missed his man by inches instead of yards. He had discovered something. Since always they went by inside of him, between him and Flannigan, he must be playing too far out. He moved in cautiously. Bloomingdale came to him in a lull. "What's the matter, Carter? What's the matter?" he asked, almost tearfully.

"I'll get them next time," answered Carter with absolute assurance.

He felt sure now, for he had discovered something else; he had discovered what was so puzzling in the attacks directed at him. They were no ordinary end runs. It was not the right half who took the ball. The backs all went forward as interference and it was the right tackle, a big fellow with a hard, firm run, who stepped out of the line and, swirling behind the backs, took the ball.

The next moment they were coming at him again. He leaped far back, standing there loose and vulnerable, drawing the interference to him. When their lowered heads were almost at his belly, he suddenly sprang back inside and found himself face to face with the furtive runner carrying the ball. The very success of the maneuver turned it here almost to disaster. Surprised, Carter stood still for the fraction of a second, stupid. The man was so close he could not tackle. Then he fell limply forward with outstretched arms; the arms slid in loose embrace along the burly form, caught at the knees—and the red jersey abruptly flopped to earth.

As Carter rose triumphant, the whistle announcing the end of the first half was trilling over the field.

When the second half began Carter felt that he was another boy than the one who had started in the contest three-quarters of an hour before. He had found himself. He had found himself, all alone, in silent meditation during the feverish disorder of the intermission, while Blair poured upon them hot words and the trainer cold water.

Again, after some skirmishing, the battle seemed to settle down to the same despairing monotony. The red team again had the ball; again they were coming down the field in heavy, lumpish surges, which the blue team, slipping in the mud, could not hold. One man, though, knew that there had been a change; knew that at least one breach had been thoroughly plugged. This was Carter; watchful and cool at his end, he was waiting with desire to be attacked.

He waited, it seemed a long time; he feared that they had forgotten him; but finally he leaped forward, full of a cold, fierce joy. They were coming at him this time; right away he had caught the sidewise spring of the backs, the swirling of the right tackle out of the line. They were coming at him, the four backs together in interference, the tackle running low behind them, ball under elbow. He leaped toward them; when they were near he went down along the ground, cleats of both shoes dug deep, his back, neck and head rigid in a barlike horizontal line. They were upon him now. An instinct had come to him abruptly—a strange, clear instinct that seemed to possess all the complicated secrets of force-appliance. He felt like a woodchopper at the instant he brings his ax down exactly into the right nick. The rising knee of the interference leader was almost in his face; suddenly his whole body, cleats still dug into the earth, back, neck and head still in a straight, tense horizontal line, went forward with a short, stiff, hard jolt, compact and smoothly violent as a machine gun's recoil. It struck with precision the apex of the charge. A gasp came from the attentive side line, a sort of shocked sigh. The interference was up in the air, asprawl, as if beneath it a bomb had detonated. It struck the ground again in a limp, disordered mass. Crouching there, still in the same posture, Carter waited for the man with the ball; but the man with the ball did not appear—he was beneath the interference.

Carter, going back to his place, was now full of a proud fury. He could have shouted; he could have poured forth yells of provocation and defiance and contempt; his arm wanted to rise and shake a fist. But he only got down low, silent and grim. The quarter of the red team, standing behind his line and about to give his signal, threw him an astonished inspecting glance, as if to assure himself that the holder of the position had not been changed. Carter smiled at him wickedly; and then he was springing forward again. The red quarter had decided to try him once more. Again Carter, cleats dug and back horizontal, met the charge with that short pistonlike movement; again the formation went up in the air and came down in a sprawl.

It was now, for the first time in good position, the blue team's ball; and here the results of Blair's coaching showed—the hours and hours spent charging up and down the campus beneath the sodden rains. With all the strain it had undergone, the little team was still dry and fit. Tightening up for the offense, it looked whittled down, hard and clean. It shot forward; and it was the compressed precise impact of a ram. The red team streamed backward, cut in two.

The signals followed each other fast; the little team went toward the red's goal-posts with metallic, pinging blows. Each man was a perfect cog; each man held a flame within. As they crouched tight, shoulder to shoulder, a current ran through them all, welding them; a mutter of brotherly encouragement ran from end to end; and as, to their reiterated attacks, white line after white line passed successively beneath their feet, they glowed with approaching triumph and derided their

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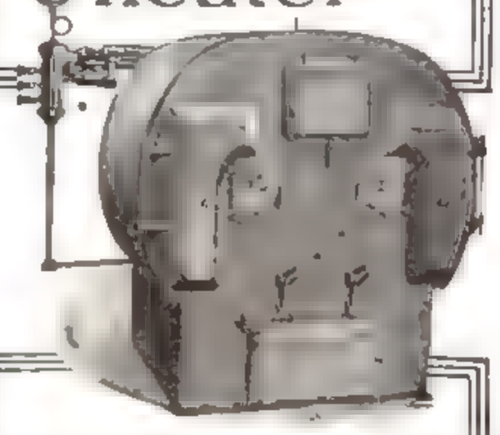

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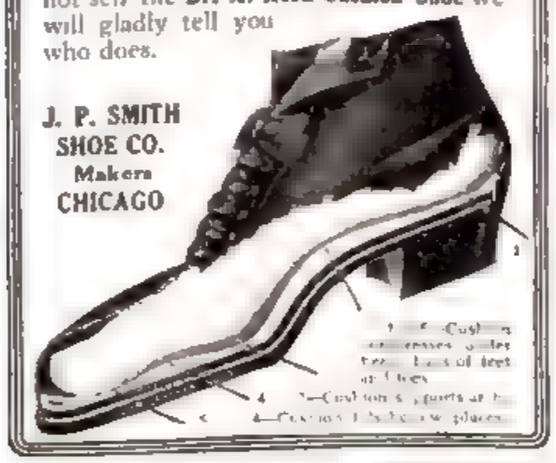

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burly opponents. Carter, close to Flannigan, felt the heat of his body; working together they boxed and upset the big red tackle opposite them, opening holes through which Dyer flashed like an eel. "Oh, you Carter!" cried Flannigan. "Oh, you Flannigan!" cried Carter. "On his head this time, eh?" "On his back this time, eh?" And working together as one being, they threw upside down, on his head, on his back, the poor, weary red tackle.

Five yards from a touchdown, though, Dyer slipped in a puddle and dropped the ball. The reds fell upon it and punted out of danger, clear to the center of the field.

"We'll get you this time!" cried the men of the little team. Tightening up close, in no whit discouraged, taking the ball they again started for the red goal-posts. With short, springy, precise jolts they hammered the tiring red team back along the field, but Fate was still reluctant. Very close to the last white line the ball popped out of a pile-up and the reds again secured it. They punted. Bloomingdale let the slippery sphere slip out of his hands and again a red jersey covered it. It was the red team's ball in the center of the field.

Immediately the red team began to attack heavily again, as it had done throughout the first half. They let Carter's wing alone now and kept at the center of the line, which again was proving vulnerable. They could not withstand there the fearful, heavy pressure. The mud annihilated their superiority in speed. Even as they fought, they felt themselves sliding back along the treacherous earth. The signal rang out; the red backs plunged forward, and immediately the two teams coalesced in a round, whirling human mass. It swayed; it went to the right and to the left; it collapsed; and each time the collapse was toward the blue team and ate up a few more yards of its dwindling ground. Carter hopped and skipped, impotent, about the close-packed human tower, in virtue of his post afraid to weld himself into its composite of forces, hovering about it with eyes keen for the luck of a fumbled ball, for something that could be seized. Before his eyes, beneath his hands almost, he saw his straining mates slip back.

He was getting closer and closer, itching to take part. Finally he could stand it no longer. Stooping low, he applied his shoulder behind his fellows. It seemed as if this alone were enough almost to restore the balance. The mass spilled again toward the blue team, but only with a small gain. Carter was encouraged. "We've got them!" he thought.

Even as he rose, by chance his glance fell upon the red quarter, already up behind the jumble of intertwined arms and legs. The quarter was looking at Carter. Immediately he turned away his head, but Carter had caught the look. It was a look out of slits of eyes; a look that held cunning and satisfaction. It was profoundly discomforting. Somehow it was connected to something else. As he walked toward his position at the wing of the reforming line Carter was searching for this association. It had to do with Eddie Sharon—that was it; the quarter's furtive look had some subtle connection with Eddie Sharon. Carter crouched tense at his post. The red quarter was giving his signal. His look—it had to do with something Sharon had said. And now Carter heard the words as if they were being spoken in his ear. He saw again before him Sharon's excited blue eyes, he heard him speak: "They've a fake mass, with a run around the end!"

The ball moved backward; the backs, gathering it up, plunged into the center. It was a mass just like the others, but Carter did not go into it this time; he remained out on the wing, vigilant.

The backs seemed engaged deep within the press of struggling men; but more and more Carter's distrust—and with it his watchfulness—was rising. The human tower was not whirling this time; it was not oscillating back and forth, to right and left. It seemed petrified; it was still, strangely still. Suddenly two men shot out of it and shoulder to shoulder rammed at Carter. He eluded them with a light, dancing side step; they flashed by him like blind, mad bulls—and uncovered another red jersey. For a fraction of a second Carter saw the man vividly. He saw him running hard, sneakingly and low—so low that his right arm, hanging loose, almost touched the ground in a gorillalike gesture, while the left gathered up to his breast the precious leather oval. He saw

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him thus, vivid for a fraction of a second, and then, with a snarl of eagerness, crashed into him. Even as he crashed, he heard the thump of the escaping ball and, letting go the man, dropped light on his hands and feet. A few yards away, almost under his nose, the ball was spinning on the ground like a shell. His legs straightened out; and to their spring his whole body, flying low along the ground, went like an arrow for that ball. He reached it, his arms were about it; with a convulsive movement he doubled up, rolled, and with a gasp of surprise found himself upright, the whole field free before him. Lowering his head, he drummed the earth with nervous feet and put on speed.

A white line passed beneath him. A red jersey was running parallel to him; the man now diagonaled toward him; he left the ground in a long tackle. Raising high his free right arm, Carter brought it down like a sword and chopped the clutching hands from his knees. Mysteriously another red figure appeared before him. Carter approached it, slacking up the slightest bit, watching warily out of the sides of his eyes. As he neared he slanted off more and more to the right; when almost they were meeting he swerved sharply to the left—and he was free. Before him were greensward, white lines and far—the goal-posts. He lowered his head, put on a new burst of speed; a white line passed—and something like a snake twined itself about his ankles, throwing him heavily. He had been tackled from behind.

But it didn't matter; nothing mattered now! The little team was running up, forming its line, full of proud, gay fight. They tightened up, shoulder to shoulder. They took the ball; they pinged into the fat red team like bullets into butter; they went forward with attacks precipitate and precise as the bucking of a compressed-air drill. A fierce and joyous confidence bubbled in their veins; encouraging shouts ran along the line. "Oh, you Carter!" cried Flannigan; "Oh, you Flannigan!" cried Carter. "On his back? On his head?" And working as one man they spilled on his back, on his head, the poor, tired red tackle, while Dyer flashed by.

On their last white line the reds made a stand. Twice the little blue men were stopped in their tracks. Then, furious, they took Dyer by the nape of the neck and shot him through, past the white line, past the goal-posts, to the fence!

XII

AFTERWARD Carter found himself back in the dressing rooms beneath the bleachers; about him and his teammates, the substitutes and strangers who had slipped in prattled their joy of success; but those who had played triumphed in silence, the grimness of the fight still upon them. Sharon wandered toward his corner and faced him as he stood against the wall. "You've played a good game, Carter," he said. But Carter felt all screwed-up; his nerves, his muscles, the cells of his brain, were tensed and he could not relax. It was with a scowl that he answered Sharon and the latter turned away with a little, soundless laugh. Blair stood at the door regarding them all, but saying nothing, and smoking a long cigar.

They rode back in the tally-hos the same way they had come, but now the eleven who had played were up on top, inhaling the fresh air.

At the Athletic Club, after cleansing showers, they slipped into the cool, green pool. Carter, floating idly about, felt the relaxing process gradually complete itself. He remembered how a few hours before he had looked at this marble pool wistfully as a consummation, ages of toil removed.

And afterward came the dinner. It was a pretty dinner. Right away, as soon as he was certain of success, the manager had sped downtown to order it. It consisted especially of all the good things that for months had been forbidden them.

The table was long, very white with linen and brilliant with crystal. Joyous yellow chrysanthemums were strewn down the center. Everything you dropped your spoon into, or stuck your fork into, everything you raised to your lips, had an undersavor beneath the real taste—which was good enough already—a subtle exquisiteness, which must have been as the divine ambrosia's. The gold and red glasses tinkled like little bells.

And still more satisfactory was something that ran around the long table. It was something subtle, impalpable and yet perfectly evident; it was felt in the veins. A current it was—a warm, soft current that went from man to man, from heart to heart, binding them all; which made one's chest feel as though inside of it a flower were trying to bloom, were nudging the bony case to make room for spread petals.

Carter was really one of them now. The reservation which had hedged him was gone. They shouted at him across the table just as if he had been one of the others just as if he had been Dyer, for instance.

The manager got up and made a speech. He said that after the long line of Varsity defeats the Freshmen had today put a new confidence and a new faith in the college, that they had shown the way. He was cheered standing, and napkins flew up into the air.

Some one started a little song. They all took it up.

Oh, here's to Charley Dyer,
Charley Dyer, Charley Dyer;
Oh, here's to Charley Dyer,
Charley Dyer - heigh-ho!

It went on thus, endlessly and sweetly, taking on one after the other all the names of the men of the team. At the completion of each couplet the glasses were lifted against the lights and sipped.

Finally the song had gotten down to Carter.

Oh, here's to Harry Carter,
Harry Carter, Harry Carter,
Oh, here's to Harry Carter,
Harry Carter—heigh-ho!

And Carter sat there very limp, long after the heigh-ho had sounded and the glasses had tinkled and the gentle refrain had gone on to another name.

A little later he became aware that Blair, far off at the head of the table, was getting up. He rose and then came on behind the chairs, toward Carter. He stopped there at Carter's back—it seemed a long time. There was an empty seat at Carter's right—the seat of Flannigan, who was now embracing Dyer on the other side.

Suddenly this chair was filled by Blair. Carter looked straight ahead, embarrassed.

"You played a good game, Carter."

A blush rose from Carter's collar to the roots of his hair. He did not look at Blair. He couldn't. The emotions of the day were piling up perilously.

There was a silence. Blair was leaning close, an elbow upon the table. "Say, Carter," he went on at length; "why did you stop that time—after the first day? Why didn't you keep on?"

"Why, I was—I was hurt," said Carter. He could not speak easily because something pressed upon his Adam's apple. "I hurt my knee. The director told me to keep off for two weeks."

Blair gave a little whistle. "But why didn't you tell me?" he questioned again. "I thought you had quit. Thought you were a quitter ——"

"I'm no quitter," Carter managed to whisper.

"Even today, I was watching you all the time, ready to yank you out if —— But why didn't you tell me? Didn't you know it was the rule to report to me?"

"I didn't know, but I guessed so," said Carter. "I wanted to tell you and I tried. I tried—several times. But but—well, I don't know. I didn't seem able to make it; that's all!"

Blair remained very still a long moment. Carter was looking at him slyly out of the corners of his eyes. Gradually a light came into the captain's face; then a smile. Not the old smile, with its reservation, its secret criticism, its indefinable cruelty—a smile soft with retrospect, which looked back at something precious and gentle, now gone. The captain got up. Carter felt his hand, caressing, upon his shoulder. "You Freshman!" said Blair, drawing on the syllables. "You darned Freshman!"

And suddenly Carter went forward on the table, with a little smothered boohoo.

He repossessed himself immediately though. Blair was again at the head of the table. He stood on his chair, one foot upon the table, in his hand a brimming glass. The tumult dwindled to silence.

"To the Freshman!" cried Blair.

There was a singular significance in the way he leaned upon the word "Freshman." And as he raised the glass to his lips he looked at Carter and Carter looked at him.

(THE END)

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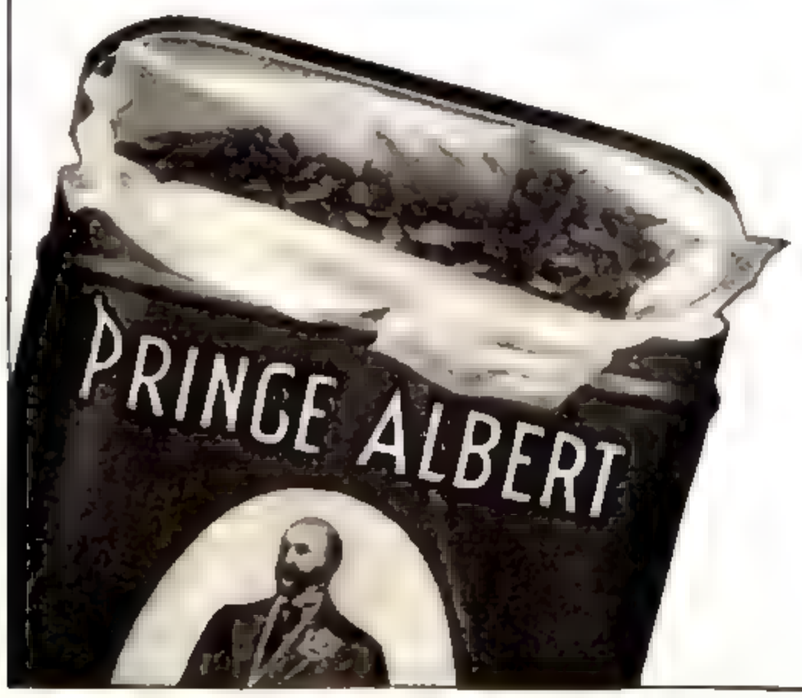

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R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

A GOBOTO NIGHT

Continued from Page 21

the way of the two five-hundred bets he proposed to play for two thousand.

"That's progression," McMurtrey warned, and was rewarded by a glare from Deacon. But the manager was insistent. "You don't have to play progression, Grief, unless you're foolish."

"Who's playing this game?" Deacon flamed at his host; and then, to Grief: "I've lost two thousand to you. Will you play for two thousand?"

Grief nodded, the fourth game began and Deacon won. The manifest unfairness of such betting was known to all of them. Though he had lost three games out of four Deacon had lost no money. By the child's device of doubling his wager with each loss he was bound, with the first game he won, no matter how long delayed, to be even again.

He now evinced an unspoken desire to stop, but Grief passed the deck to be cut.

"What?" Deacon cried. "You want more?"

"Haven't got anything yet," Grief murmured whimsically, as he began the deal. "For the usual five hundred, I suppose?"

The shame of what he had done must have tingled in Deacon, for he answered: "No, we'll play for a thousand. And say! Thirty-one points is too long. Why not twenty-one points out—if it isn't too rapid for you?"

"That will make it a nice quick little game," Grief agreed.

The former method of play was repeated. Deacon lost two games, doubled the stake and was again even. But Grief was patient, though the thing occurred several times in the next hour's play. Then happened what he was waiting for—a lengthening in the series of losing games for Deacon. The latter doubled to four thousand and lost, doubled to eight thousand and lost, and then proposed the double to sixteen thousand.

Grief shook his head. "You can't do that, you know. You've only ten thousand credit with the company."

"You mean you won't give me action?" Deacon asked hoarsely. "You mean that with eight thousand of my money you're going to quit?"

Grief smiled and shook his head.

"It's robbery, plain robbery," Deacon went on. "You take my money and won't give me action."

"No, you're wrong. I'm perfectly willing to give you what action you've got coming to you. You've got two thousand pounds of action yet."

"Well, we'll play it," Deacon took him up. "You cut."

The game was played in silence, save for irritable remarks and curses from Deacon. Silently the onlookers filled and sipped their long Scotch glasses. Grief took no notice of his opponent's outbursts, but concentrated on the game. He was really playing cards, and there were fifty-two in the deck to be kept track of and of which he did keep track. Two-thirds of the way through the last deal he threw down his hand.

"Cards put me out," he said. "I have twenty-seven."

"If you've made a mistake!" Deacon threatened, his face white and drawn.

"Then I shall have lost. Count them."

Grief passed over his stack of takings, and Deacon with trembling fingers verified the count. He half shoved his chair back from the table and emptied his glass. He looked about him at unsympathetic faces.

"I fancy I'll be catching the next steamer for Sydney," he said, and for the first time his speech was quiet and without bluster.

As Grief told them afterward: "Had he whined or raised a roar I wouldn't have given him that last chance. As it was he took his medicine like a man, and I had to do it."

Deacon glanced at his watch, simulated a weary yawn and started to rise.

"Wait," Grief said. "Do you want further action?"

The other sank down in his chair, strove to speak but could not, licked his dry lips and nodded his head.

"Captain Donovan here sails at daylight in the Gunga for Karo-Karo," Grief began with seeming irrelevance. "Karo-Karo is a ring of sand in the sea, with a few thousand cocoanut trees. Pandanus grows there, but they can't grow sweet potatoes or taro. There are about eight hundred natives, a king and two prime ministers, and the last three named are the only ones who wear any clothes. It's a sort of God-forsaken little hole and once a year I send a schooner up from Goboto. The drinking water is brackish, but old Tom Butler has survived on it for a dozen years. He's the only white man there, and he has a boat's crew of five Santa Cruz boys who would run away or kill him if they could. That is why they were sent there. They can't run away. He is always supplied with the hard cases from the plantations.

"Naturally you are wondering what it is all about. But have patience. As I have said, Captain Donovan sails on the annual trip to Karo-Karo at daylight tomorrow. Tom Butler is old and getting quite helpless. I've tried to retire him to Australia, but he says he wants to remain and die on Karo-Karo, and he will in the next year or so. He's a queer old codger. Now the time is due for me to send some white man up to take the work off his hands. I wonder how you'd like the job. You'd have to stay two years.

"Hold on, I've not finished. You've talked frequently of action this evening. There's no action in betting away what you've never sweated for. The money you've lost to me was left you by your father or some other relative who did the sweating. But two years of work as trader on Karo-Karo would mean something. I'll bet the ten thousand I've won from you against two years of your time. If you win, the money's yours. If you lose, you take the job at Karo-Karo and sail at daylight. Now that's what might be called real action. Will you play?"

Deacon could not speak. His throat lumped and he nodded his head as he reached for the cards.

"One thing more," Grief said. "I can do even better. If you lose, two years of your time are mine—naturally without wages. Nevertheless, I'll pay you wages. If your work is satisfactory, if you observe all instructions and rules, I'll pay you five thousand pounds a year for two years. The money will be deposited with the company, to be paid to you with interest when the time expires. Is that all right?"

"Too much so," Deacon answered. "You are unfair to yourself. A trader only gets ten or fifteen pounds a month."

"Put it down to action then," Grief said with an air of dismissal. "And before we begin I'll jot down several of the rules. These you will repeat aloud every morning during the two years—if you lose. They are for the good of your soul. When you have repeated them aloud seven hundred and thirty Karo-Karo mornings I am confident they will be in your memory to stay. Lend me your pen, Mac. Now, let's see."

He wrote steadily and rapidly for some minutes, then proceeded to read the matter aloud:

"I must always remember that one man is as good as another, save and except when he thinks he is better.

"No matter how drunk I am I must not fail to be a gentleman. A gentleman is a man who is gentle. Note: It would be better not to get drunk.

"When I play a man's game with men, I must play like a man.

"A good curse, rightly used and rarely, is an efficient thing. Too many curses spoil the cursing. Note: A curse cannot change a card sequence nor cause the wind to blow.

"There is no license for a man to be less than a man. Ten thousand pounds cannot purchase such a license."

At the beginning of the reading Deacon's face had gone white with anger. Then had arisen, from neck to forehead, a slow and terrible flush that deepened to the end of the reading.

"There, that will be all," Grief said, as he folded the paper and tossed it to the center of the table. "Are you still ready to play the game?"

"I deserve it," Deacon muttered brokenly. "I've been an ass! Mr. Gee, before I know whether I win or lose I want to apologize. Maybe it was the whisky, I don't know, but I'm an ass, a cad, a bounder—everything that's rotten."

He held out his hand and the half-caste took it beamingly.

"I say, Grief," he blurted out, "the boy's all right. Call the whole thing off and let's forget it in a final nightcap."

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Grief showed signs of debating, but Deacon cried:

"No; I won't permit it. I'm not a quitter. If it's Karo-Karo, it's Karo-Karo. There's nothing more to it."

"Right," said Grief, as he began the shuffle. "If he's the right stuff to go to Karo-Karo, Karo-Karo won't do him any harm."

The game was close and hard. Three times they divided the deck between them and 'cards' was not scored. At the beginning of the fifth and last deal Deacon needed three points to go out and Grief needed four. "Cards" alone would put Deacon out, and he played for "cards." He no longer muttered or cursed, and played his best game of the evening. Incidentally he gathered in the two black aces and the ace of hearts.

"I suppose you can name the four cards I hold," he challenged, as the last of the deal was exhausted and he picked up his hand.

Grief nodded.

"Then name them."

"The knave of spades, the deuce of spades, the tray of hearts and the ace of diamonds," Grief answered.

Those behind Deacon and looking at his hand made no sign. Yet the naming had been correct.

"I fancy you play casino better than I," Deacon acknowledged. "I can name only three of yours, a knave, an ace and big casino."

"Wrong. There aren't five aces in the deck. You've taken in three and you hold the fourth in your hand now."

"By Jove, you're right," Deacon admitted. "I did scoop in three. Anyway, I'll make 'cards' on you. That's all I need."

"I'll let you save little casino [illegible]." Grief paused to calculate. "Yes, and the ace as well, and still I'll make 'cards' and go out with big casino. Play."

"No 'cards' and I won!" Deacon exulted as the last of the hand was played. "I go out on little casino and the four aces. Big casino and 'spades' only bring you to twenty."

Grief shook his head. "Some mistake, I'm afraid."

"No," Deacon declared positively. "I counted every card I took in. That's the one thing I was correct on. I've twenty-six and you've twenty-six."

"Count again," Grief said.

Carefully and slowly, with trembling fingers, Deacon counted the cards he had taken. There were twenty-five. He reached over to the corner of the table, took up the rules Grief had written, folded them and put them in his pocket. Then he emptied his glass and stood up. Captain Donovan looked at his watch, yawned and also arose.

"Going aboard, Captain?" Deacon asked.

"Yes," was the answer. "What time shall I send the whaleboat for you?"

"I'll go with you now. We'll pick up my luggage from the Billy as we go by. I was sailing on her for Babo in the morning."

Deacon shook hands all around, after receiving a final pledge of good luck on Karo-Karo.

"Does Tom Butler play cards?" he asked Grief.

"Solitaire," was the answer.

"Then I'll teach him double solitaire." Deacon turned toward the door where Captain Donovan waited, and added with a sigh—"And I fancy he'll skin me, too, if he plays like the rest of you island men."

A Barrel of Money

SOME of the older and richer men of Montana got their starts toward their present wealth by trading with the Indians. Also the Indians got their starts toward poverty through the same process; but that was many years ago.

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THE INDEPENDENCE OF DERMOT

Continued from Page 15

"As beautiful an' as well as any woman ever looked," Prince Mahan said.

"An' you still love her?"

"Of coorse! Why not?"

They'd gone into the best room an' Eileen was out in the kitchen, peelin' peraties for tomorrer's breakfast.

"See here," says Dermot. "I was go'n' to give ye another test an' if ye came out of that you might have the ger-rul—an' I knew she was safe enough. But 'tis the wonder of wonders ye are here tonight after what I know ye saw last night; an' I like your cur-rage. Now this is what I'll do: There's plinty of open land round here suitable for buildin'. You go home to the king, your father, an' tell him that if he'll move the royal pallus here next door to me an' be neighbors wid me you can have Eileen—in case she loves you after last night."

Prince Mahan thought a minute, an' thin he rose to his feet wid all the airs of a prince an' says: "It's plinty of ner-rve ye have!"

"Not anny more than befits me. I'm as good as the next wan if ye stand me alongside of the best of yer pick."

"I'll not do it. It's ridiculous!" says Mahan.

"Ye'll not have Eileen else," says Dermot, wid the smile he had. "Ye love Eileen?"

"Better than me life!" says Mahan fer-rvently.

"Ye can have her if yer father becomes my neighbor. She l'aves this far-rm for no wan. If yer father wants to for-rm the ways of a grandchild prince it's here he'll be doin' it, not beyant."

"You're a marvel!" suddenly says Prince Mahan; an' wid a fri'ndly bow he opened the door. "I'm off home tonight," says he.

Thin he whips round to the kitchen an' finds Eileen cryin' into the peraties.

"Why did ye run away from me last night, me dar-rlin'?"

She stopped an' stared at him. Then, droppin' the peraties on the floor, she runs to his ar-rms, cryin': "I must have dr'amed it!"

"If it was annything bad, ye did. An' now I must l'ave ye, for I have your father's consint an' I must go home to prepare for the marriage."

"Father's consinted?" cries she, snugglin' closer to him.

"Wid a thriflin' proviso," says he, usin' big wor-rds like a prince. Then he kissed the face of her and was off like a shot, an' through the window she seen him gallopin' home in the moonlight, every inch a prince—an' she glad of it—women bein' inconsistent, as ye might say.

"Did I hair voices, me child?" said Dermot, comin' into the kitchen.

"Ye hair-rd the voice of the best man in the wer-ruld!" said she.

"Are there two of thim, thin?" says he sadly, takin' her on his knee.

"Oh, father, somehow it's different! It's not lovin' you anny the less, but—oh! I can't explain it."

"That's love," says Dermot wid a sigh. "I'll be go'n' to bed. I've had a long day."

All night long rides Prince Mahan, wid no need to ur-rge his hor-rse, for he knew he was go'n' home.

The sun was just colorin' the leaves in the tops of the trees whin Prince Mahan sees the tower-rs of his father's castle.

He found th' ould man in the gar-rden. He'd risen air-rly because he couldn't sleep for thinkin' of the prince, an' how, instid of a grandson to play wid an' taich, he'd lost his only son.

King Colum fell on the neck of Prince Mahan an' hugged him, wid the tear-rs rollin' down his cheeks an' him not ashamed.

"Sure, it's good for sore eyes to see you, my son," says he, pattin' Prince Mahan on the back an' ackchilly smilin'—the fir-rst time in yairs.

Nothin' was said about wives until they were at the breakfast table. Thin King Colum says: "I'm wonderin', Mahan, if ye saw anny wan on your travels."

"Deed an' I did, father. I visited at manny houses."

"Yes; but I mane did ye find the right wan?"

"Oh, is it that, sir? Sure, an' I did. Yes, father; there's an arrer in me hair-rt for fair. The most beautiful, best-hair-rted, most aristocratical, finest ger-rul ——"

"Ah!" sighed King Colum contintedly at the sound of "aristocratical."

"The most aristocratical, finest ger-rul that ever milked a cow!"

"What have ye?" cries King Colum, upsettin' his bowl of milk an' starin' open-mouthed at Prince Mahan.

"A far-rmer's daughter, father; an' she's mine wid on'y wan condition."

"A far-rmer conditionin' a prince!"

"Sure, father; he's the most indepindint man I ever met. He'd not hair of me at fir-rst because I was a prince, but at last, whin he'd seen more of me an' I'd taken some tests he gev me, he bein' a bit of a magician, he says I can marry Eileen if you'll change your castle from here to the village in which he lives."

"Is it mad y'are, Mahan?" said King Colum, comin' over an' feelin' the brow of the young man.

"Not at all. Everything has its price, an' the price you must pay to have me married, an' later on to have the joy of bringin' up a grandson in the ways of crown-wearin', is for you to move south, so's you'll be nair me, who'll be livin' on the far-rm. I'll niver marry anny wan else—an' I can niver marry her if you stay here. Take it or l'ave it, me dair father. Dermot O'Beirne'll niver back down."

An' Mahan placed his hand on the shoulder of th' ould king an' pressed it. Thin he wint out to see if his hor-rse had been properly cared for after the night of travel.

Well, the upshot of it all was that after several days King Colum told his son to go an' fetch Eileen for him to look at her.

"Not that I have anny idee of movin' me castle, but I want to see what sor-rt of taste ye have in faces."

Well, you may guess that Prince Mahan saddled his hor-rse wid a merry hair-rt.

It's glad Eileen was to see him, an' she kissed him as innocent as a child kissin' its mother; but the kiss of her set him on fire, an' he swore if he had to move the castle himself, stone by stone, he'd bring his father to be a neighbor of Dermot.

At fir-rst the far-rmer didn't like the idee of Eileen go'n' off to visit the king; but whin Mahan swore on his sword that the jour-rney there an' back should be between rise an' set of sun, an' that Eileen should come back O'Beirne by name, he gev his consint. An' saddlin' his white mare, which had blood in her, havin' come from Enniskillen way, he helped Eileen into the saddle an' stood shadin' his eyes ag'in the mor-rnin' sun as the two rode off at a canter.

"It's not much to ask of a king, as he'll realize whin he sees her," said Dermot to himself. "Sure, I couldn't par-rt wid her, but what is it for a king to build a new palace?"

'Twas noon whin the two raiched King Colum's castle an' the happiest mor-rnin' that ayther had ever spint. Whin love is at the new, sure anny way at all l'ades to happiness as long as two travel together.

King Colum was in wan of his tower-rs lookin' t'rough a glass to see was Prince Mahan approachin', an' he seen the couple whin they were a league away; an', just to be civil, but wid no other m'anin' to it, as he said to himself, he got together a cavalcade of lar-rds an' ladies an' rode down to meet his son an' Eileen.

"Here they come," says the prince—"me father an' all his cour-rt. Don't be frightened."

"An' what is it I'd be frightened of?" says Eileen wid spirit. "All I see is men an' women, an' an ould man wid a beautiful white bear-rd at the head of thim."

"The wan wid the bear-rd is me father, an' I want you to love him, Eileen."

"Sure, I love him already—the dair ould man! But it's a sad face he has."

Whin the king was widin sp'akin' distance he stopped his hor-rse, an' all the lar-rds and ladies stopped, an' Prince Mahan dismounted; an', l'adin' the white mare be the bridle, he brought Eileen up to his father.

"This is the choice of me hair-rt, father," says he, bowin' his head.

King Colum looked at the ger-rul for full t'ree minutes widout sayin' a wor-rd an' the lar-rds an' ladies all ready to tur-rn away in disgust or welcome Eileen, accordin' as the king done.

He looked at her till he'd know her at the resurrection; thin he motioned her

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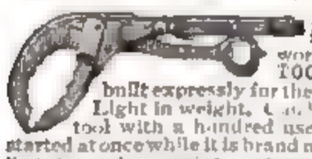

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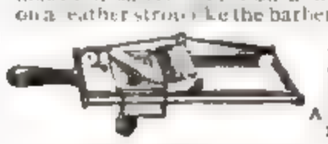

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nairer; an', l'anin' from his saddle, he kissed the white forehead of her, while the courtiers set up a shout.

"Ye have chosen well, me son," says he.

"Now I know why Mahan is such a fine man!" says she, smilin' at th' ould king in a way that captured the hair-rt of him.

"I hope ye'll settle nair us, Your Majesty," says she whin they was comin' away.

"It looks as if I'd have to for me own p'ace of mind," says the king.

"Me father'll be glad to help ye anny way at all."

"Sure, your father's a duck of a man," says Eileen whin they was ridin' home. "Not a bit like a king. Much more like a gintleman. I wonder will he come down soon?"

"There's not manny sleeps between him an' comin'," says Mahan. "It's a new idee he has; an' whin me father has an idee he niver rists till he has it all complated as he thought it out."

It's glad Dermot was to see the two.

"Oh, father, you'll like King Colum. Sure, if he lair-rns to milk, the two of ye'll have p'easant avenin's together. He's a soft-hair-rted ould dair, an' Mahan's th' apple of his eye."

"It's glad I am to hair it. An' whin is he comin' to look over the land?"

"It'll not be long," Mahan says.

A matter of two or t'ree days later King Colum came down. He'd his royal guar-rd an' a couple of these arch-itects, an' the sound of the trumpeters of him told Mahan of his approach in time for him to tell Dermot.

"Do you tell him whin to stop," says Dermot, squarin' his shoulders, "for I'll not go out to ask anny wan in; an' Eily an' me'll be preparin' a little lunch. How manny is there?"

"About t'ir-rty."

"Is it that manny? Sure, I'd been thinkin' of milk; but I've not enough for such an ar-rmy as that. It's whisky it'll have to be; but such whisky as kings don't often get. Sure, the house is too small. I'll have to resaive thim in the bar-rnyard. Is it to the inn they're go'n'?"

"Yes. I've made all arrangemints," said Mahan; an' thin he says: "Sure, ye'll not mind Eileen standin' be me side to welcome him—an' him so soon to be her father?"

"Her father-in-law," said Dermot jealously. "I'm the on'y father she'll ever have. Yes; let the child stand there. 'Twill brighten the road."

Up comes the cavalcade, raisin' a great dust; an' whin the trumpeters see the prince an' Eileen in the road they set up a turrible blarin'. Prince Mahan raised his hand for thim to stop.

"Sure, there's not room in the house, father; but Dermot O'Beirne would like ye all to come into the bar-rnyard to have a bit of the stuff. He's inside."

In at the bar-rnyard gate goes the king an' his nobles an' his trumpeters; an' there stands Dermot, wid a smile on his face an' him sittin' on a keg of whisky, from which he did not get up whin the king appear-red before him.

"The top of the mor-rnin' to ye! Ye've a fine son. Will ye sit where ye are or try standin'?"

Eileen had gone to stand by the king and the hand of him was on her golden hair. If she'd not been there he'd have tur-rned round wid dignity an' rode back; but he seen in a minute that Dermot meant no har-rm. An' he noticed, too, that the keg was of a good size; so he says:

"Sure, we'll all like to stand a bit after ridin'." An' wid that they all dismounted.

Whilst Dermot was broachin' the keg he says: "King, 'tis a fine country hairabout; an' I'm glad you're go'n' to build. The more neighbors the better—so long as they're fri'ndly."

"Yes," says the king. "Me doctors have told me that the farther south I live in the winter the better for me t'roat."

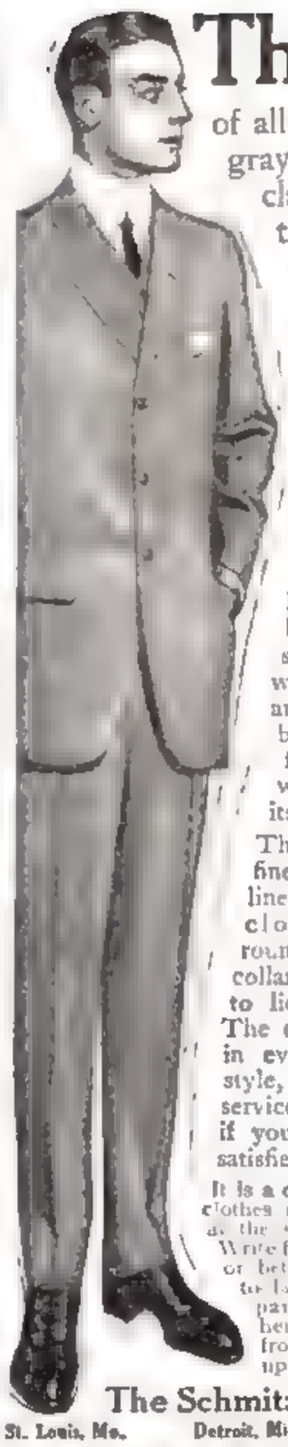
An' whin their glasses were all filled to the brim Dermot stands up, very sober-lookin', an' says:

"Here's to Eileen, who draws princes to her an' kings come tumblin' after!"

An' whin the king raised his glass to his lips he looked at Eileen an' smiled, as if smiles come aisy to him.

An' a yair later he smiled still again whin Prince Mahan crossed the road from his father-in-law's an' entered the palace doors, which stood directly opposite to Dermot's house, an' says he to his father who is pacin' the floor unaisily:

"It's a boy, father! An' Eily sends the top of the mor-rnin' to ye!"



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Here is the total adding cash register which storekeepers have been wanting these many years. Retail merchants can save $50 to $75 by buying this new Total-Adding Michigan Cash Register direct from their jobbers.

The Michigan gives more value for less money than any total adder ever built: *more value* because it is better designed, better built, better finished, and will do more for merchants; *less money* because it costs only $65, as against $125 to $140 for machines of this type made by others.

The Michigan total adder is the finest invention of the brilliant mind of Joseph P. Cleal, and the supreme product of the hands of skilled workmen who for many years have executed his ideas. Mr. Cleal is admitted to be the most successful cash register designer in the world. For eighteen years, he was head of one of the inventions departments of the biggest cash register company. In fact, 75% of the registers in use were invented by Mr. Cleal or perfected from his suggestions. Michigan No. 6 is Mr. Cleal's masterpiece—the triumph of 22 years of concentration on these machines.

The Michigan Cash Register Company has been in business four years. We have thousands of satisfied users of our detail adding machines. Three years ago we decided to bring out a record breaking total adder, to sell at a price that would suit storekeepers.

Mr. Cleal was told not to design a cheap register, but the best one he had ever made. He was asked to take time enough to turn out a perfect total adder that we could sell for not more than $75. After three years' work he has more than obeyed instructions. He has turned out a better machine than we expected—and for less money. Hence we are able to sell it at $65, and guarantee it for five years.

There are two main reasons for the low price of the Michigan. First, our methods of *making* the register; second, our methods of *selling* it.

In this new register, Mr. Cleal avoided all the imperfections of old models of all makes. Nearly every other register is a series of added features put on one at a time to meet the storekeeper's demands.

The Michigan, however, was designed as one complete whole, embodying all the latest, most practical and most original ideas.

Fewer Parts, Lower Cost

The Michigan has only half as many parts as any other total adding register. Ingenious ideas enabled Mr. Cleal to make one part do the work of two or three as you find them in other machines.

Moreover, the parts in the Michigan are so designed that nearly all of them can be made by automatic machinery—reducing expense and insuring accuracy.

Sold Through Jobbers

Now, as to our methods of *selling*:

We are selling this register through jobbers' salesmen. These salesmen call on you regularly and can take your order for a cash register at the same time they take your orders for groceries, dry-goods, hardware, druggists' supplies, and other lines.

Thus you make a big saving right from the start. The commissions paid to cash register agents run from 20 to 40 per cent. Most of this you save in the purchase of a Michigan.

That commission alone, added to the price of this machine, would make it sell for $100. Yet you can't buy as good a total adding cash register as this one even if you pay that sum, because none at that price has the latest improved features found on the Michigan.

What This Register Does

Michigan No. 6 takes care of the cash sales; goods sold on credit; money received on account; money paid out. Tells you how often the cash drawer is opened to change a coin or a bill.

Totals the sales so that you can tell at a glance the volume of business done during the day.

Registers amounts from one cent to $29.99—enough for ninety-nine out of a hundred retail stores

Registering capacity $99,999.99.

Gives total number of customers waited on each day.

The Men Behind the Michigan

HUGH CHALMERS, *President*—Mr. Chalmers was in the cash register business for 20 years. He sold registers on the road for seven years and knows what storekeepers need. He is also president of the Chalmers Motor Company, makers of the famous Chalmers Automobiles. For seven years he was vice-president and general manager of the National Cash Register Company.

JOHN F. DUFF, *Vice-President and General Manager*—Mr. Duff has had a cash register experience of 18 years. Has sold cash registers all over the country and knows requirements of retail merchants.

JOSEPH P. CLEAL, *Inventor*—Mr. Cleal is acknowledged to be the leading cash register inventor of the United States. Has a ten-year contract with us.

R. H. RIDDLE, *Factory Superintendent*—Was with the National Cash Register Company for 15 years as foreman of one of the most important departments. He knows how to build cash registers.

FRANK S. SMITH, *Secretary-Treasurer*—Many years' experience with the National and other cash register companies.

We have a thoroughly equipped factory, employing skillful cash register workmen. Our organization and factory make possible our five-year guarantee.

Shows customers the amount registered in large, plain figures, instead of the usual small indicators. Michigan No. 6 indicators are 50% larger than those on any other machine.

Special Features

The records of the day's business are easy for the proprietor to read, for the adding wheels appear right on the front of the machine.

Adding wheels are reset to zero with one small key—the size of a Yale lock key. No wrenches necessary.

A counter is attached to the lid over the adding wheels so you can tell how often the lid has been raised.

The Michigan is made so that you can either set it on your front counter or put it back on the shelving, as the indicators show on both sides.

We know so well that the design and construction of this register are right, that we **absolutely guarantee it for five years.** No other company has ever guaranteed a register for longer than two years.

You Know You Need a Cash Register

Without a register you are more than paying the price of one through mistakes and losses it would prevent. Without a register you *guess* at the receipts; with a register you *know*.

You insure your life and the stock of goods in your store. And yet, without a cash register, you leave absolutely unprotected the money for which you sell your goods and the profits which you spend your life to get.

Put a Michigan into your store and increase your profits. Place your order with your jobber or your jobber's salesman for immediate delivery. If your jobber doesn't handle Michigans write us direct.

Michigan Cash Register Company, Detroit, Michigan

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the luxury of a real *desk* and a handsome library *table* —combined in the space of one.

$10.50 Is the price of this No. 236 table in the store of any furniture dealer east of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio River.

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One of seventy-five designs
Covered by 4 patents

SIMPLY pulling open a drawer provides desk space with non-spillable ink-well and pen groove, with large roomy drawer beneath desk lid for stationery and correspondence. Nothing on the table needs to be disturbed.

Choice of seventy-five designs at prices to suit in every style.

Styles include reproductions of "Period Furniture" Louis XIV, Elizabethan, Tudor, Flanders, Colonial, Arts and Crafts and Modern Designs, made by skilled craftsmen from the finest materials obtainable.

Look for the patented easy-sliding, nickel-plated steel slide which allows the drawer to open freely. Counter-balanced to prevent tipping.

Cadillac Desk-Table

Our trade mark on the under side of the desk lid is for your protection.

"CADILLAC DESK-TABLES" are sold by leading furniture dealers. If your dealer does not sell them, we will show that you are supplied.

Booklet "P" showing our complete line in half-tone pictures will be mailed upon request.

Wolverine Mfg. Co.
Detroit, Michigan

The largest parlor and library table manufacturers in the world. Our output is more than **"a table a minute."**

No. 267
One of seventy-five designs
Covered by 4 patents

Wolverine Mfg. Co., Detroit, Mich.

Gentlemen—Please send me your booklet "P" free.

My Name _____

My Address _____

My Dealer is _____

THE BIG IDEA

(Continued from Page 11)

Such insults, coming from a man in the inventor's position to a man in Mr. Soule's position, were almost more than flesh and blood could stand. The old gentleman's eyes snapped and he gripped his beard tightly with both tremulous hands—partly in order to overcome an almost irresistible impulse to reach for his wallet.

"I am, am I? I am, am I? Well, what are you? What are you?" he exclaimed in menacing accents.

"You've got to give me twenty-five hundred more," Addison repeated doggedly. "You'll be beating me out of ten thousand dollars then. You're a vampire!" He looked down at the check and added: "You don't need to pay money if you don't want to. I'll take a note—a note for twenty-five hundred, payable any time you please. You're skinning me alive anyhow!"

"All right! All right!" Mr. Soule gasped malevolently. "Understand what you're saying now! You hear that, Reimer? A note for twenty-five hundred dollars, payable any time I like. That's what you mean, is it?"

"That's just what I mean," Addison replied sullenly.

"Go ahead, then! Go ahead! Sign up!" the old gentleman cried in a voice unsteady from rage, nodding his head energetically at the papers and tugging at his beard. His fingers itched to get at his wallet.

Seating himself at the table, Addison dipped his pen in the ink and addressed himself to the documents. Lawyer Reimer, who had discreetly withdrawn to the window during the altercation, now stepped up, glanced over the signer's shoulder and observed soothingly:

"We ought to have an outside witness to your signatures. I'll ask the young lady in the dentist's office to step in."

When the young lady stepped in, followed by Mr. Reimer, she saw Mr. Humphrey standing beside the table and glowering down at Mr. Soule, who was seated at the other side glowering back.

"All right," said Mr. Humphrey; "there's the deed to my house. Take it!" He then shoved one of the papers on the table toward Mr. Soule. His tone and manner were uncivil.

Mr. Soule picked up the deed, glanced at it—having examined it in detail some time before—folded it deliberately and put it in his pocket. He then drew forth a capacious wallet, which was shiny from much use, and took from it a note which he handed to Mr. Humphrey, saying: "All right; and there's your note."

Mr. Humphrey looked at the note and seemed utterly amazed. Turning to Mr. Reimer, he ejaculated, "He pays me with this!" and handed the note to the lawyer.

Mr. Reimer examined the note, front and back, looked over at Mr. Soule and said with astonishment: "You pay him with this?"

"Sure!" said Mr. Soule, with a decisive nod of his head and a tug at his beard. "Sure I do!"

Taking the note from the lawyer, Mr. Humphrey turned to the young lady, like one in a daze, repeated, "He pays me with this!" and handed her the note.

The young lady, who was smiling amiably but much embarrassed, took the note; and, not knowing what else to do with it, she looked at the face and the back of it as she had seen Mr. Reimer do and handed it back to Mr. Humphrey.

"Well, well! Well, well!" said Mr. Humphrey, staring blankly down at the note and apparently addressing it. "Well, well! Well, well! That will be all, thank you; we're very much obliged." The latter words were addressed to the young lady and he opened the door for her.

Not knowing what else to do, the embarrassed young lady went out—and Mr. Humphrey followed her, closing the door behind him.

The inventor's conduct had been quite different from anything Mr. Soule had imagined—especially his abruptly leaving the office. The old gentleman explained it to himself on the plausible ground that Addison's feeble wits had given way altogether; yet he felt vaguely uneasy. He didn't see why Lawyer Reimer should look so very grave and stand plucking thoughtfully at his short, grizzled chin whiskers.

"Guess that note sort of knocked the wind out of him. Guess he wasn't looking for that," Mr. Soule observed with an appearance of complacency which he didn't exactly feel.

"That note, Anson," replied Mr. Reimer very gravely—"that note of course, I must be mistaken; but they didn't really look to me like Ben Stubbs' and Jim Pentwell's signatures."

"They ain't, either! Neither of 'em ever saw that note! It's a rank forgery!" Mr. Soule declared with satisfaction.

"My goodness! You don't mean that, Anson!" said the lawyer in a tone of alarm.

"But I didn't forge it! He forged it himself!" Mr. Soule exclaimed triumphantly.

The lawyer only repeated, however, in an alarmed tone, "My goodness!" and went over and looked solemnly out of the window.

"He forged it himself, I tell you; and I can prove it!" the old gentleman repeated in some vexation over Mr. Reimer's obtuseness.

"Of course," the lawyer replied very gravely, looking out of the window, "that would have nothing whatever to do with it. A great many people think it's a crime to write somebody else's name to a note or a check; but that's a mistake. I might sign your name to a stack of notes a mile high and, so long as I didn't try to pass the notes for money or a valuable consideration, it wouldn't be any crime at all. The crime consists in passing a forged note. You've certainly passed this forged note on Addison Humphrey for the value of twenty-five hundred dollars before witnesses too! It looks to me, Anson, as though you'd got yourself in a terrible bad box!"

"But I tell you he forged it himself!" Mr. Soule insisted, his voice rising excitedly; and with some incoherence, owing to an agitated state of mind, he related the story of the note.

Mr. Reimer, however, seemed to find little ground for comfort in the recital. "H'm!—the Allied Lumber Company of Detroit, you say?" he inquired. "Let's look that up now. I'll call up the lumber yard." For two or three minutes he was busy at the telephone and when he hung up the receiver he looked graver than ever.

"Tom Sterling tells me he's looked all through the lumber dealers' directory and there ain't any such company," he said. "Of course, if there ain't any such company there couldn't be a treasurer and an attorney. I'm really surprised at you, Anson," he added sadly—"an experienced business man like you. Two men you've never seen before in your life come into your office and tell you a story and you swallow it whole. Where could you find 'em? How could you prove anything? And even if you could prove all you've told me I don't see as it would help you a bit before a jury. You see, it wouldn't make a particle of difference how many other people had passed forged notes. The question would be whether you passed a forged note on Humphrey for twenty-five hundred dollars; and I don't see for the life of me how you could get away from that. I don't see for the life of me how any jury could do anything but convict. Let me read you the law."

Mr. Reimer was a portly man; but, in going over to the shelf of yellow books, he stepped as lightly as though the occasion were a funeral. Selecting a volume, he adjusted his glasses and read aloud the section of the criminal law concerning forgeries—in a slow and solemn manner, making a slight pause now and then to look impressively down at Mr. Soule over the top of his glasses.

"The penalty, you see, is two to seven years in the penitentiary. I don't see for the life of me how you could possibly get away from it!"

Mr. Soule's face by that time had turned an unhealthy tallow color and his high forehead was slightly bedewed with cold perspiration. He was holding his beard with a deathlike grip in both hands, as a drowning man clings to a straw.

"I'll take up the note," he said in a weak, faltering voice—"I'll give him cash for it."

"Of course," the lawyer replied soberly, "if he should consent to surrender the note that would be the end of it. But if he should insist on prosecuting you"—he sighed and concluded in a low voice—"I can't see's you'd stand the ghost of a show."

UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM

For every Hungry-Body

Outdoors or In

ALMOST everyone imagines Underwood Deviled Ham tastes differently than it does. But the way to find out what it really does taste like is to:

Get a small can of Underwood Deviled Ham—be sure it is trade-marked with the "Little Red Devil," that's the *genuine* deviled ham. Cut some nice fresh white bread into thin crustless slices. Spread on the deviled ham, not too thick. Put the slices together, and—

TASTE THE TASTE

You'll know how it tastes and why it tastes so good, to wit:

Because it's just good ham, salted and aged and hickory smoked, boned *en casserole* to keep the good taste in; ground fine, and mixed with the famous Underwood Deviled Dressing of mustard and 42 spices.

It's "home made" in a clean, white, sunlit, Yankee kitchen.

Taste it for breakfast tomorrow, in your omelet. Bake a delicious deviled ham scallop for luncheon. Make a "Red Devil Salad" or some deviled eggs for dinner. And for picnic sandwiches—you just try it!

All these recipes and many others free, in "Taste the Taste and Some Cookery News," a book we'll send you in exchange for your grocer's name. Or, for his name and 15c we'll send a can to try.

Economical Sandwich makes 12 large or 24 small sandwiches.

Have some Underwood Deviled Ham at your next meal. Order it from your grocer today.

William Underwood Co., 251 Kneeland Street, Boston, Mass.

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They Won't Slip

In eighteen of the largest cities of the United States 65% of the rubber heels sold today are Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels.

The majority of people vote for *Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels* because of that friction plug—a patented feature possessed by no other heel—which positively prevents slipping, and makes them wear longer.

Insist upon

CAT'S PAW

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The Name is Easy to Remember

THAT PLUG PREVENTS SLIPPING

THAT PLUG PREVENTS SLIPPING

50c Attached All Dealers

To the Retail Trade

"It pays to give the public what they want." The majority want *Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels* Order from your jobber today.

FOSTER RUBBER CO.
165 Federal Street, Boston, Mass.
Send for dealer and we will send you Cat's Paw Bangle Pin

The old gentleman seemed about to faint. "Josh—go find him! See if you can't bring him back!" he pleaded feebly.

"I'm hoping he'll come back," the lawyer replied sadly; "but I see he didn't finish up signing these papers. Maybe he don't intend to sign 'em!" He went over by the window with the open lawbook in his hand and reëxamined the section concerning forgeries with great earnestness. He was thus engaged when Addison stepped in.

"Well," said the inventor gloomily, "I've turned the note over to the district attorney. It's a clear case!"

The old gentleman again seemed about to faint.

"Addison," he said in a weak and tremulous voice, "I'm an old man. My health ain't good. I got a weak heart. I wouldn't live a month in the penitentiary!"

A contemptuous pity did, indeed, touch the inventor's heart as he looked down upon the aged and abject figure at the table. He paused a moment, then addressed Mr. Reimer gloomily:

"He's a miserable old hog! He insulted my wife! He puts children in a deathtrap! Every piece of property he owns in this town is an eyesore. He bullies everybody. He ain't fit to live in a decent community. He ought to be in jail!"

"I'm an old man, Addison; I ain't well," Mr. Soule repeated wretchedly.

"If I was to let you off now, would you try to brace up and be decent and act like a white man?" Addison demanded severely.

Mr. Soule nodded and moaned:

"Yes, I would."

"Will you clean that Benson house from top to bottom and have it thoroughly disinfected, and paint it up and put it in good repair? Will you take that shed and those pigs away and sow those vacant lots to grass? Will you fix up the fence and the grandstand at the ball grounds, so they'll be a credit to the town instead of a disgrace? Will you paint your elevator and warehouse, and clean up the grounds and keep 'em clean?"

To all of these proposals Mr. Soule eagerly assented.

Addison reflected a moment and said with some reluctance:

"Well, I'll let you off then. But, look here; I propose to oversee the job. I'll have the cleaning and painting done to suit myself—and you'll foot the bill."

Again Mr. Soule assented.

When Addison repeated the substance of this treaty to his wife she was as enthusiastic in her praise as any reasonable husband could ask. She said he had done more for the village than any other man and, according to his means, was a greater philanthropist than Mr. Carnegie.

Later on, when it came to carrying out the details of the treaty, this high praise rather troubled him. He couldn't help seeing that the Soule elevator and warehouse and the grandstand at the baseball grounds were the most conspicuous objects in town. He had them painted a dark, pleasant green; but at the last moment he directed the painters to add some white by way of relief. The white said:

"Use Humphrey Wooden Ovens! They Keep the Kitchen Cool—Bake Quicker Save Fuel!"

This rather shocked Mrs. Humphrey at first, but he assured her it was only what our most eminent philanthropists always do.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of stories by Will Payne. The fifth will appear in an early number.

A Born Talker

THEY were talking of silver-tongued orators from the sunny South, and it was stated that former Senator J. C. S. Blackburn, of Kentucky, was the king of them all.

"Did he learn to make speeches or was it natural?" asked one of the party.

"He was born that way," asserted a friend. "Down in Kentucky they say that on the day that little Joe was born the doctor who it was expected would officiate at the ushering into the world of the coming statesman was not present, and accordingly the youngster was first greeted by an old negro mammy long in service in the family.

"Presently the doctor came. The mammy met him at the door. 'Law-zee, doctah,' she exclaimed, 'dah ain't no use you a-comin' heah now. Dis yere chile done bin a-talkin' foh a' nouh!'"

Peerless

SILENCE THAT THE NAME IMPLIES COMFORT

The beauty of the fine Closed Car of today, and the luxuriousness of its appointments, emphasize the physical comfort and mental security, which are founded in the reliability and smoothness of its mechanism and its ease of control.

For these must always be the fundamentals of freedom from strain, and are necessary to true comfort and repose.

The Dynamo Electric Lighting System, with which Peerless cars are equipped, furnishes ample light—controlled from the dash—for every lamp on the car. The Power-Driven Tire-Pump eliminates all the hard work, and most of the delay of inflating tires.

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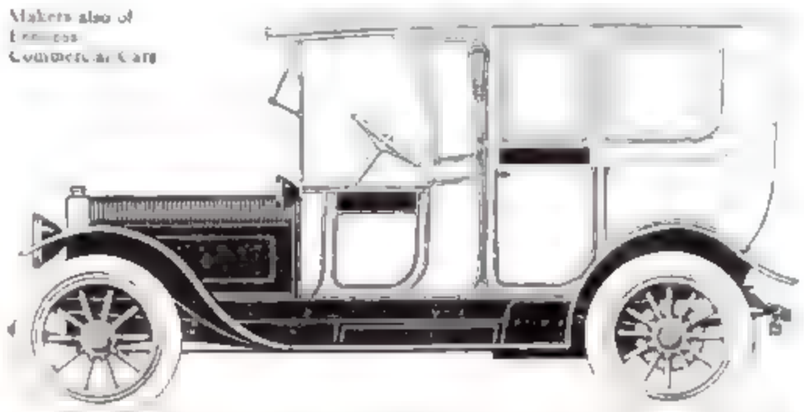
Cleveland, Ohio

Makers also of Peerless Commercial Cars



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10 CENTS A DAY

buys the New Improved Wholly Visible Wonderful Emerson Typewriter.

Two-Color Ribbon, Tabulator, Back Spacer, Every Improvement. One of the best typewriters made.

Unheard-of Low Price

One Emerson Typewriter Given Away to any person, man or woman, who will do us a slight service, no selling, no canvassing, only a few moments of your spare time needed.

Don't pay even $30 for any typewriter made until you first write for our Grand Offer.

Our Customers Write Like This:

Received a piano and typewriter free for not more than one hour of my time.—EVERETT WALKER, Tunnelton, W. Va.

Earned an Upright Grand Piano and EMERSON Typewriter in five hours. Since getting the "EMERSON" I have set my other machine aside.—R. W. SUTTON, Hillside, Ind.

Received a piano and typewriter free. It comes nearer to getting something for nothing than I ever thought possible. There is a typewriter that excels the "EMERSON."—W. C. BENTLEY, Las Animas, Colo.

Earned an EMERSON Typewriter in just a few minutes.—F. W. HORN, Burlington, Ia.

Earned an EMERSON Typewriter for less than two hours work. The EMERSON is better than many $100 typewriters on the market.—JOS. M. PHELPS, Centralia, Mo.

The "EMERSON" is the grandest thing on the market in the shape of a typewriter. I earned a typewriter and piano in one day.—K. S. VAN ZANDT, Wills Point, Texas.

The EMERSON Typewriter excels all others. I wasn't six hours earning my typewriter. People were astonished when they saw the machine, pleased and delighted, for they could not buy one under a piano and typewriter free in a very few hours.—J. M. LEER, Benson, Ill.

[illegible] I earned mine in just a few hours.—[illegible], Texas.

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The Masqueraders—A charming picture in colors, size 17x13 inches

Her Brother's Clothes

YOU can get it *free* from the store that sells **Sophomore Perfect Clothes.** Any clothing dealer can get it for you Free, or we'll send it direct to you upon receipt of 10 cents. Look for the **Sophomore Store**—the *aristocratic air* is there. It's a *perfect suit* if it's a **Sophomore.** It's the "brand her brother wears."

Sophomore Perfect Clothes

Leopold, Solomon & Eisendrath, Makers, Chicago

Your correspondence will be filed more quickly and found instantly with a

MULTOPLEX FILING CABINET

Here is a more rapid, accurate, and economical filing cabinet. Our patented metal partitions inside the drawers keep correspondence always upright. Even though the cabinet is crowded to the limit your filing clerks can file, find and remove correspondence with much greater facility. Partitions are movable, always adjustable to your needs.

Multoplex drawers do away with crumpled, torn correspondence. They promote accuracy. Do away with guide card expense. Permit use of light weight folders, cutting down cost of inside equipment. The "**Multoplex**" comes nearest to the ideal, fool-proof cabinet. Learn all about it from our booklet "Faultless Filing."

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Learn how the **Multoplex Cabinet** will save you money—in the increased efficiency of your filing clerk—in gained accuracy—in inside equipment economy—how it gives everything that other cabinets give and our new features besides—also tells of our great *check file system.*

Write for our book today mentioning name of your firm and your capacity.

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Sportsmen. Don't pay exorbitant prices for mounting your trophies. Do it yourself FREE—save the middlemen's profits. We will teach you perfectly—easily—quickly—in your own home—how to mount all kinds of birds, animals, fish, heads, make rugs, etc., and MAKE BIG MONEY. Write today for free book on taxidermy and fur dermy magazine.

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We will enable you to get into the automobile business. More than 500 different towns need a new garage and automobile repair shop. We secure for you an agency that pays you $175.00 for each car you sell. We supply all necessary tools. Under our system you learn the entire business, chauffeur, repair man and manager. You begin the course at home and can finish right in a factory where cars are sold. We furnish you employment the day you sign a contract with us; we wait for part of our pay out of your profits. Write for Plan No. A and handsome catalogue telling about getting started in the automobile business.

The Automobile College of Washington, Inc. Washington, D. C.

THE MUSICAL OUTLAW

(Concluded from Page 19)

fashion, yet it was plain that suspense held both. Henderson turned his back on the pretext of adjusting the machine and glanced quickly at his watch.

"Let's have the old reliable again," he cried, and put on the sextette.

Walker was soon lost to surroundings as before. He carried his chair over beside the instrument that he might not miss a note. The rancher remained near the table on which were piled the records and was fussing among some papers in a drawer. Evidently he was hunting for something, because his hands came suddenly to rest and then he thrust one quickly into his pocket. Going to the window, he stood there waiting.

"Hark to that baritone!" he said in a loud voice.

"I've got to go," Walker said, rising.

"No, no! Sit down. It's almost through."

The rancher seized him with friendly hands and forced him back into the chair. Walker did not resist. Through the open window they could plainly hear a horse padding along the road. The man on him was chanting a sort of nursery rhyme:

By-by, Baby Bunting;
Daddy's gone ahunting,
To catch a littul rabbitskin
To wrap our Baby Bunting in.

"He done learned that from her," said Luke hoarsely. "She learned him that."

"Who learned him that?"

"That—oh, nothing. It ain't nothing."

"This here Hathaway," he continued—"you say he ain't a bad sort of feller?"

"No. He's all right. He's a friend of mine. That was Bill that just went by."

"He seemed mighty cheerful." A puff or two on the cigarette and then: "Well, let's forget him."

Walker rested at the ranch for the night. He would not turn his horse into the pasture, but, after unsaddling, put him inside the yard, explaining that he was too hard to catch for him to take any chances.

They breakfasted at dawn; and, just as his guest was mounting, Henderson approached with a letter. It was wrapped in a large, open envelope, which bore no address.

"Do you mind posting this for me, Mr. Walker?" he asked. "You'll be in town sooner than I will, I expect. I put that envelope on the outside so the letter wouldn't crush up in your pocket."

"You're whistlin'. You've treated me mighty white, Mr. Henderson. Well, *adios!*"

The rancher watched him long after he had left the gate. Then he went inside to make the beds. Under his visitor's pillow was a scrap of soiled brown paper. On it, in a scrawling, boyish hand, were the words: "For Mrs. Bill Hathaway." One corner of the paper was turned down. Underneath the flap he found a ring—a bloodstone in a cheap setting. Henderson chuckled and put the souvenir in a drawer.

Meantime Walker was making his way through the home pasture. He showed no haste. When he arrived at the fence near which he had dismounted the previous day he noticed that the wire was down and that several horses had wandered through. He drove them back and patched the break. That done, he opened the gate and was remounting when the placard caught his eye: "$100 Reward!"

Walker wetted the stub of a pencil on his tongue and scratched out from the sheriff's proclamation "about five feet six inches in height, sandy complexion, and with a mole on his chin." Beneath it he scribbled: "Six feet high, dark complected and shaved clean. He has gone to Mexico."

A slow grin lighted his somber features as he set forward again. The letter Henderson had given him to mail crinkled in his shirt pocket. He pulled it out and removed the larger envelope. There, staring him in the face, was his own name—"Mr. Pierp Mayfield."

"Dear Mayfield," the note ran, "the sheriff called for you when you were with me last night. I sent him toward Tom Ketchum's Hill.

"Inclosed is two dollars. Get yourself a new shirt. The one you've got on has P. M. worked into the neckband.

"Regards, J. WRIGHT HATHAWAY.

"P. S. Bill is my brother.

"P. S. S. I had a gun in that drawer!"

LeMar Cravats

None Genuine Without This Trade ...

TO THE WEARER—We make *no* scarf without the familiar "LeMar" label. Find this label on the *band* of every scarf you buy. It means a *form* of satisfaction for every scarf you wear. "LeMar Cravats" are *guaranteed.* No others are.

TO THE DEALER—"LeMar Cravats" [illegible] *Half-Dollar* [illegible] Our [illegible] postpaid request. Simply [illegible]

Levy & Marcus

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Hill's Hustler Ash Sifter

Saves Work—Saves Coal

Sifts a day's ashes in a minute without dust. Soon pays for itself in saving coal. Fits ordinary barrel or iron can. Ashes drop in barrel—unburnt coal runs into scuttle. Lasts a life-time. Sold by hardware dealers everywhere.

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Pens that have elasticity—make either a fine or a coarse stroke—and don't stay spread—retain perfect writing points after long, hard use.

SPENCERIAN STEEL PENS

Steel, tempering, grinding—they do it.

Sample card of 12 different styles with 2 good penholders sent for 10 cents.

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Cardinal Gibbons says:

I urge upon all Catholics the use of the

Manual of Prayers

Best Morocco Binding

and a Rolled Gold Chain Rosary—Both for $3.

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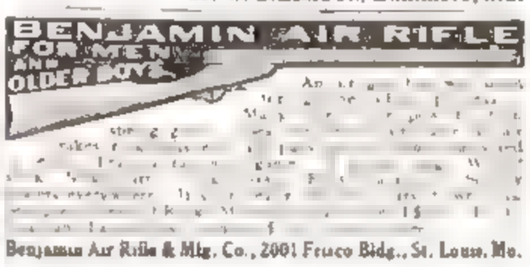
Address us 200 W. Lombard St., Baltimore, Md.



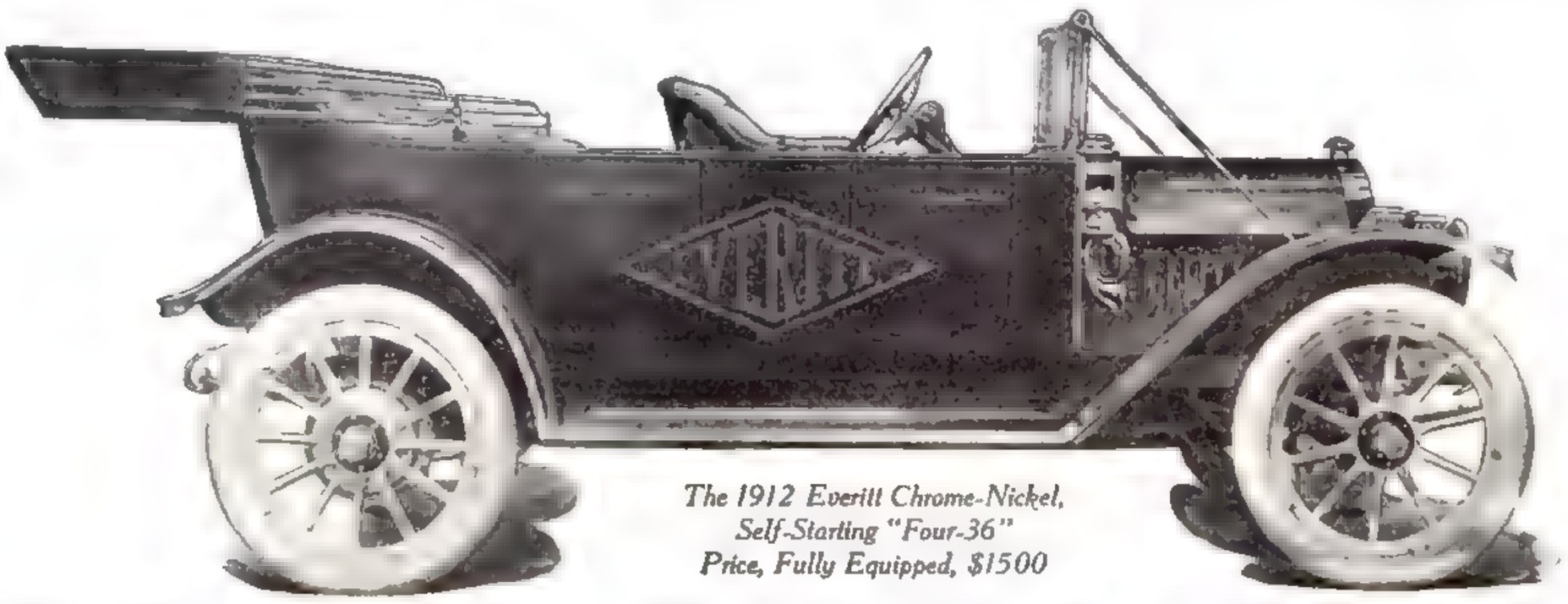
Benjamin Air Rifle & Mfg. Co., 2001 Fruco Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

Measured by Ordinary Motor-Car Values, the New Everitt is "Impossible"—*But*—Here is the Car—and

Here Are The Proofs

The recent announcements of the 1912 Everitt have literally amazed the country. Everyone who has seen the new cars, and investigated their manufacture, knows that every statement made is true. Competitors have doubted and denied; it has been claimed impossible to furnish what we offer, at such a price. It has been repeatedly said, that if such a car as the Everitt Chrome-Nickel, Self-Starting Six can really be sold for $1,850, no man in his right senses would think of buying any other, if he could get an Everitt. Other manufacturers have said they did not see how we *could* do it; they did not believe we *would* do it.

But the proofs are open to anyone. If you will accept the affidavits of the greatest American makers of fine steels; if you will critically inspect our methods; if you will look up the records of the men behind the Everitt; if you will test the Self-Starter—not once, but over and over again—finally, if you will try the car yourself, under the hardest conditions you can devise—you will not only *know* that it is all true, but you will yourself become one of the strongest Everitt advertisers, for you will realize that the half has not been told.



The 1912 Everitt Chrome-Nickel, Self-Starting "Four-36" Price, Fully Equipped, $1500

The New Everitt Models—The "Six," The "Four" and The "Thirty"—Are Ready For Your Inspection At A Nearby Dealer's—See Them

Chrome-Nickel Steel Construction

The 1912 Everitt Four and Six Cylinder Cars are built throughout from the finest Chrome-Nickel Steel obtainable. By this we mean that every important part is manufactured in our factory from this well-nigh unbreakable, unwearable material.

To those who know anything of fine steels, no argument is needed to show the superiority of Chrome-Nickel. A Chrome-Nickel Steel car is about three times as strong as the usual type. So far as we know, this material has never been used before, to the extent we use it, save in two or three of the finest four thousand dollar cars.

Now, there are different grades of alloy steels. Steels can be bought, quite cheaply, which show a mere analytical "trace" of this or that alloy. Again, for the "top price," a few high-grade concerns furnish an alloy-steel, of which every billet is *guaranteed* to carry the correct pre-determined percentage of chrome nickel or other alloy.

At the head of this list stand the names of Billings and Spencer and the Crucible Steel Co. of America. These concerns are considered the finest producers of forgings and special steels in this country.

It *means something* to show that all the steel used in the Everitt comes from one or the other of these great concerns. The following are their affidavits:

Hartford, Conn., July 24, 1911.

METZGER MOTOR CAR COMPANY,
Detroit, Michigan

Gentlemen —

Replying to yours of the 14th, we understand that we are supplying you with all of the drop forgings used on the various models of cars manufactured by you and we can guarantee that the drop forgings furnished by us to your Company are of the highest grade that we can manufacture, and that these parts forgings are made of the highest grade chrome nickel steel.

Yours respectfully,
THE BILLINGS & SPENCER COMPANY,
T. C. BILLINGS, V. P. and Supt.

Personally appeared before me this day, July twenty-eighth, nineteen eleven T. C. BILLINGS, who acknowledges the above to be a true statement

[Seal] FRANK H. STOCKER, Notary Public.

And from the Crucible Steel Co.:

Pittsburgh, Pa., July 26th, 1911

METZGER MOTOR CAR COMPANY,
Detroit, Michigan.

Gentlemen:—

Replying to your letter of July 21st, judging from the large tonnage, and the various sizes of both hot rolled and cold drawn Chrome Nickel and other high-grade steels we are furnishing you direct, Billings & Spencer, and others connected with the development of your car, it is evident that you are using these high-grade products throughout your entire car.

Very truly yours,
CRUCIBLE STEEL CO. OF AMERICA.
GEO. WM. SARGENT,
Fourth V. P. and Metallurgist.

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA }
COUNTY OF ALLEGHENY }

Personally appeared before me the prescribed, GEO. WM. SARGENT, who being duly sworn according to the law, doth depose and say, that the facts set forth in the foregoing are true and correct in all respects to the best of his knowledge and belief.

GEO. W. SARGENT

Sworn and subscribed before me this 26th day of July, 1911

HARRY E. ZARING, Notary Public
My commission expires Feb'y 21, 1915

[Seal]

Manufactured by Unfailing Automatic Machinery

The raw material, as shown, comes from the best sources available. The Everitt system of manufacture is by the most precise processes of "jig and fixture." This results in absolute accuracy to a small fraction of a hair's breadth.

Every manufacturing operation in the Everitt shops is by this infallible mechanical system, working to the finest limits. Go through our factory and test the accuracy of any operation for yourself. Try any two parts intended for each other, such as a piston and cylinder, a train of gears, or any part you see, with the mechanic's millimetre gauge. The first you pick up at haphazard just "goes," and the second, and the third, and *every one*—no more, no less, but every one exactly right.

Perhaps you do not understand just what "jigs and fixtures" mean. Take the "first cylinder operation," for instance. You notice a huge machine called a "miller." A heavy carriage moves slowly along its bed. In it are steel fixtures, rigidly holding in exactly the right position a long row of rough cylinder castings. You see cutters eating their way across the faces of the metal. A finished casting emerges. Every side is bright and true. Test it with the gauge—the next, and the next. You cannot find the slightest variance, even with a microscope. You begin to realize what manufacture by automatic machinery really means.

The Advantages of a "Manufactured" Car

Think how much more desirable is a car manufactured complete in one factory, like the Everitt, by methods like these, than is an "assembled" car. Everything that goes into an Everitt is accurately manufactured in the one factory. Every detail is planned and laid out in our own draughting room; the raw material comes direct from the mill; the heat-treating processes are conducted in our own furnaces by experts, our own automatic machinery shapes, mills, cuts, grinds and polishes; every part is repeatedly checked and re-checked for possible error; and when the finished car passes the final inspector it is *known* to be right—a perfect piece of mechanism.

Examine these marvelous cars for yourself at our nearest dealer's to-day. He is now booking orders. The specifications of the three types are given below:

THE EVERITT "SIX-48":—126½ in. wheel base; 36 x 4 in. wheels and tires; demountable rims; double-drop frame; honey-comb radiator; long-stroke motor; compressed air self-starter and tire pump; chrome-nickel steel construction, silk mohair top, wind-shield, speedometer and prestolite included; price, $1850.

THE EVERITT "FOUR-36":—115 in. wheel base; 34 x 4 in. wheels and tires; demountable rims; double-drop frame; honey-comb radiator; long-stroke motor; compressed air self-starter and tire pump; chrome-nickel steel construction; silk mohair top, wind-shield, speedometer and prestolite included; price, $1500.

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If you have music in your soul you need not be restrained by having untrained fingers. On the Cecilian your own ideas; your own ideals: may mould the musical masterpieces into something intimately your own.

The mission of the Cecilian Player Piano is.

(1) To give to those who have not spent the requisite number of years at finger exercises, the same culture, the same intimacy with music, and the same opportunity for individuality and interpretation, as is given to the trained pianist. It makes the lover of music independent of the whims of his musical friends and suits itself to his own mood.

(2) And to give to trained pianists a perfect instrument—marked by its purity of tone and responsiveness to delicate shades of touch—through which they may find expression of their genius.

If it is to fulfill this splendid mission, it must give to the operator as intimate control of the piano action as is given to the pianist. In the shading from the fast to the slow passage and from the pianissimo passage to the fortissimo, and in giving emphasis to any note as desired, there should be **perfect control of the expression.** In order that there be nothing in the music to suggest the machine, there should be a **non-mechanical touch.** And all the while there should be something which reflects the **individuality of the operator.**

We must not entirely lose sight of the fact, however, that the instrument is a mechanism which we are to operate by our own strength, and must make sure of **ease of operation.**

It is of the utmost importance that in one and all of these features, there should be **durability.**

The Cecilian Pianos lack in not one of these particulars, and in the hope that it may lead you to investigate and become acquainted with this greatest player of them all, we direct to you the following essential points:

Just a song at twilight with the Cecilian—that any one can play

The Control of Expression

In the Cecilian Piano—that any one can play—the expression devices are simple and positive. The tempo regulator is so sensitive that it instantly responds to your slightest wish, and with the THEMATIC BUTTONS you can soften the bass or treble at will, and accent the theme or melody so that it stands out prominently while the accompaniment is subdued. This is the original and only perfect "melody device." Beyond this the expression is directly controlled by the pedaling, there being no part of the body to respond to a musical impulse so quickly and truly as the feet

The mechanism of the Cecilian Piano—that any one can play—is so direct, and friction and unnecessary leaks have been so obviated, that the slightest effort will bring out a forte note and leave preceding and following notes at pianissimo. And if it is desired to emphasize a treble or bass note, this may be done while other registers remain at pianissimo.

By having within his easy control the ability to make the instrument do precisely what he wishes of it, the performer possesses the power to read himself into his music.

A Satisfying Touch

Touch is a fleeting thing, hard to analyze, harder still to imitate. We speak of the touch of this or that artist and mean in part, his dexterity, his delicacy, but it is more than that. The tone he brings from the piano is different from that which we have heard the instrument give to any one else. It almost seems that the instrument is alive and has entered into a compact with the artist to give its greatest beauties to the world, only through him. Have you never noticed an old piano wake to unusual beauty under the fingers of some greatly gifted person, and have you never heard the remark, "Could one have believed that the piano had such a tone?"

May we say that a beautiful "touch" gives the power to awaken in the piano its most perfect, most beautiful tones?

We have given our best thought to the perfection of an instrument which should have "touch," as delicate, as beautiful, and as satisfying as that of the great virtuoso

Not only in the more tangible points of expression but also in the most fleeting, the Cecilian Piano fits itself to the ideals of the performer

The Individuality of the Operator

There is something about the playing of every good musician, which is characteristic. The interpretation of Hofmann is different from that of Paderewski or Gabrilowitsch just as his character is different. Each reads himself into his music.

This individuality is a subtle thing; it is usually a most delicate thing, a thing which cannot be imitated because it takes its source from the inmost being.

The mechanism of the Cecilian Piano is so direct; the touch so elastic; and the adjustment so delicate, that the instrument becomes a part of yourself, and in your playing of every piece there is a subtle something which tells those who hear, that it is you, and not someone else who plays.

In **Control of Expression**; in the more transitory **Touch**; and even to giving the final artistic touch of **Individuality of the Operator,** the Cecilian Piano—that any one can play—is almost human.

Perfect Ease of Operation

The elements which bring about **Ease of Operation** are largely the same as made for the other characteristics of the Cecilian Piano, as: extreme care in workmanship, in the finishing of parts; nicety of adjustment, made possible in the **metal** of the action of the Cecilian Piano to a degree of delicacy which is entirely impossible in **wood**; perfect air-tightness, making losses by leakage impossible; and by the most exact and easiest running of motors.

The value of the player piano in the home depends upon the amount of pleasure and instruction the instrument gives to each member of the household. The keenest enjoyment comes from personally evoking the music.

Unless the instrument is easy to pedal, it will be useless to almost all women and children. The Cecilian is an instrument which any one can play for as long as is desired, and still not feel fatigue.

The Cecilian Pianos stand absolutely alone, then: First, in **Control of Expression**; second, in **Touch**; third, in the **Individuality of the Operator**; and fourth, in **Ease of Operation.**

The Cecilian Metal Mechanism

Durability is the final test. However excellent the qualities which characterize the player in the beginning, the instrument is not a success unless those qualities endure.

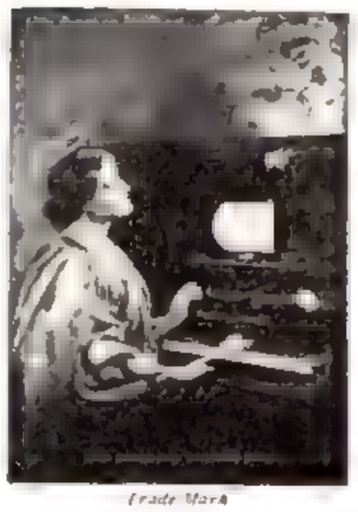
After long experiments with wooden actions, the makers of the Cecilian Piano conceived the idea of using metal and the Cecilian metal mechanism has proven the greatest improvement ever made in piano player construction Steel, brass and phosphor bronze are used in the construction of the air chambers, valves and connections in this action, instead of wood, thus doing away forever with the many difficulties occasioned by climatic changes.

Were we even to base our claim upon this point of durability alone, it should suffice to settle the question favorably to the Cecilian Piano—that any one can play but when we have an instrument which stands above all others: First, in **Control of Expression**; Second, in **Touch**; Third, in responding to the **Individuality of the Operator**; Fourth, in **Ease of Operation**; and Fifth, in the **Durability** which makes all these qualities permanent, the instrument for those who have regard for artistic results and for the continued usefulness of those things which they buy, becomes of necessity, the Cecilian Piano.

The Piano

There are pianos and pianos. Some are made for ends which are musical, with others this is not so surely the case.

It is not enough for an artist to have a gift for Expression. He must have at hand a piano which in action and tone will respond to his gift. If he is to demonstrate his delicacy of Touch, he must have a piano which is carefully and artistically constructed and perfectly regulated. And if he is to read himself into the masterpiece and give to the music the touch of his own individuality, the instrument must be so perfect in every detail as to become even a part of himself.



The pianos which can be said to be works of genius are not many, but in a secure place among them stands the **Sohmer,** while the **Farrand** and **Cecilian Pianos** hold the respect of everyone who knows and appreciates sterling worth in pianos.

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FIVE THOUSAND AN HOUR

(Continued from Page 5

Gamble piled the money into his hands and, with Polly's fountain pen, wrote a clear and concise statement of the option upon the back of an unimportant letter. Gresham, as soon as he had finished counting the money with caressing fingers, read and reread the option cautiously—and signed it.

Polly reached out for it

"Let me witness this," she requested with a glance of meaning at her friend Johnny; and, writing the word "Witnesses" in its proper place, she signed her name and passed the paper to Miss Joy. "Come in, Constance; the water's fine," she invited. "Be a witness with me and let's all be in vulgar trade."

Constance signed the paper gravely, puckering her lips adorably as she made a careful business of it. She gave the paper to Mr. Gamble, and he felt foolish enough to kiss the signature. She found another paper upon her lap and opened it mechanically. It was the subscription list. Suddenly she burst into laughter.

"This last donation is from Angora!" she exclaimed. "That's a generous subscription, Mr. Gamble; but I don't know whether to thank you or the horse."

"Thank the goat, whoever that is," he suggested, smiling into her eyes. Great Scott, what eyes they were! "Polly, Colonel Bouncer is over there by the bandstand. I'll give you a nickel's worth of peanuts if you'll tell him what I'm doing."

Mr. Gresham turned olive green.

"Wait a minute, Miss Parsons," he protested. "Mr. Gamble, you manage very nicely without Mr. Collaton. If you knew of a probable purchaser for my property you have just taken a most unethical advantage of me."

"You didn't have your fingers crossed," Gamble serenely reminded him.

"Not once," corroborated Polly. "I watched him all the time. Just leave the Colonel to me, Johnny. I'll scare him to death on the way here," and she hurried away upon her errand.

"I suppose I must take my medicine," said Gresham glumly. "I should have sent you to my lawyer. I might have known that your business ethics and my own would be entirely different."

"What are your business ethics, Mr. Gresham?" asked Constance with suspicious innocence.

"There do not seem to be any," he responded.

"I never heard of any," agreed Gamble cheerfully. "My principle is, See it first and grab it."

"That's the rule of every highwayman, I believe," charged Gresham. "You will excuse me for a few moments, please?" And he hurried away in pursuit of a man whom he had seen passing.

"That's the rule of life," said Gamble. "I had to learn it quick. It took me four months to save up my first eighteen dollars. I thought I'd never get it."

"You must have wanted something very much," suggested Constance, smiling sympathetically at her vision of this man as a boy, hoarding his pennies and nickels like a miser for so long a time.

"I did," he admitted simply. "I wanted a cookstove with silver knobs. The day I had it brought home was the proudest of my life. My mother knelt down and hugged it. It had four lids and not one of them was cracked."

Constance looked at him with a musing smile. He must have been a handsome boy.

♥

BENEATH the grandstand, Gresham caught up with a thin-faced and sandy-haired man whose colorless eyebrows and almost colorless eyes gave his waxlike countenance a peculiarly blank expression—much as if one had drawn a face and had forgotten to mark in the features. The man started nervously as Gresham touched him on the shoulder, and his thin lips parted in a frightened snarl

"You have such a ghastly way of slipping up behind one," he complained, brushing the shoulder upon which Gresham had laid his hand.

"You're nervous, Collaton. I'm not Johnny Gamble," laughed Gresham.

"Suppose you were!" indignantly retorted Collaton. "I'm not avoiding Johnny." And he studied Gresham furtively.

"The Gamble-Collaton books are. Do you imagine there are any more outstanding accounts against your firm?"

"How should I know?" Collaton glanced about him uneasily.

"True enough—how should you?" agreed Gresham soothingly. "I'd feel rather sorry for Gamble if an old and forgotten note against your firm, upon which a judgment had been quietly secured 'by default,' should turn up just now"

"I don't think one will," returned Collaton, searching Gresham's eyes. "Why?"

"Because he is almost certain to make a deposit in the Fourth National Bank in a short time."

"That's a very good reason," laughed Collaton, now certain of the eyes.

"If that deposit were to be attached," went on Gresham suavely, "it might embarrass him very much." There was a slight pause. "If you'll call me up tonight I'll let you know how much it will be and when he is likely to bank it."

"Why do you tell me this?" puzzled Collaton.

"Because I want him broke!" explained Gresham, his face suddenly twitching viciously in spite of himself.

Collaton thought it over carefully.

"What's your telephone number?" he accommodatingly inquired.

VI

COLONEL BOUNCER was flattered to have Polly Parsons pause at his seat as she came down the aisle, after an extended passage at arms with Val Russel, and tell him how young he looked.

"Gad, you'd make any man feel young and brisk!" he gallantly declared.

"Wasn't that Paul Gresham in Mrs. Boyden's box?"

"Yes; the very Paul," she assured him, glad that the Colonel was making it so easy for her. "He's going to give you a new neighbor, Colonel. He's just been discussing a deal with Mr. Gamble for the vacant property next to your factory."

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated the Colonel, rising hastily. "He hasn't actually sold it, has he?"

"He has given Mr. Gamble an option on it," Polly was happy to state.

"You don't say!" exploded the Colonel. "Why, what does Johnny Gamble want with it?"

"He didn't tell; but I think he's organizing a shoe-manufacturing company," lied Polly glibly.

"Goodness me!" muttered the Colonel, and, breathing heavily, he cursed his procrastination heartily to himself, threw discretion to the winds and hurried down to the Boyden box just as Gresham returned. His greeting to the other occupants was but perfunctory, and then he turned to Gresham with:

"You haven't sold your property adjoining my factory, have you, Gresham?"

"Well, I've given Mr. Gamble an option on it," admitted Gresham reluctantly.

"For how much?"

"That would be telling," interposed Gamble.

"For how long is your option?" the Colonel demanded.

"Thirty days."

"What are you buying it for investment or improvement?"

"That would be telling again."

"Will you sell it?"

"Depends on the price."

"What'll you take for it?"

"Fifty-five thousand."

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the Colonel. "Why, man, that's robbery! I'll never pay it. I'll take a chance on waiting until your option expires, then I'll do business with Gresham. Gresham, what will you want for the property if Gamble don't take it up?"

"Fifty thousand," said Gresham, and glanced darkly at Gamble.

Miss Joy interrupted with a laugh. Gresham looked at her inquiringly, but he did not ask her the joke. She volunteered an explanation, however.

"I'm just framing a definition of business ethics," she stated; "but really I don't see the difference between yours and Mr. Gamble's."

"Business ethics consists of finding a man who has some money, and hitting him behind the ear with a sandbag," explained the Colonel. "Even your price is a holdup,

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Gresham; but I think I can buy it for less when the time comes—if I want it."

"You'll have four months to make up your mind," said Gamble with a triumphant look at Constance.

"I thought your option was for only thirty days."

"It's renewable three times."

"Bless my soul!" shouted the Colonel. "That puts an entirely different face upon the matter. If you don't want too much money for it, Gamble, I don't mind confessing that I'd like to build an extension to my factory on that property. Now that my defenses are down, soak me."

"I couldn't refuse a little thing like that. I'll soak you all I can. I said fifty-five thousand, you know."

"You didn't mean it, though!" expostulated the Colonel.

"What did I mean then?"

"You meant forty thousand."

"As a mind reader you're a flivver," chided Gamble. "I'll let you down one notch, Colonel. I'll make it fifty thousand—and not one cent less."

The Colonel looked at him sorrowfully. "Do you really mean that, Johnny?" he inquired.

"I really mean it."

"Well, if you say you really mean it you really mean it. I know you well enough for that," admitted the Colonel with a sigh. "It's a rank robbery though. I'll take you, Johnny."

Gamble turned to Gresham.

"If you don't mind, I'll just transfer my option to the Colonel," he suggested.

"The game is in your hands—for the present," Gresham acknowledged.

"We'll just fix it up that way, then, Colonel. Polly, lend me your fountain pen again. Colonel, you may hand me your check for seventeen thousand five hundred. You may pay the balance of the money to Gresham—upon delivery, I suppose, of the deed."

"Surely," said the Colonel nonchalantly; and, producing his own fountain pen and checkbook, he wrote Johnny Gamble's check, while Gamble wrote a transfer of his option. Constance watched that unquestioning operation between the two gentlemen with puzzled brows.

"You're not taking this matter to your lawyer, Colonel," she observed.

"Certainly not!" he replied in surprise. "I've known Johnny Gamble for years, and I'd take his word for my entire bank account."

"I must confess that business ethics has me more confused than ever," laughed Constance. "You just now accused Mr. Gamble of robbing you."

It was the Colonel's turn to laugh.

"I'd have paid him sixty thousand," he advised her, placing the option affectionately in his pocketbook. "It's worth that to me. I've been afraid to broach the matter to Gresham for a month, for fear he'd want seventy-five when he found out I had to have it. I'm getting it cheaper through Gamble."

A fleeting trace of guilt upon Gresham's countenance told that this surmise was the truth, and Constance shook her head.

"I don't suppose I ever shall understand it," she confessed.

"I don't, myself," observed Gamble, passing the Colonel's check between his fingers quite happily. "I can loaf three hours now on that two-hundred-hour stunt, thanks to you, Gresham."

"You had your start by luck," Gresham reminded him.

"Not at all," insisted Gamble cheerfully. "I would have borrowed the money from the Colonel to buy that option. How's that for ethics, Miss Joy?"

"It's quite in keeping with your methods of the day," rejoined Gresham. "I still insist that you took an unfair advantage of me."

The Colonel, who regretted to be compelled to dislike anybody, turned upon Gresham a dissatisfied eye.

"Oh, play the game or stay out of it!" he advised. "I'll see you at my lawyer's tomorrow at eleven. Come with me a minute, Johnny. I want you to meet a friend of mine who has a big real-estate deal on tap, and he may not go back on our train tonight."

Johnny Gamble made his adieus from the Boyden box with reluctance. The horses were lining up at the barrier for the last race, and he might not return in time. While he was bidding a thoroughly inadequate goodby to Constance, Loring came up hastily and called Polly from the box.

"Sammy Chirp called my attention to Gresham and Collaton talking together rather furtively down under the grandstand a few minutes ago," he said. "I have a curious impression that they mean harm to Gamble."

"It was Gresham got the harm. Johnny just beat him to a fifteen-thousand-dollar profit."

"So that was it," said Loring with a frown. "Tell him to watch out. They were about to attach his bank account the last time he paid an unexpected note," and he lounged into the box.

Polly followed Johnny Gamble when he started to rejoin the Colonel.

"Do me a favor, please, Johnny," she begged.

"Certainly," he returned. "Do you know what it is?"

"Here's my fountain pen. Indorse that check over to me, won't you?"

"What's the joke?" he asked.

"I don't want you to have the money. I'm in a hurry now."

"Well, I'm broke again," laughed Johnny in perfect confidence; and he indorsed the check.

"The most thoroughgoing plebe I ever saw," Gresham commented, looking after Gamble. "It's so fortunate that one is only compelled to meet him in public places."

Constance glanced at him curiously and hurried to the rear rail of the box. She barely mentioned Mr. Gamble's name and it was surprising how easily he heard her and how quickly he came back.

"I forgot to ask you to call," she said. "If you can spare any time from your pursuit of that million dollars we should be glad to see you at the house—Aunt Pattie and I."

"Will you be busy tomorrow evening?" he briskly inquired.

"There's no one expected but Mr. Gresham," she informed him with a smile at his precipitancy.

"I'll be there," he stated with business-like decisiveness. "I'll bring along from five to twenty thousand dollars' worth of time and use up as much of it as you'll let me."

"I'll have a meter," she laughed.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of stories by George Randolph Chester. The second will appear in an early number.

The Lay of the Investor

Upstairs in a box I've got wonderful storks,
That I've bought at odd times through the mail;
I've got Mexican Rubber and Antarctic Blubber,
Preferred Ambergris—that's a whale.
I've got oil stocks in wells that the prospectus tells
Are gushing great guns at each vent;
And all that they need is more suckers to bleed
To pay seven hundred per cent.

I've got Pineapple stock that's as firm as the rock
Of Gibraltar, whatever that be;
It's as good as the cash and secured by the ash
Of some volcanic isle in the sea.
I've got gold that will run fifty pounds to the ton,
And copper that's almost pure stuff,
And it's all sure to pay big returns some fine day
When the suckers buy holdings enough.

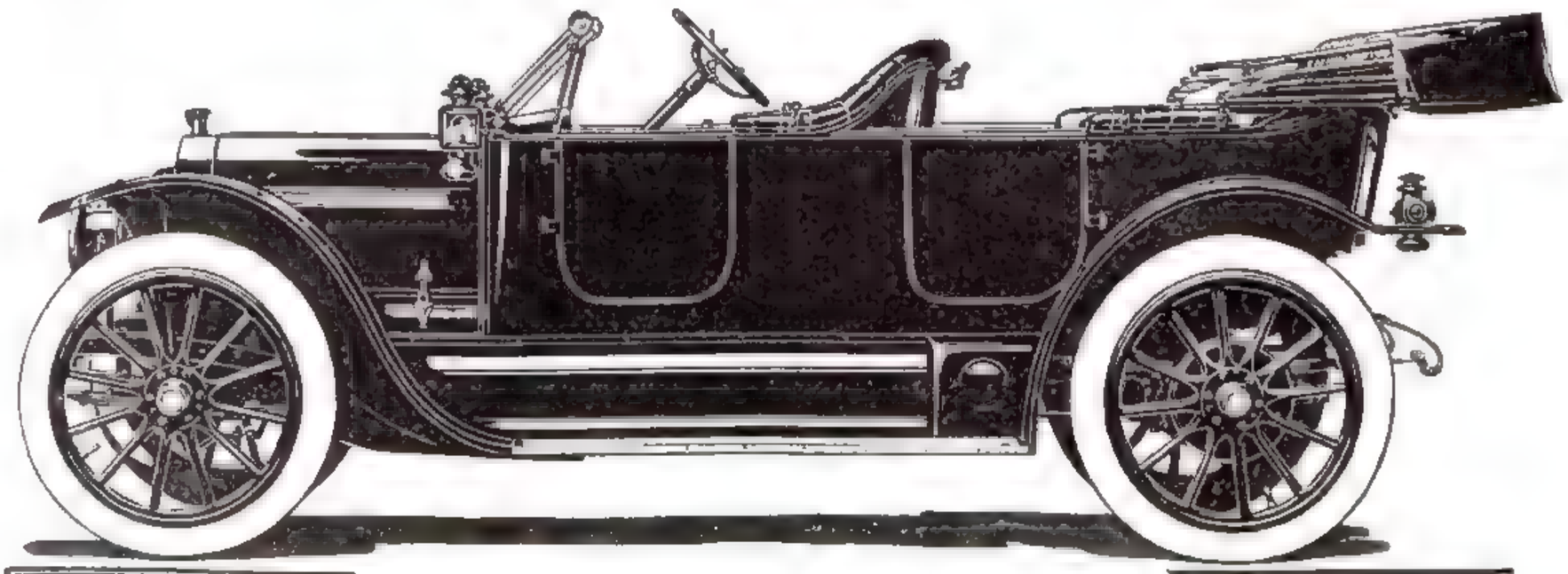
I've got Plain and Preferred, I've got Scrambled and Shirred,
I've got Sugar and Coffee and Trash,
That brings me a line of prospectuses fine
And everything else except cash.
I've got Old Spanish Grants to West Indian Lands
That were deeded one time to Cap Kidd,
And some stock that he bought in this old swampy spot
Is as good as the day that he did.

I've got stocks of all hues—reds, greens, purples and blues,
Guaranteed nine per cent and some ten;
And just when I swear I'll not buy a new share,
Then I get "promoted" again;
I haven't been missed by one Investors' List,
By every new swindle I'm booked;
Now, here's a new line; come on in—water's fine,
I feel myself biting—I'm hooked!

—*J. W. Foley.*

Rambler

1912–Cross Country–$1650



IT'S 38 horse-power, five-passenger, with 120-inch wheel base and 36 x 4-inch wheels and tires. *It's long, it's low, it's roomy.* Low, with drop frame—long, with front axle set forward and straight line torpedo body. Roomy, with 27 inches from front seat to dash and 30 inches from seat to seat in tonneau. No outside door latches. Enclosed ventilated front and hooded dash. A car of exceeding beauty, finished in English Purple Lake—it's a rare shade of deep maroon—trimmed in nickel. Radiator to conform to body lines, high and distinctive in appearance. Fenders with sweeping grace. Powerful brakes. Rambler ejector manifold, a simple aid to power—it makes the engine hustle. In the ordinary engine every charge is of four parts fresh gas and one part burnt gas. The ejector manifold removes the fifth part burnt gas and every explosion in the Rambler engine consumes five parts of fresh gas. Result—power increased 25 per cent. To drive this car is exhilarating. It runs like a spirited horse. You touch the throttle and it's away. It's the Rambler Cross Country and the flag-bearer for 1912.

Equipment, Bosch magneto. Fine, large, black and nickel headlights with Prest-o-lite tank. Black and nickel side and tail oil lamps; large tool box; tool roll with complete tool outfit. Roomy, folding robe rail; foot rest, jack, pump and tire kit. Top, with envelope, $80—wind shield $. Demountable Wheel, less tire, with brackets and tools, $30. Self starter $175.

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Branches: Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Milwaukee, New York, San Francisco

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Suburban, 4 pass.	1650
Roadster, 2 pass.	1600
Sedan, 4 pass. enclosed	2500
Gotham, 5 pass. convertible Limousine	2750

1912
Fifty H. P. Models

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Morame, 7 pass.	2500
Metropolitan, 7 pass. torpedo	2850
Greyhound, 6 pass. torpedo	2850
Knickerbocker, 7 pass. Berlin type Limousine	4200

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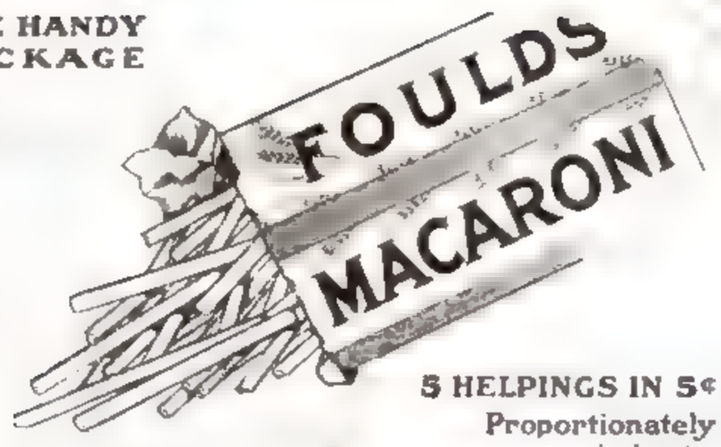

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This Macaroni and Spaghetti is flavory, firm and tender; it is made in a modern factory far from the city's dust and dirt, by Americans who pride themselves on cleanliness and observe our American pure food laws in letter and in spirit. It is made clean, and it's kept clean all the way to your kitchen by a sealed, sanitary package.

So give Foulds a place on your home table frequently. Its food value is high, it is most economical and the variety of really good dishes you can make with it is almost unlimited

You will like Macaroni and Spaghetti prepared in the usual ways with cheese or tomatoes better than ever if you use Foulds And there are forty other combinations with your favorite meats and vegetables, with eggs, fish and oysters, which are equally good or better Try this recipe and see how a commonplace thing like Hamburger Steak is transformed into a nutritious and delicious dish, which you will be glad to serve often.

Hamburger a La Foulds

Let simmer together for 30 minutes, one-half pound of Hamburger Steak, half a can of tomatoes and one small onion chopped fine. While this is simmering, boil and drain a five-cent package of Foulds' Macaroni or Spaghetti as directed, without breaking the sticks.

When the meat and tomatoes are sufficiently cooked, add half a pound, or less, of cheese, cut fine or grated, and a lump of butter seasoned with salt and red pepper; simmer until the cheese is melted, then add the Macaroni or Spaghetti and serve hot.

This dish may be varied by omitting the cheese and using the quantity of Hamburger Steak, or by adding a few mushrooms, either fresh or canned. Left-overs of roasts will never be recognized as such if put through the food chopper and used instead of fresh Hamburger.

Save this recipe, or better, drop us a postal for a free copy of the Americanized Macaroni and Spaghetti Cook Book. It contains 42 other excellent recipes, mostly simple and inexpensive—all pleasing to American tastes.

If your grocer does not yet handle Foulds, give us his name and address and send us 10c in stamps or coin, and we will send you, charges prepaid, a full 5c package each of Macaroni and Spaghetti with a copy of the Cook Book. Then you can try for yourself at least two of these new dishes made with the very best American Macaroni and Spaghetti which you know is appetizingly clean.

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THE TRADE WE ARE SCOLDED ABOUT

Continued from Page 23

may be made from a trade directory, without knowledge of its standing, for he runs no risk. He happens to select a tricky concern. The commission house may know that the manufacturer has been doing trade work in that country and it conjectures that demand is growing as the outcome. So it hurries to him with a proposal. If he will give it exclusive selling rights and a commission on all his goods sent to that country for a term of years it will guarantee him a certain amount of annual sales. This amount is probably well within what it figures this single merchant will order; so it runs no risk. If the manufacturer accepts and enters into a contract his growing trade is saddled with a commission for which no real service is performed.

Small, irresponsible concerns among the forwarding agents in this country must also be guarded against in export trade. The forwarding agent of ability, with sound business standing, is a prime necessity to the export department of a manufacturing house, because he knows the best way to route a shipment, the most favorable rate to be obtained on it, how the goods should be packed and how papers sent along should be drawn up. He also pays customs duties in foreign ports, makes collections, and so forth. Export shipping is highly technical in its details, but the forwarding agent keeps himself informed on the technicalities, simplifying matters immensely for the manufacturer. This business is, at the same time, one that can be set up with little capital.

It often happens that an ambitious youngster, with a couple of years' experience in making out bills-of-lading, is found offering his services as a forwarder. He may be honest enough, but can cause losses through inefficiency—as paying foreign customs duties on a shipment before its acceptance by the foreign customer; in which case, if the goods are refused they must be sold in the country to which they have been sent, probably at a loss, as the duties cannot be recovered. Again, downright thieves have been found among forwarding houses, disappearing with considerable sums collected for their customers or sent them to pay duties. The financial test of a forwarding house lies strictly in its commercial rating. If it is sound financially it is usually capable.

Foreign Legal Complications

Suppose that goods for export have been skillfully sold, that the American manufacturer is dealing directly with his foreign customers, and that his shipments and collections are being taken care of by a trustworthy forwarding house. Everything at this end of the transaction seems to be quite straight. Yet he is by no means beyond possibilities for crookedness, because sometimes the foreign brother turns crook, too, and devises interesting little schemes which must be dealt with in the countries the goods are shipped to.

An American manufacturer, for instance, enters certain countries where the trademark laws differ from ours. Here at home, his leading brand, the golden triangle, has been known for two generations. That golden triangle is a valuable asset in his business. If a competitor in this country put out goods under even a colorable imitation of the trademark the courts would stop him by a perpetual injunction. Imagine his feelings, then, when he investigates the Cuban market, finds good customers and sees prospects of building up a lasting trade, but at the same time learns that his sacred golden triangle has been registered there as a trademark by a clerk in Havana. This clerk took the precaution to register many other famous trademarks of American and other nationalities. Cuban laws permit him to do this; and there is no way for the manufacturer to market his goods there under his own brand except by buying this legal right from the Havana clerk.

Japan has the same sort of law. An old manufacturing firm in England appointed a Japanese selling agent in Yokohama. The agent immediately registered the British trademark as his own. Then he imposed harsher and harsher terms on his principals until there was no profit in their Japanese business. Finally they told him to go to Hades and appointed another Japanese

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agent. Their next shipment of goods was stopped at the port of entry, however, and the first agent demanded ten thousand dollars for his trademark rights. The matter is now being fought out in the Japanese courts, to the profit of Japanese lawyers.

Another interesting device of the crooked foreign selling agent was that of an Egyptian who secured the rights for his country on an American manufacturer's products, got a contract stipulating terms and commissions for a period of years, and then did nothing whatever toward selling goods. He disappeared, in fact; and the manufacturer, assuming that he had gone out of business or died, filled an order for goods sent by another Egyptian. Then the first agent promptly came to life, charged breach of contract, started a one-sided suit for ten thousand dollars in his own courts and won the case. The goods were seized. Though the loss amounted to only a few hundred dollars, that manufacturer has been shut out of the land of the Pharaohs, during the life of the contract at least.

The crooked foreign brother will sometimes content himself with petty operations, such as writing every advertiser in an American trade journal, flowerily explaining how long his benighted country has been waiting for such excellent goods and asking for samples so that he may sell them. The experienced export department usually makes a charge for samples sent abroad. Only one house in every ten or twenty may rise to the bait, but these small stealings satisfy the foreign brother. In some instances his appeal is most elaborate. He has beautiful letterheads, and poses as an association for the encouragement of trade with his country, promising to exhibit samples in a fine showroom.

The Crooks in Export Street

A more costly foreign swindle is that of the sharper who places an order for goods, refuses to take them out of his custom house and buys them in cheaply when they are sold. An interesting game of this character has been operated in a Spanish city. The American manufacturer receives an order for goods, with references to a number of people in the bogus customer's port who will vouch for his responsibility. Inquiries made of all these people bring favorable reports. If the goods are sent they are allowed to lie in the custom house, and the manufacturer then hears from various other people in that place—a custom-house broker who offers to negotiate the case, an attorney who is eager to sue the bogus customer, a selling agent who thinks he can dispose of the shipment to advantage and trim down the manufacturer's loss. Investigation has shown that all these people are one man working under various names and addresses; and from time to time he moves to another field of operation.

These are some of the more familiar crooks and turns in Export Street. So much publicity has been given to the fakers and frauds of foreign commerce that many an American business man is scared by a letter from abroad asking about his goods.

An amusing instance of this timidity was reported to one of the export journals not long ago by a South American merchant who is resident New York buyer for the largest mercantile concern in his own country. He had been buying small quantities of a certain kind of goods from one of our big Trusts. Its demand was always for cash with order. He paid cash for several years, but the items were troublesome from the bookkeeping standpoint. So, when his next order was sent—for a hundred dollars' worth of those goods—he referred to his New York bank, which constantly carries for him a balance a hundred times that amount.

"Why can you not sell me goods in a regular business way?" asked the South American.

"Well, you see," replied the Trust, "a few years ago there was a man sailed out of New York harbor with a whole shipload of merchandise that he got for export; since then we have been taking absolutely no chances with this export business."

Two brothers in New York were thoroughly familiar with export-trade methods. Some business men who knew them say they had been responsible forwarders, but had lost large sums through advances to customers and took a dishonest way of making good their losses. However that may be, they established an export shipping house in New York and created a fictitious customer for themselves, supposed to be

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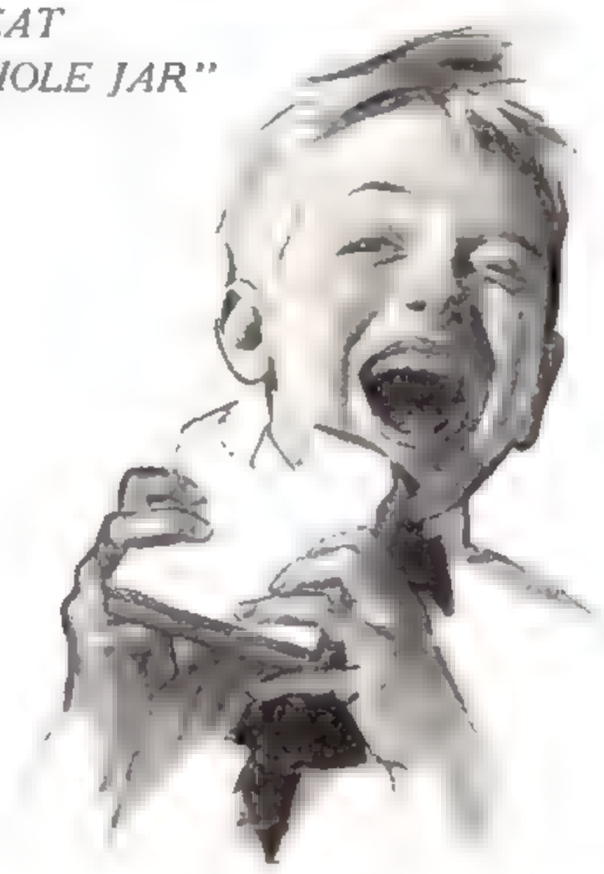

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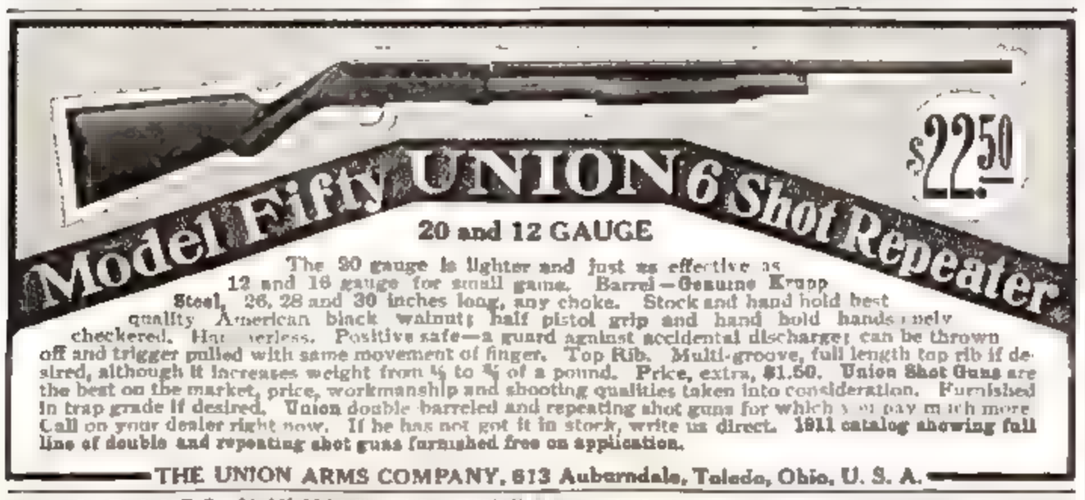

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PATENTS INVENTORS OF WIDE EXPERIENCE employed in securing Patents. So will you eventually. Why wait? Just send for my book. WM. P. JONES, 801 G St., Washington, D. C.

Model Aeroplanes New Wright 3 ft. Biplane Model positively flies. Plan and Instructions for building it. Drawing of 3 ft. Model Biplane. Scores of stamp-hinges complete, illustrated Catalog. **Ideal Aeroplane and Supply Co., 50-55 W. Broadway, New York City**

located in an obscure Australian town. Large orders for machinery and supplies were placed with American manufacturers for this imaginary customer. Goods to the value of tens of thousands of dollars were shipped to the brothers in New York, with drafts attached. They got hold of an old freight steamship, loaded the goods into her, discounted the drafts and sailed away for Honduras. Getting cash on such drafts is more or less easy, for they are backed by the credit of the manufacturer who draws them as well as that of the person drawn upon. So the manufacturers not only lost their goods but had to pay cash for them as well.

When the brothers had departed their export house went into bankruptcy. That, they believed, freed them from legal responsibility, and they planned to dispose of their cargo in South American ports; but there was one little slip—as there usually is. To sail their ship they engaged a British sea-captain whose papers had been taken from him. That made the ship technically a pirate; her registry was revoked and eventually the brothers were captured and sent to prison.

The publicity given this incident, together with constant petty frauds of export sharpers and rumors of frauds, both at home and abroad, have led many American business men to look upon foreign trade as something to be feared and avoided. There are crooked places in Export Street, but they are soon located and marked; and the straightforward, profitable business waiting in that thoroughfare for the man who will boldly go and get it amply compensates for casual losses.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth and last of a series of articles by James H. Collins.

COÖPERATION AMONG THE MORMONS

(Concluded from Page 13)

farmers themselves, and their answers were practically the same. Here it is:

"When we sell direct to the consumer—as, for instance, our hay and beef to the mines and railways—we get the whole retail price. When we team direct to the camp we get twenty to twenty-one dollars for our full-grade hay, fourteen dollars for second grade—which is the retail city price. Suppose we sell that or our wool to the 'coöp.' store. They pay us just the usual middleman price, say twelve to fourteen dollars for first-grade hay. Then with their reserve fund they are able to hold for a rise in the market. Very well—at the end of the year we get the profit back in our store dividend."

"And the cost of handling?"

"Never more than ten per cent, so that we can count on ninety per cent of the consumer's price."

"A possible hitch is at once apparent in the system. How about the drone, the man who will not do his share in the communal herding and freighting and irrigating?"

"We discipline him," answered one of the leaders.

"But how? I'd like to know just how to discipline the drones who are holding back farm progress in the East."

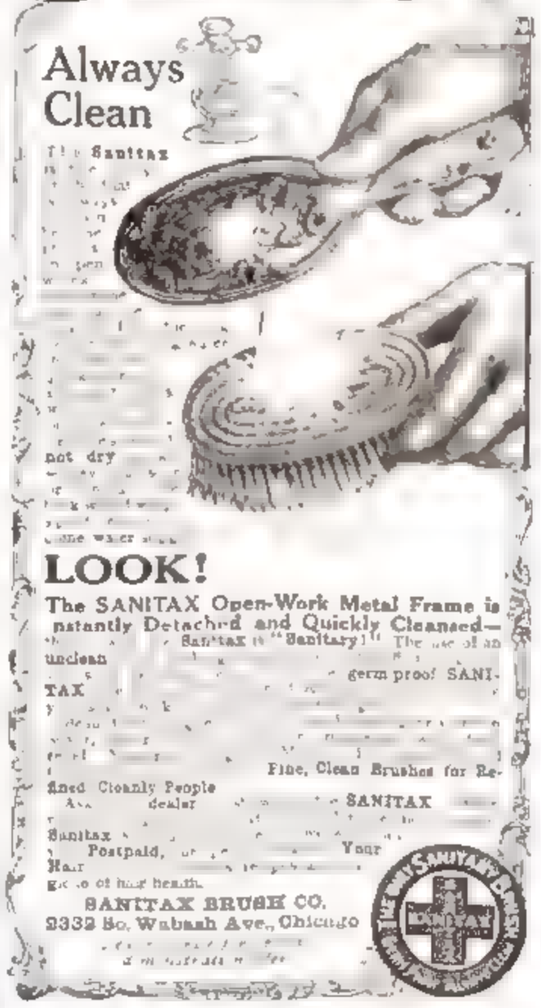
"Well—take water, for instance! If he wouldn't do his share in the ditch we'd turn off his water."

"All right—suppose you turn off the water; what is to prevent his becoming a burden on the community?"

"The fact that he can't sell out except at our price; and a man will work before he will starve—that fact pulls him up sharp and short. If he won't work we can force him to sell at a price that will break him and throw him out; for outsiders do not readily come among us. If he stays on he must do his share or go hungry. As a matter of fact, no case has ever come to such extremities; for advancement and prosperity depend on what we call 'good standing in the order'; and that a man cannot have, even to the extent of owning land, unless he has proved himself fit to be a member of an industrious community."

That a system of such rigidity might work into a tyranny to other than drones is not to be denied. It is also not to be denied that this same system of cooperation is one that might succeed with other than Mormon communities.

SanitaX Brushes


Always Clean
LOOK!
The SANITAX Open-Work Metal Frame is instantly Detached and Quickly Cleaned—
SANITAX BRUSH CO.
2333 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Is Marriage Sacred?

Is divorce ever justified?
Should those divorced feel free to marry again?
Should churches decide for the individual?
These problems are laid bare in
The Startling New Novel

Rebellion

by

Joseph Medill Patterson

Rebellion

Sold wherever books are sold. Price $1.25 net
Publishers—The Reilly & Britton Co.—Chicago

8 x 8 Rooms $2350

Want to Know What Others are Building?

PRACTICAL BUNGALOWS

50 cents order or 2 cent stamps.

Los Angeles Investment Company 335 A. Hill St. Los Angeles, Cal.

20,000 $18 BENNETT Typewriters In Use

$18 in U.S.A.

LET US PROVE THIS

O. K. Bennett Typewriter Co. 366 Broadway, New York

Be a System Expert!

Sherwin Cody S. 1411, 189 W. Madison St., Chicago.

Here is the Recipe for the Finest Angel Food Cake you ever made

Whites of eight large or nine small eggs (there is such a difference in the size of eggs that it is well to break them in a cup, there should be just one cupful of the whites); a pinch of salt added to the eggs to hurry beating. One and one-fourth cups granulated sugar, one cup of **Igleheart's Swans Down Cake Flour.** Sift flour once, then measure and sift three times. Beat whites of eggs about half, add one-half teaspoonful cream of tartar, then beat whites until they will stand of their own weight, add the sugar, then flour, not by stirring but folding over and over until thoroughly mixed in, flavor with one-half teaspoonful vanilla or almond extract. Bake in ungreased pans, patent pan preferred. As much care should be taken in making an Angel Food Cake as in mixing. Place the cake [illegible] but in just warm [illegible] here is a little trouble, or the oven may be just warm through [illegible] the batter has raised to the top of the cake mould, then increase the heat gradually until the cake is well browned over; if by pressing the top of the cake with the finger it will spring back without leaving the imprint of the finger the cake is done through. Great care should be taken that the oven is not too hot to begin with as the cake will rise too fast and settle or fall in the baking. Should bake from thirty-five to forty minutes. When done, invert the pans; let stand until cold before removing [illegible] pan.

This recipe is only one of the many equally good ones, contained in our splendid recipe book, which we call Igleheart's "Cake Secrets." This recipe book will be sent you, *free of charge*, if you will fill in the coupon in the lower right hand corner and mail to us today. In making this cake, for which the recipe is given, it is necessary that you use

Swans Down *Prepared* Cake Flour

Ordinary flours will make your cake tough, leathery and soggy. **Swans Down Prepared Cake Flour** makes cakes so incomparably light and delicious, because it is made expressly for cakes and pastry. We use only the finest selected soft wheat. By our special process, all the coarse, glutinous particles are eliminated. We retain only that part of the best flour which will make fine, light, fluffy cake. It is *not* a self-raising flour, contains no corn starch. It takes months to get **Swans Down Prepared Cake Flour** just right. But when ready to put in the package it has no equal—as every user of **Swans Down Prepared Cake Flour** will testify.

Economical Housewives

buy **Swans Down Prepared Cake Flour,** because they save the cost of the flour in the saving of butter alone. Our special preparation makes cake light without the need of much shortening. This use of less shortening, means the making of more healthful cakes and pastry. Each package of **Swans Down Prepared Cake Flour** will make ***twelve cakes at a cost of only two cents per cake.*** It will help you make better cake than you have ever made before. It makes superb Angel Food Cake. It makes every other kind of cake best—it makes the most tender and appetizing pie crust and other pastry. You buy it in the attractive, air-tight, sanitary packages as shown in the lower left-hand corner.

Progressive Retail Grocers

should have the best goods on their shelves. Good goods make satisfied customers—build reputation and prestige. That is why thousands of dealers from ocean to ocean handle **Swans Down Prepared Cake Flour.** Dealers are pleased to supply **Swans Down Prepared Cake Flour** on request—because they are anxious to please their customers, and because they know it must be a quality product or the manufacturers would not be backing it so strongly with advertising. They know that it is with advertised articles of merit that they can build their business to the largest possible extent.

Successful Jobbers

have recognized the unusual merit of **Swans Down Prepared Cake Flour** and given it their staunch support. Hundreds of jobbers have been handling this flour ever since we first commenced to make it twelve years ago. They know its long record of success—how it was awarded the Grand Prize—highest honors for merit at the World's Fair, St. Louis, 1904. They know how well it pays to handle a product which the manufacturers are advertising extensively to increase the demand. They know it never deteriorates but actually improves with age if the package remains unbroken.

Send for Recipe Book Today

When writing for Igleheart's "*Cake Secrets*" Booklet, be sure to give us your retailer's name. If your husband is in the grocery business as a salesman, retailer or jobber, remind him that we have an especially interesting story to send him too. Write for this valuable booklet today.

IGLEHEART BROS.

ESTABLISHED 1856

EVANSVILLE, IND.

The city that has shown the largest percentage of increase in building during the last three months of any city in the United States.

Garford MOTOR CARS

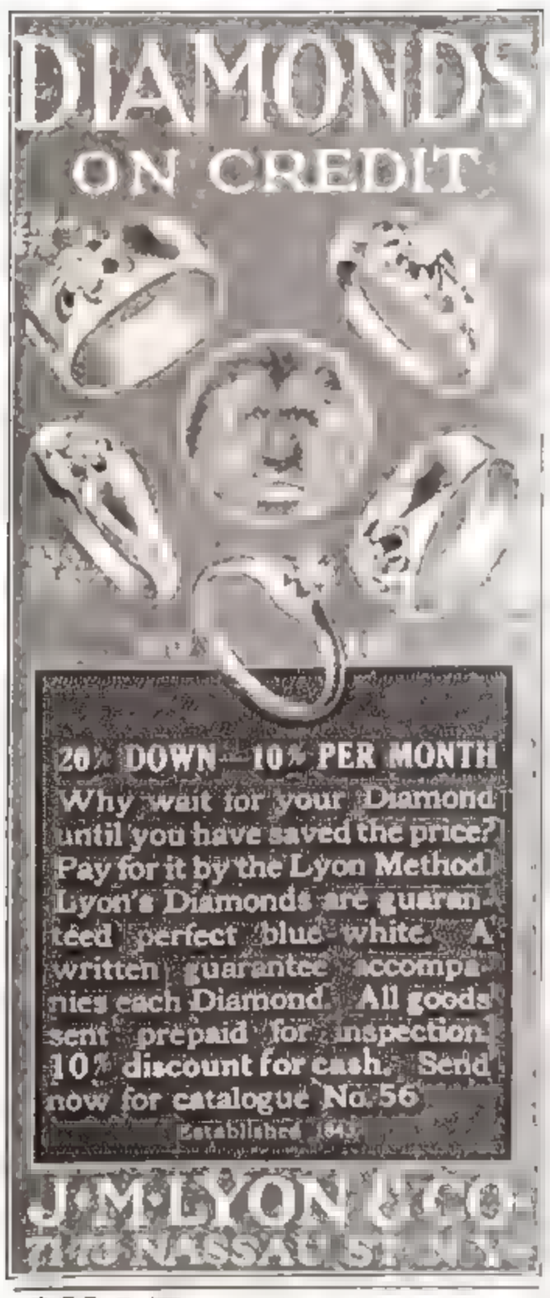
The list of prominent Americans who own one or more of these cars is almost a copy of the Blue Book. It comprises the most distinguished men and women in the country. For example, the Garford is owned by more important railroad executives than any other car made. James J. Hill owns a Garford.

¶ And incidentally the railroad man is an excellent judge. By the very nature of his training he is accustomed to insistung on accuracy. Things with him must move swiftly, surely and safely. He has a most practical mind. He knows mechanical values. And when he makes a purchase that concerns his family he generally gets the very best.

¶ Good proof of the Garford's standing is the long list of well known Garford owners—men and women of international reputation. We will be glad to send you this list. You'll know most all of them. More than likely there will be some in your own city.

¶ The Garford is made with both four cylinders and six cylinders. We have a very handsome book that fully describes the complete 1912 line. Write for a copy.

The Willys—Garford Sales Company, Toledo, Ohio


DIAMONDS
ON CREDIT
20% DOWN—10% PER MONTH
Why wait for your Diamond until you have saved the price? Pay for it by the Lyon Method. Lyon's Diamonds are guaranteed perfect blue-white. A written guarantee accompanies each Diamond. All goods sent prepaid for inspection. 10% discount for cash. Send now for catalogue No. 56
Established 1843
J. M. LYON & CO.
71-73 NASSAU ST., N.Y.

DO YOU realize that the 1911 YALE Motorcycle has won every endurance contest of importance held this year? That YALE riders are getting more real service every day from their machines than any others; that YALE dealers have had and are still getting better service in shipments of machines and parts than any others?

These are *facts* that you are bound to consider when you buy your motorcycle.

1911 4 H. P. YALE $200
With Bosch Magneto $235
1911 7 H. P. YALE TWIN $300

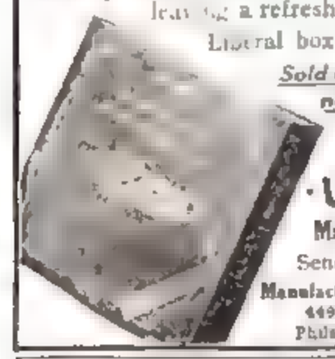
Write for Yale literature today.

CONSOLIDATED MFG. CO., 1762 Fernwood Ave., Toledo, O.

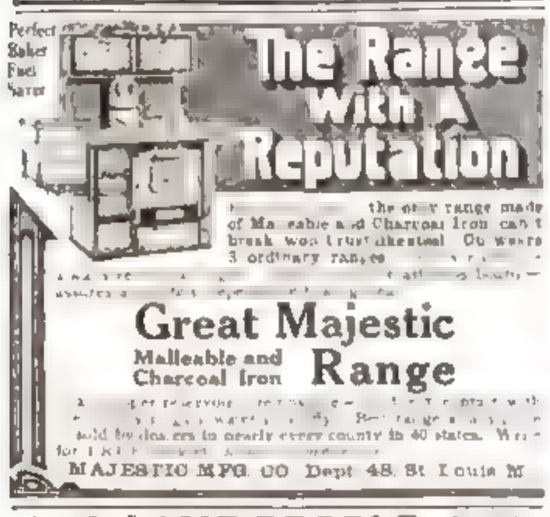
·U-ALLE-NO·
·AFTER DINNER MINT·

Dainty creams that melt in the mouth, leaving a refreshing mint flavor. Liberal box mailed for 10c.

Sold only in tin boxes, never sold in bulk.



·U-ALLE-NO·
Mint Chewing Gum
Send 5c for package.
Manufacturing Co. of America
449 North 13th St.
Philadelphia U. S. A.



Great Majestic
Malleable and Charcoal Iron Range

MAJESTIC MFG. CO. Dept. 48 St. Louis, Mo.

LAME PEOPLE

All persons afflicted with a shortened or weak limb should write at once for our booklet "A." The Pittsburg Orthopedic Company, the largest manufacturers of deformity appliances in the world. 635 Liberty St., Pittsburg, Pa.

AN ALFALFA SCIENCE FARM

Continued from Page 20

cornroots throw off an acid. This was way back in 1886, after I had returned from several years of work in European laboratories. Somehow American corn looked good to me then; it interested me. I was then connected with the Medico-Chirurgical College, in Philadelphia, and had quarters in a quaint old Quaker house on Arch Street. That house had marble window-sills, and one day it occurred to me to make a window garden of corn. The windowbox which I used had no bottom and the soil rested directly on the marble sill. I had been raised in the richest corn section of Illinois and had long held the theory that corn threw off an acid secretion in the process of its growth.

"When the corn in my little window garden was about eighteen inches high I swept away its shallow bed of soil and carefully washed the sill. There, etched into the solid marble slab, were numerous fine traceries. In a word, wherever a cornroot had touched the marble it had left its mark. This was true of the tiniest rootlets—for the magnifying glass revealed a system of traceries too fine to be detected by the naked eye. Nothing but an acid could have done this etching into the solid marble. Right here is the explanation of why the farmer must sweeten his soil with lime salts in some form before he can expect a reasonable crop of alfalfa from soil that has produced successive crops of corn. The nitrogen-gathering and fixing bacteria, vital to the growth of alfalfa, will not prosper in an acid soil

"My soil and plant investigations in the laboratory have convinced me that nitrogen-gathering bacteria are native to the soil and not to certain plants, as is commonly supposed. The soil simply holds them and they locate on the roots of favored leguminous plants when those plants are introduced into the soil. Here we have a basic principle that underlies all advanced agriculture. It is absolutely necessary that the soil should be thoroughly aerated in order that the air may permeate to the roots of these plants, which take their nitrogen from the air and separate and distribute the fertilization into the soil.

"The roots of our plants must be aerated as well as the plants. And, therefore, the breaking up of the crust prevents this hide-bound condition and permits the air to get into the root of the plant. The aeration of soil, as well as the conservation of moisture, is a basic principle; and that is the reason I say you don't want the dust mulch—because your dust mulch with the least little bit of rain will make a cement that will not permit the ingress of atmospheric air. A granular condition will better permit the free circulation of surface air to the micro-organisms of the soil."

Alfalfa Tea for Hogs

A new chapter in the history of swine husbandry has been written in the experiments of the Broadview Ranch, and the title of that chapter is "Alfalfa Tea for Pigs." In the course of his experiments along the lines of higher efficiency in the feeding of alfalfa and of effecting economies and converting waste into profit, Doctor Sudduth discovered that an extract could be made from the alfalfa straw which is not only an almost ideal pig food but which leaves more available protein in the straw after the cooking than was available when the stems were in the raw state. According to his analyses, the meal made from his selected mountain-grown alfalfas, rightly harvested and cured, contains 20.13 per cent of protein after the leaves and tender portions of the stalk have been separated from the straw by a mechanical process. This meal also contains 5 per cent of fat, with carbohydrates running high—43.45 per cent, and with crude fiber only 15.96 per cent.

A less scientific man, having found that he could extract from alfalfa stems a rich and nourishing tea peculiarly adapted to the delicate digestive system of young pigs, would have thrown the teagrounds away—but not the man of the research laboratory! Following the habit of a lifetime devoted to scientific research, and particularly to the purpose of working out a balanced ration for man and beast, he instinctively referred the teagrounds to the laboratory

10 years ago this house was lined with

Compo-Board
NORTHWESTERN WALL LINING

This experience of Mr. Geo. F. Jenks is typical of thousands of other cases where the permanent reliability of Compo-Board has been put to a test of from five to twelve years of actual service as a wall lining. Genuine satisfaction has been so universal among users of Compo-Board that it is rapidly becoming recognized as the modern wall lining, and adopted in place of lath and plaster under the recommendation of architects, contractors, builders and owners.

Better than Lath and Plaster

Compo-Board is not a substitute for lath and plaster, it is better in many ways, and more economical in many uses. It is quicker to put on and lasts longer. You pay less for what you use, doors and windows are not figured in as in the case of lath and plaster. Compo-Board can not sag or fall off like plaster. There never can be expenses for repairing. With Compo-Board there is no moisture introduced in the building as in the case of plaster. Compo-Board being a non-conductor of heat and non-porous is as warm as a plaster wall twelve inches thick. It can be put on in any climate and in any kind of weather. The decorators follow the carpenters, and Compo Board takes paint, paper and kalsomine perfectly

Manufacturers, Retail Stores, Etc.—While Compo-Board is primarily a wall lining, it has proven useful in a multitude of ways. Retail stores use it extensively in arranging display windows, and interior exhibits. Thousands of manufacturers use it about their factories, and many in their products.

SEND FOR SAMPLE AND BOOKLET

You should know just what Compo-Board is and how it is made, its surface, its strength, and its adaptability in many ways in which it might save you money, and serve you better than any other material. Send for sample and booklet, which will give you an accurate idea of the modern wall lining, and actual value of Compo-Board.

Northwestern Compo-Board Co.
4200 Lyndale Avenue North **Minneapolis, Minn.**

The border of this advertisement is a little less than one-half reduction of a cross section illustration of Compo Board.

Buy at once The Stetson Shoe

if you would rid your mind of those distressful visions conjured up by ill-fitting footwear.

Stetson-shod, you will be in perfect trim to strike a care-free gait through life—wherever inclination may lead.

The ***Plaza*** last is a new city model. Its lines are aristocratic. It marks the gentleman.

The Red Diamond marks the Stetson agency and the Stetson Shoe. Write today for *The Book of Dreams*, a unique book of Fall styles, and name of nearest dealer.

"Stetsons cost more by the pair—less by the year."

New York, 7 Cortlandt Street; Springfield, Mass., 170 Worthington Street; Cleveland, Ohio, 6 Hollenden Arcade; Pittsburgh, Pa., Jenkins Arcade Bldg.; 1240 Market Street, Philadelphia.—A. H. Gesting Company.

The Stetson Shoe Company, South Weymouth, Massachusetts

Live Shoe Dealers should write for our Stock Book and Proposition.

THE STETSON SHOE

BREATHE-RITE

$1

BREATHE RITE MFG. CO., 2337 Third Avenue, New York

Read what J. C. Bahlhorn—one of the best known painters and decorators in this country says about Alabastine

This expert knows wall decoration from mansion to cottage; from city skyscraper to country store. Every person ***who has decorating to pay for*** should get The Alabastine Book and read what he says. Mailed Free on request.

Alabastine

The Beautiful Wall Tint

stands for all that is modern and artistic in wall decoration. For exquisite tints, for harmonious, individual color schemes—for wear without chipping or peeling—for healthfulness—for economy in putting on the walls, Alabastine is superior to all other wall decoration. Our expert designers prepare, without charge, complete Color Plans for decorating the home, office, store or other building, to suit the individual needs of Alabastine users.

Get this Free Book

It is an authority on all decorating. Shows twenty artistic Alabastine interiors and explains our ***Free Color Plan Service.***

Put up in full five pound packages.

Special prices on barrel lots of 300 pounds—white and tints. Write us if you are interested in quantity work.

Alabastine Company

428 Grandville Road, Grand Rapids, Mich. Desk 28, 105 Water St., New York City

We Send Millions of Buyers of Jap-a-lac

to the dealers of America every year. We're spending thousands of dollars in advertising—educating housewives to the value—the manifold uses—of Jap-a-lac in the home.

It's *profitable* advertising in which every Jap-a-lac dealer shares.

Jap-a-lac *makes good* as an advertising proposition because it makes good as a product. Because it sells over and over again.

Wise dealers are glad to sell Jap-a-lac, not only because it pays a fair profit but because of this big proposition of repeat sales—because it actually *sells.*

The poorest way in the world to try to make money is by substituting an inferior article for the genuine. *It won't work out.*

This advertising is bearing fruit every week. Housewives are demanding Jap-a-lac,

JAP-A-LAC

Sell The Genuine!

and the dealers who can and will supply them gain a splendid confidence; not only for now but for all time.

In the United States, Jap-a-lac prices are (Full U. S. Measure): ⅛-Pt. 20c; ¼-Pt. 30c; Pt. 50c; Qt. 90c; ½-Gal. $1.65; Gal. $3.00. In Canada (Full Imperial Measure): ⅛-Pt. 25c; ¼-Pt. 35c; Pt. 60c; Qt. $1.10; ½-Gal. $1.95; Gal. $3.50.

Write for our liberal dealers' proposition.

THE GLIDDEN VARNISH COMPANY

Factories—Cleveland, Ohio; Toronto, Can. Branches—New York; Chicago

RIDER AGENTS WANTED

in each town to ride and exhibit sample 1912 bicycle. *Write for special offer.*

Finest Guaranteed 1912 Models ***$10 to $27***

with Coaster Brakes and Puncture-Proof tires.

1910 and 1911 Models all of best makes ... ***$7 to $12***

100 Second-Hand Wheels

All makes and models, good as new ... ***$3 to $8***

Great FACTORY CLEARING SALE

We **SHIP ON APPROVAL** *without a cent deposit, pay the freight* and allow

10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL.

TIRES, coaster brake rear wheels, lamps, sundries, parts and repairs for all makes of bicycles *at half usual prices.* **DO NOT BUY** until you get our catalogue and offer. *Write now.*

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. M-55, CHICAGO

Colonial Red Cedar Chest

The Ideal Wedding, Birthday or Xmas Gift.

Don't send your garments to a cold storage. Save the expense and inconvenience. A **Red Cedar Chest** protects them against moths, dust and dampness. Moth-proof. Beautifully finished, with exposed panels of fragrant Red Cedar. Locks and hinges of highest grade brass. Strongly built. Will last a lifetime. Can be used as a chest, table or seat. Prepaid to your station, $7.50. Write for free booklet telling many other styles and sizes and giving prices.

PIEDMONT RED CEDAR CHEST CO., Dept. 28, Statesville, N. C.

to determine the question: What are they worth? The answer returned by chemical analysis was: "More than they were before the tea was extracted." In other words, in the process of cooking, the teagrounds are so changed in character that the percentage of digestible protein and fat is distinctly increased, instead of diminished, leaving the grounds with a higher food value, in the making of a balanced ration, than the original uncooked straw possessed. By strict computation this net available nutritive gain of the teagrounds over the raw straw is more than enough to cover the expense of cooking, leaving the value of the tea as clear "velvet" for the hogfeeder.

The teagrounds show an analysis of 11.82 per cent protein and 2.5 per cent fat.

In 1910 Doctor Sudduth raised over eight hundred and this year a thousand pigs on alfalfa tea as the main element of the feeding ration and fitted them for market with far less difficulty and expense than the average hog-farmer experiences with the standard food rations. Here is the way in which Doctor Sudduth explains his experiments in pork production from alfalfa tea:

"The alfalfa tea made under ordinary farm conditions and upon a broad commercial basis compares favorably with skim milk in its food value—not so much by reason of the casein or protein content embodied in the skim milk as the fact that it gives a fluid so easily digestible that, when you come to make your mixture of feed with the tea, you have a combination that is almost marvelously capable of quick assimilation—and that is just what the young pig requires, for his digestive apparatus is perhaps the most delicate of all animals'.

"The hog's digestive process comes nearer to that of man than does that of any other creature; it is easily upset, and to get satisfactory commercial results the delicate digestive machinery of the swine must be artfully, systematically and scientifically pandered to from infancy up. The whole agricultural world is practically agreed on the fact that skim milk and shorts are about the ideal food for pigs. It is also admitted—and cannot be disputed—that if any grains are cooked they are thereby put into a much more digestible form than when raw. Consequently, in working out my hog-ration, my aim has been to duplicate—and if possible to improve upon—the heretofore ideal combination of skim milk and shorts.'

A Cheap and Nourishing Feed

"Both chemical analysis and what the farmer would call hog-scales analysis prove that the alfalfa-tea ration is not only fifty per cent better than the shorts and skim-milk combination but that it costs less than half as much. More than this, it has another immense advantage. It can be produced in large and dependable quantities wherever alfalfa is raised. On the other hand, available skim milk is always limited to the dairy output, while the supply of shorts is always extremely limited; and the demand is so great that no farmer in Montana—or any other place that I know of—can go to any mill in this country today and place a contract for five cars of shorts. Why? Because the big mills use their shorts as a bait for the sale of their flour.

"Shorts are seldom sold at the mill for less than twenty dollars a ton, and it is not uncommon for them to go as high as twenty-six dollars.

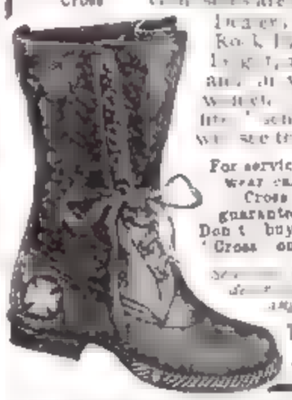
"The ordinary mill-run of ground alfalfa contains too much coarse, woody fiber to be used in compounding this ration. Therefore I take the mill-run and put it over a screen which takes out a certain proportion of the coarse fiber—all that would be injurious to the hogs; the result is a meal that contains seventeen per cent available protein and less than fifteen per cent of fiber and is in a form that compares physically with shorts in practically every particular, having about the same specific gravity and the same general characteristics. By adding a very small proportion of corn or barley meal to this alfalfa meal, and wetting the whole down liberally with alfalfa tea, an almost perfect hog-ration is secured. The proportion of cornmeal used is varied to suit conditions—but at most it is only a small proportion—about one to ten—and even this can be entirely supplanted and the same results obtained by using beet sugar molasses that cost eight dollars a ton. This molasses is 64.5 per cent carbohydrates

(Continued on Page 89)

Sportsmen say they are the best for them.

Beacon Falls Leather-Top RUBBER SHOES

Trade Mark Look for the Cross



For service and protection no footwear can beat these shoes. The Cross is on every pair. It guarantees wear and satisfaction. Don't buy rubbers without the Cross on the bottom.

The BEACON FALLS RUBBER SHOE CO., Beacon Falls, Ct.
New York Chicago Boston

It's So Simple

and so easy to adjust your tie with this new

OXFORD Necktie Holder

The Tie does not go round the neck

THE wearer ties his scarf upon the Holder and shapes the knot to suit his own taste. It is then always neat and natty and is put on and taken off in a jiffy. Simply attach the Holder to the collar button and the trick is done. No pulling and tugging.

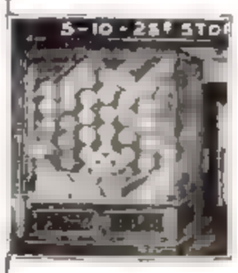
It saves the tie and the collar, your time and your temper

Try one. [illegible] of price, [illegible] or stamps.

The Oxford Novelty Mfg. Co.
Sole Manufacturers
P. O. Box 483, Detroit, Mich. Owen Sound, Canada

Agents wanted. Big money for live man. Write for prices.

An Opening for a Retail Store

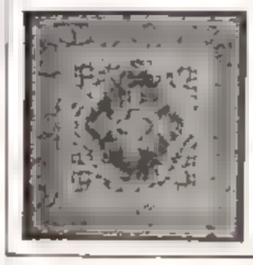


If you think of starting a store I can help you. My business is finding locations where new retail stores are needed. I know about towns, industries, rooms, rents, etc., in every part of the U. S. Certain [illegible] are many places where a new store can start with small capital and [illegible] a profit from the beginning. No charge for information. I send a free 200 page book telling how to run a retail store.

Edw. B. Moon, 8 W. Randolph St., Chicago.

Rugs, Carpets, Curtains, Blankets from the Mill We Pay Freight

Manufacturers' prices. We give guarantee of satisfaction and save you 33 1-3 %. We have 25,000 satisfied customers. The well known **Regal Rug**, 6 x 9 feet, reversible, all wool finish, $3.75. **Our Brussels** [illegible] the greatest value [illegible] $1.45 [illegible] grade **Brussels Rug** 9 x 12 ft. $11. Fine [illegible] **Invincible Velvets** [illegible] $16 [illegible] **Axminsters** [illegible] $18.80. [illegible] **Lace Curtains** 45 cts. per pair and up. **Tapestry Curtains, Wilton Rugs, Linoleums** [illegible]. Write today for our NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOG. Now sent free. Shows latest designs at lowest prices.

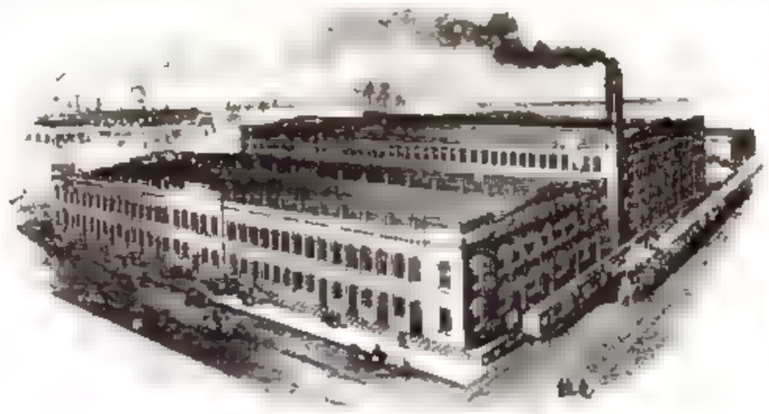


UNITED MILLS MFG. CO.
2450-2462 Jasper St., Phila.

WANT THIS SUIT? Show our samples to your friends, take [illegible] orders and we will give you this suit free. Simply [illegible] our new spring samples. [illegible] express prepaid, perfect satisfaction guaranteed. You can make Big Money. Write today for [illegible] outfit, etc. [illegible] derful chance. **BANNER TAILORING CO., Dept. 136, Chicago**

Your Opportunity

To Engage in a Highly Profitable, Exclusive, Retail Business—An Opportunity Never Offered Before



THE NEW PEERLESS FACTORY

The wonderful success of Peerless 5- and 10-cent Wall Paper Stores needs no introduction. The fact that they have made money wherever located proves their success—and you can continue this success right in your own town.

The 5- and 10-cent idea has extended the spring wall paper season to an all-the-year-round trade—it has cut prices to one-fourth—without sacrificing quality—and Peerless stores have made far more money than other wall paper dealers.

This is explained simply by the fact that wall paper manufacture costs but a trifle. Prices have been high because the profit of the manufacturer, the jobber and the dealer must be made in the short spring season.

The Peerless Idea

The Peerless idea has overcome this. By disregarding season—by buying direct from factory—by showing the house owner how to paper two rooms at the cost of one—

Peerless stores have not only multiplied the demand for wall paper but they expect to secure the greater part of the trade.

But the manufacturers finally refused to sell Peerless stores because the 5- and 10-cent idea conflicted with "regular" wall paper trade—so

A New Factory

was purchased, with an annual capacity of millions of rolls, for the purpose of manufacturing wall paper to be retailed by Peerless Agents for 5c and 10c a roll—the same paper for which other retailers get from 15c to 50c.

A Peerless Agency

We are going to appoint an exclusive Peerless Agent in your town. He will operate the store under our name and we will sell him wall paper—first-class wall paper—at prices that should show *120% on his investment at the end of the first year.*

He will be under our expert merchandising guidance and will receive every advantage of our broad retail experience.

He will be able to *sell* wall paper for *one-half* what it *costs* his competitors—because

He pays no jobber's profit—

He pays no salaries for jobber's or manufacturer's salesmen—

He buys direct from an enormous factory that employs no selling force—

He does an all-the-year-round business.

Your Opportunity

This is really an *exceptional* opportunity. If you want to engage in business, you positively cannot find a better one. You will simply continue—under our careful guidance—our wonderful success of the past—will assume positively no risk.

You need no special experience—because we give you the complete benefit of ours—and we are past masters in retailing 5- and 10-cent wall paper.

National Advertising

A national advertising campaign is just about to start. It will stimulate the business of Peerless stores as nothing else could. It will reveal the Peerless plan—why it is possible to sell first-class paper for one-fourth the regular prices.

Mail This Coupon

and we will send you a concrete proposition, going into detail; proving each statement; also, samples and descriptive booklet illustrating over 250 patterns in colors.

TEAR COUPON OFF HERE

Kindly send me, without obligation, catalogue of your 5-and 10-cent wall paper and your descriptive booklet.

Name _____

Address _____

TEAR COUPON OFF HERE

Kindly send me, without obligaling me, complete information of your Peerless Agency Plan.

Name _____

Address _____

We will sell to consumer direct until we appoint a Peerless agent in your town. Fill out coupon on left for Illustrated Catalogue of 250 patterns in colors. You can order from this booklet to decorate your own home.

PEERLESS WALL PAPER MFG. CO., HOBOKEN, N. J.

No More Dull Blades For Me!! I Use a
ZIG ZAG AUTOMATIC STROPPER
How to Enjoy Luxuriously Easy Velvety Shaves
One Model Sharpens any Standard Make of Safety Razor Blade
The Holiday ZigZag —
$2.00
"The Curve Cut Strop Gives the Barber's Stroke"
"YOU don't use your safety razor any more? Get it out again; all you need is a ZigZag to keep the blades right, and you can get just as smooth, easy shaves with it as any barber can give you.
"The very best safety razor is no better than the blades it uses. And the best blades will lose their edge. The maker may say different, but you know better.
"But with a ZigZag in your shaving kit, you can put a jim-dandy edge on any safety razor blade that's made, and get a shave that's simply a luxury; no barber could beat it.
"A dollar, that's all — and that includes the fine horsehide strop. Just look at it, you'd pay a dollar for the strop alone in any store."
$1.00 Complete with fine Horsehide Strop
GIBFORD SPECIALTY COMPANY
274 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Michigan
The Holiday ZigZag
$2.00

Declaration to Manufacturers

Who want to be located nearer to an abundant supply of raw material

—where they will command a dominant position with reference to the possibilities opening up with the completion of the Panama Canal.

—where they are provided with ready-made, close-at-hand markets, including rich surrounding territory, as well as the Great South and Southeast, admittedly the most prosperous sections in the country.

—where **lowest freight rates** are secured, skilled **labor** is **abundant,** strikes unknown, **cost of living is low, educational facilities are unsurpassed,** climate temperate and healthful.

—where, among a cultivated people, known internationally for their warm-hearted hospitality, an ideal home life may be found.

Such manufacturers are invited to give their serious attention to the unrivalled claims presented for their consideration by the Industrial Bureau of

NASHVILLE

which has been organized by the live Nashville Board of Trade for the purpose of furnishing reliable information to manufacturers who are seeking to improve present conditions.

The Industrial Bureau will show:

—that enormous coal deposits are near by Nashville, insuring always cheapest fuel.

—that Nashville is the largest grain market and milling centre in the South.

that Nashville is one of the most important cities in the world in the extent of its hardwood timber resources.

that Nashville presents superior advantages to manufacturers of cotton goods and woolen goods.

that an inexhaustible supply of high grade iron ores and phosphate rock, marble, limestone, fluor spar, sand, gravel and clays—all may be found at the very door of Nashville

that markets for farm and dairy products find exceptional opportunities in Nashville

To manufacturers in any of the above lines The Industrial Bureau is prepared to prove that Nashville offers advantages not possessed by any other city, and in so doing nothing will be presented but FACTS

No matter where you now may be located, no matter whether your present output may be large or small, you in all probability will find it to your profit to investigate the advantages offered by Nashville Write for FREE "BOOK OF FACTS." Address

THE INDUSTRIAL BUREAU, 201 Stahlman Building, NASHVILLE, TENN.

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To be **ÆTNA-IZED** is to be protected against all accident by a policy in the **ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE CO.** This famous and strong company writes life, accident, health and liability insurance in all forms, but it calls special attention to what it considers the most attractive insurance proposition on the market

The ÆTNA Ten Dollar Combination

In the extent and variety of protection this policy gives, it is without a rival. For $10 a year this policy pays

$2,250.00 for death from travel or burning building accident
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It also pays liberally for loss of limb or sight, and provides weekly indemnity for accidental injury that results in total or partial disability

The payments for accidental loss of life, limb or sight increase each year without additional cost

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Send me information about your $10 COMBINATION POLICY

Name

Address

Hotel Sherman

City Hall Square

Chicago

Although open but a few months, the Hotel Sherman has already the reputation of being Chicago's most desirable stopping place.

Every one of its 757 Rooms has its Private Bath and Running Ice Water

The Hotel Sherman offers the traveler every convenience, comfort and luxury. Rooms including bath, from $2.00 to $4.00; suites of 2 rooms and bath, from $4.00 to $8.00; larger suites of parlor, two bed rooms and two baths, from $12.00 to $15.00.

There is no hotel in Chicago that gives you as much for your money as the Hotel Sherman. Elbert Hubbard says in the July Fra:

"Check your baggage to the Hotel Sherman and two surprises will be in store for you. One surprise will come when you behold the excellence, completeness and quiet magnificence of the place. Your second surprise will come when you see the very moderate amount of your bill."

Elbert Hubbard has also written "A Little Journey to Hotel Sherman," which we will be glad to send, free, upon request.

The College Inn—America's Famous Restaurant—is in the Hotel Sherman

Joseph Belfeld, President
Frank W. Bering, Manager

Owned and Operated by Hotel Sherman Co.

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The New Colonial Art Cloth

Write For It Today

We will send you free and postpaid this very beautiful Stamped and Tinted 22x22-inch Colonial Art Cloth Centerpiece—your choice of five new designs—

American Beauty Roses, Poppies, Carnations, Violets or Dasies

with a 2-cent stamp, showing exact size, how to embroider, etc., you will send us 30 cents to pay [illegible] 2 yards Lace and Four Skeins Richardson's Grand Prize Embroidery Silk to trim and embroider the beautiful and popular Old English Edge [illegible] is worth more than we ask for entire outfit.

This is the Biggest Offer

We ever made. We [illegible] every woman that Richardson's [illegible] Your money back if [illegible] Free [illegible] Art Book [illegible] Write today [illegible] 30 cents [illegible] design wanted.

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After Shaving

Use MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM Toilet Powder

and insist upon your barber using it also. It is antiseptic and will assist in preventing many of the skin diseases often contracted. Sold everywhere or mailed for 25c.

Sample box for 4c stamp

Trade Mark

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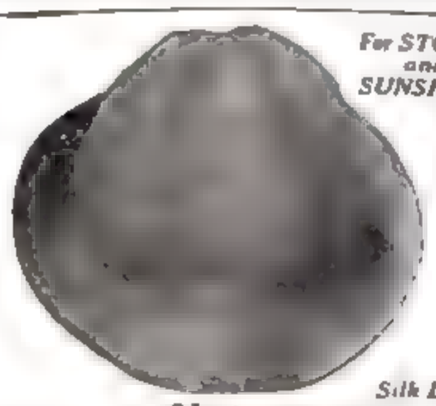

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Silk Lined WATERPROOF

Cravenette Hat.

An ideal Hat for every purpose imaginable in stormy weather. WATERPROOF — [illegible] — WARM — DRESSY. Made of [illegible] best grade cravenette (waterproof), becomingly [illegible] crown and brim. Quality [illegible] weight two ounces. Colors, navy blue, gray and tan. Price $2.00—worth more. State size and color. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

GILBERT & CO., Decatur, Ill.

You will never know real chair comfort until you try the famous

Stumber CHAIR

It supports the body like a hammock. Send for free catalog.

The O. F. STREIT MFG. CO.
1089 Kenner Street, Cincinnati, O.

(Continued from Page 56)

and the cornmeal is 74 per cent. Of course the molasses is deficient in fat, but we make that up by adding a little flaxmeal.

"The alfalfa tea takes the place of skim milk, and is slightly laxative in its effect. It puts the sows in good condition to farrow and supplies them with an abundance of milk. All the sows on the Broadview Ranch are now fed on this mash of alfalfa tea and alfalfa meal for ten days previous to farrowing. This diet is continued for two months after farrowing. The little pigs will begin to eat it at ten days of age; and after they get a good taste of it they will get right into the trough and fight for it with the sow. This mash is fed twice a day, and when the time comes to bring out this ration every sow and pig in the whole outfit is standing with its front feet up on the fence and squealing as if half starved. If hay or any other feed is given them they pay little attention to it. At the end of two months I take the sows off and leave the pigs, carrying on the diet—which is kept down as low as possible in its protein content—until the end of six months, at which time I increase the carbohydrates and give them almost a carbohydrate diet for two months longer, until we finish our hogs. Under this feeding, pigs sixty days old should weigh sixty pounds; and they will do it easily when all the conditions are right.

"In fair weather, without any artificial regulation of conditions, pigs fed on this plan should weigh sixty pounds in sixty days, one hundred and fifty pounds in six months and two hundred to two hundred and twenty-five pounds at the end of eight months. The cost of producing pork on the Broadview Farm, under the feeding system I have described, is ordinarily two and a half cents a pound. Sometimes it is a small fraction of a cent more than this. It is safe to say that this system, conscientiously followed by any farmer in this section of Montana, will produce pork at a cost of three cents a pound."

Shoats Killed by Coarse Fiber

"Before dismissing the subject of feeding alfalfa to hogs, it should be said that many hogs are lost every year by feeders in alfalfa sections because they do not understand the digestive machinery and processes of the hog. Let me illustrate this. When I was attending the dry-farming congress I repeatedly received word from my superintendent that my shoats were dying off at an alarming rate. The messages said that the pigs were 'tucked in the flank,' that they dragged around a few days and then died. As they were running on alfalfa pasture, I surmised that they had managed to get hold of some digitalis along the river-bottom and had been poisoned by it. I wired back to shut the shoats up in a pen. The day I returned home, three big husky shoats had just died and others were languishing. I told the boys, who thought the cholera had struck the drove, that we would hold an autopsy and perhaps learn something.

"In every one of those shoats that had died we found a hard impaction of coarse alfalfa fiber at the upper end of the large intestine. Then I made a mash, fortified with one drop of croton oil for each of the shoats and three drops for each of the sows. After that we didn't lose any more hogs, but we knew better than to give our swine a chance to impact themselves again with coarse alfalfa fiber."

According to the observations of this specialist, alfalfa is the most abused animal-food in the world in the matter of the wastefulness with which it is generally fed; and he insists that this abuse is so common, even among careful feeders, that it may be called universal without danger of slandering more than a few persons. He insists, also, that this waste in most cases begins with harvesting, where, under the common practice, alfalfa is cut so late in its development that a large proportion of the leaves drop off in the process of harvesting and that, under these conditions, the straw and the remainder of leaves adhering to it have not an actual food value to exceed two dollars and fifty cents a ton. Of course the more careful farmer does not lose so high a percentage of the foliage, because he does his cutting before the alfalfa has reached so advanced a stage of overmaturity; but in most cases he makes a considerable sacrifice because of delayed cutting.

Next comes the waste in feeding. This is greatest under the practice of scattering forkfuls of it over the feeding pen. Doctor Sudduth estimates that this wastes fully fifty

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$20 SUIT or OVERCOAT to your measure $13.50

Have Your Clothes Made to Order in New York by the Bell Tailors

The Bell Tailors are known all over the country. The thousands of satisfied customers on their books, and thousands of unsolicited letters of praise every season testify to the popularity of Bell tailoring.

We'll make you a suit or overcoat cut in the latest New York style, tailored by skilful New York tailors, and from the most seasonable up-to-date fabrics, for at least one-third less than you could buy it from any other tailoring concern. In other words—

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This catalog is our only salesman. By selling you direct from catalog we save you all commissions. Buying direct from the big mills, we get you the benefit of rock-bottom prices on everything. Our catalog contains sixty-four choice fabrics from which to make your selection. It also shows you how to take your measurements with perfect accuracy. All you have to do is to select your fabric and the style you prefer, send us your measurements on form provided, and we do the rest.

If the garment does not fit perfectly or is unsatisfactory in any way, we will refund your money or make you a new garment.

This guarantee accompanies every suit and is positive proof of our good faith.

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and investigate our offer [illegible] detail. The catalog costs you nothing, and opens an opportunity for you to clothe yourself in Metropolitan style at a tremendous saving to your self. A postal or this coupon will fetch it.

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Please send me your catalog and samples free.
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Today a [illegible] of this highest character [illegible] bearing your two-letter monogram, [illegible] to cover [illegible] This [illegible] die is made especially to your order [illegible] or your choice. Shown [illegible] plainly when ordering. Samples sent upon request. Address:

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I will send (as long as they last—only) my 25c Book

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Illustrated with 20 full-page half-tone cuts, showing exercises that will quickly develop beautifully, and gain great strength in your shoulders, arms, and hands without any apparatus.

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LET me send you FREE booklet containing [illegible] stories "How Boy's Letters Pulled $400,000 in One Year" and "How [illegible] Learned to Manage [illegible] Year Business" and [illegible] Learn Salesmanship, Letter Writing, Office Salesmanship, Advertising, Business Management and Other Subjects [illegible] Write today.

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Almost no limit to the profits showing in churches, school houses, lodge halls, theatres, etc., or operating FIVE CENT THEATRES. We show you how to conduct the business [illegible] complete outfits. We [illegible] and sell [illegible] Write today [illegible] and [illegible]

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Costs nothing to run. Operated by water pressure, the Niagara Hydraulic Ram will supply your [illegible] water wherever you want it. Ask for free [illegible]

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A Handier Tool Than The Hammer

You keep a hammer in the house for a limited number of uses. Here is a tool with unlimited uses that you should keep alongside the hammer. Use it for a few times and you will wonder how you ever got along without it. To fix or tighten the gas jet, gas pipe, water faucet; to drive, pull or cut a nail or tack; to cut wire, thread, twine; to do a thousand and one things, use

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Ask us the reason you should not accept any substitute.

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The only Plier that Fits the hand. Household style No. 700. Wire cutter and plier combined. Has screwdriver at end of handle. One of many different styles and sizes.

Costs 85c at dealers, 15c. extra for postage from us. Send for free descriptive catalog, "Plier Palmistry."

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Special personally conducted colonist trains will leave Chicago October 12th, 13th, 14th and 15th.

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Full information and printed matter is yours for the asking.

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Never buy Congress shoes unless you know that the elastic fabric on each side is HUB GORE.

Genuine HUB GORE has a little heart trade mark stamped on the reverse side of the fabric and is guaranteed for two years from the date it is supplied the manufacturer.

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This FREE Book Tells You How

—you may receive the benefits of out-of-doors sleeping at all seasons—the face only coming in contact with the crisp, out door air—the body enjoying all the comforts of a warm room, by using a

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Provided with awning and screen to protect sleeper from drafts, snow, cold or rain. Instantly attached to any window without nails or screws to mar woodwork. Every sleeping room should be equipped with one. If not at your dealers, write for free booklet—

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And save 20 to 40 per cent

Our unusual facilities and plan of dealing direct enable us to sell gas and electric lighting fixtures of every kind at prices far below your local dealers'. In big artistic value and practical efficiency it will be hard to duplicate our goods at any price—save in a few of the largest cities. Photographic illustrations. Clear descriptions. Easy to select.

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Delicious, Invigorating

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

The Food-Drink for all ages.
Better than Tea or Coffee.

Rich milk and malted-grain extract, in powder. A quick lunch. Keep it on your sideboard at home

Avoid Imitations—Ask for "HORLICK'S"—Everywhere

per cent of the tonnage handled. Second to this in wastefulness is the method of stack-feeding so commonly practiced in the West, where the stock is allowed to run to the stack, pull out the alfalfa and trample it underfoot. He estimates that this method never loses the farmer less than twenty-five per cent of his tonnage and in most cases the loss is nearer fifty per cent. This means, according to his figures, that openfield feeding gives the farmer about a dollar a ton in actual food value for the most nourishing forage crop on earth.

"That is not putting it too strong," he declares; "and that is the way most alfalfa is fed today. Even the more careful farmers who feed in racks suffer at least a loss of twenty-five per cent of the tonnage. There is an old saying that you can force a horse to eat shavings—but the horse will die! In rack-feeding you can force your stock to eat a considerable portion of the straw instead of pulling it out and scattering it on the ground—but the forcing will result in a skinny bunch of stock. When chemical analyses demonstrated to me the amount of nutriment—the high percentage of digestible protein—in the stalks and stems of alfalfa, I realized as I had not before the awful and criminal waste of this wonderful stock food going on all over the West. That, of course, directed my investigation toward getting the straw and stems of alfalfa into a balanced ration that stock would eat as eagerly as they do the alfalfa foliage, and that would render the waste of a pound to the ton unnecessary and inexcusable.

"Inevitably this led on to the grinding of the alfalfa into a fine meal—not the so-called alfalfa meal of commerce, that might more properly be called 'alfalfa chop.' Thus far I have attempted to do very little thorough scientific investigation along the line of cattle-feeding, my work having been mainly confined to working out a balanced ration for swine; but it does not need a laboratory test to establish the fact that alfalfa-feeding is just as important an element in the production of milk and of beef as it is in the production of pork."

Beets as a Sideline

The growing and use of sugar beets is an important sideline in the production of pork on the Broadview Ranch. After they are well started they are crossharrowed with lever harrows as a quick and effective means of doing the necessary thinning. They are cultivated with a two-row cultivator.

The beets that are not harvested by the hogs themselves are put into what may be called a furrow-silo. This is one of the most curious processes on the Broadview Ranch. The harvesting is done with a beet-puller. After eight rows are pulled the beets from the two center rows are placed with the roots together and the tops out, with the other beets thrown upon them in the same manner, making a pile about three feet high and some thirty or forty feet long. A plow is then brought into action close along each side of the pile. The dirt thrown up by the plow is then shoveled upon the beets, making a covering of about four inches of soil.

In the dry-farming lands of Montana there is so little moisture in the soil in winter that beets keep in perfect condition when siloed in this manner. In the winter they are uncovered and loaded into manure-spreaders which scatter them upon the feeding fields. In the opinion of Doctor Sudduth the beets are remarkable regulators of the hog's system.

Doctor Sudduth insists that the bad reputation that alfalfa has gained as a horse food is the result of unintelligent feeding. It is true, he says, a horse that is allowed to eat all the alfalfa he wishes is generally put into poor condition; but when the laxative effect of the alfalfa is corrected by the introduction of molasses an almost ideal horse food is the result.

He has also made elaborate experiments with alfalfa biscuits for dogs and alfalfa bread as a poultry food. The poultry bread should be made as a carefully balanced ration, with the carbohydrates and protein combined to meet the needs of the young chick, of the older chicken and of the grown-up fowl. He has also experimented successfully with alfalfa breads for laying hens and for the quick fattening of market chickens. These breads can be manufactured and sold at one-half the price of ordinary wheat breads for human consumption.

MENZ "EASE"—a neat, glove-fitting, comfortable shoe, solid and substantially built for hard every-day service in all sorts of weather. There's no other every-day shoe just like them, no other that will give more comfort and greater satisfaction, in fact their reputation proves they will save you money on your every-day shoe bills.

7-inch "Collegian," a medium weight, neat appearing Storm Boot $5.

Name always on yellow label

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Glove leather isn't any softer, nor raw hide any tougher and stronger than Menz Ease Elk, the upper leather we use exclusively. If we cannot refer you to a dealer we will fill your order direct from the factory, prepay delivery charges, and guarantee satisfaction or money refunded.

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Guaranteed *for* One Year

25c a pair.

A QUARTER is *enough* to pay for suspenders. It is the *common-sense* price shorn of "extras" and inflated profits. "UTICA ATHLETIC SUSPENDERS" are *guaranteed for a year*—the strongest assurance of longest wear.

One pair will make you a life-time customer. Send by mail on receipt of a quarter, if your dealer won't [illegible].

Utica Suspender Co., 341 Columbia Street, Utica, N. Y.

FINEST VIOLINS on 30 DAYS' TRIAL

We sell direct from our Chicago and European shops. Your choice from the finest collection of stringed instruments in America. Everything the musician needs. Violins from $5 to $100. Time Payments arranged if desired. 30 DAYS' TRIAL before purchase. Write Today for our Violin Catalog. Sent to you FREE.

WM. F. LEWIS & SON, Makers and Importers
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Our [illegible] imported and our matchless tools for violin makers.

A Tilt of the Tin and Your Pipe is Filled

THOUSANDS upon thousands of smokers buy Lucky Strike Sliced Plug and are glad to roll it for their pipes—because they enjoy its cool, rich, delightful smoke.
Now those who prefer it can buy

LUCKY STRIKE TOBACCO

All Dealers—10c

— Roll Cut — because we've done the rolling by perfected machinery. It's all ready to put into your pipe — light up — and enjoy.

In every other respect the same good old Lucky Strike. The kind that pipe smokers have known — and respected — for over fifty years.

No tobacco *could* stand that long without real merit. Lucky Strike has *made good* so thoroughly that it has been widely copied. But no imitation has ever touched the genuine in true *smoking* quality.

Settle back with a tin of Lucky Strike for a real old fashioned smoke.

Just note how cool, how mild, how satisfying is every mouthful.

There is none of the bite, bitterness or tang you find in tobaccos that have not been properly prepared. It smokes evenly, too, down to the very last draw. Doesn't clog or choke or splutter.

Burley tobaccos are good — if they're *good Burleys*. We have the very pick. Then we keep it for years to get the proper age and mellowness. After that, Lucky Strike is treated by the secret Patterson Process — originated by Dr. R. A. Patterson—the founder of this business.

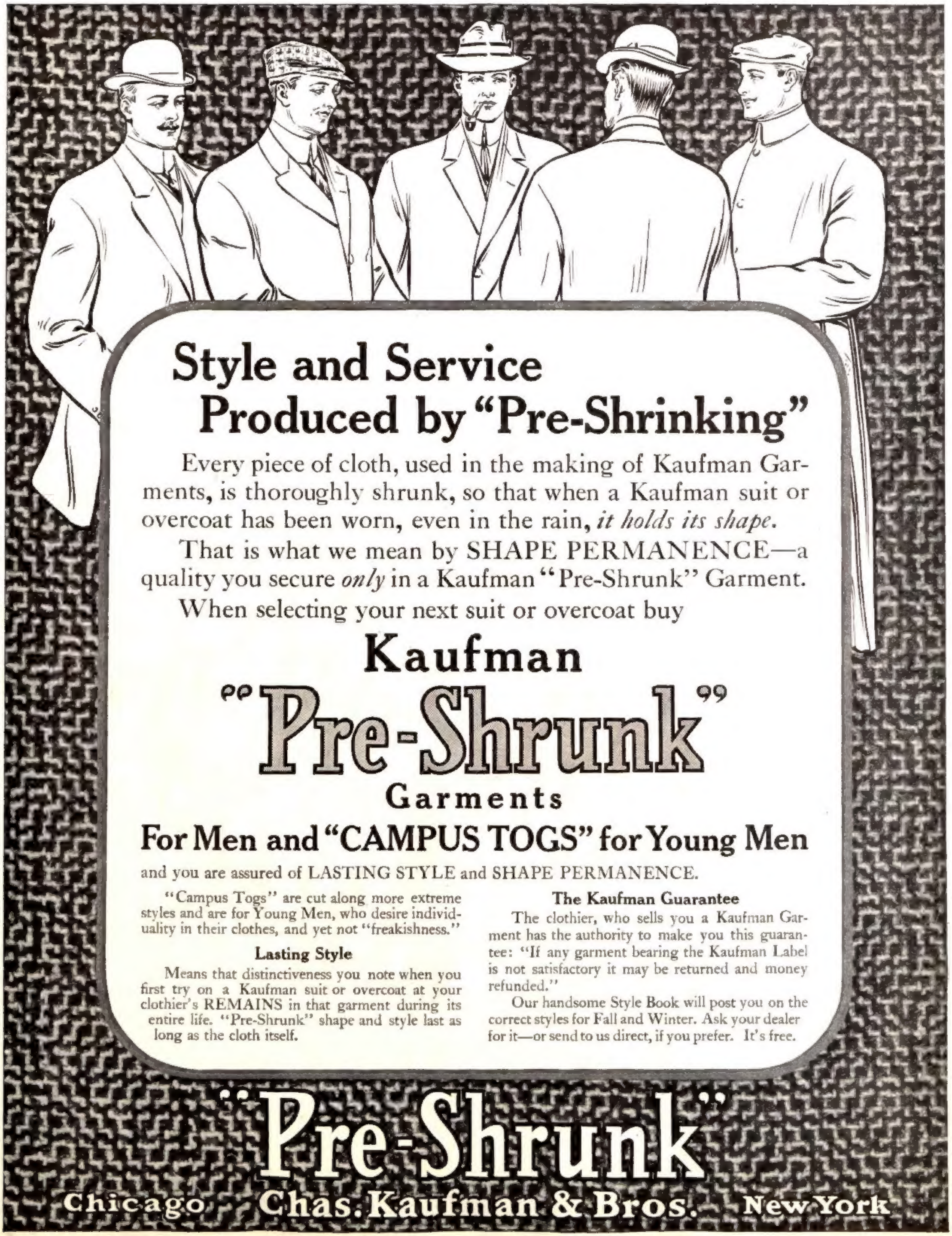
You need go no farther than to the nearest tobacco store. Lucky Strike Roll Cut is on general sale — 10c pocket-boxes.

To The Tobacco Trade

We are making every endeavor to fill all orders promptly, but the great growth of Tuxedo (the original granulated Burley) is taxing our Tuxedo departments to the utmost. We have never dared to advertise Tuxedo, because its sales have grown so rapidly on sheer merit that we have always had difficulty in meeting the demand. So much of Tuxedo is sold that we must have orders in advance.

R. A. Patterson Tobacco Co.
Richmond, Va.

Whenever You See a Pipe You'll Think of LUCKY STRIKE



Style and Service Produced by "Pre-Shrinking"

Every piece of cloth, used in the making of Kaufman Garments, is thoroughly shrunk, so that when a Kaufman suit or overcoat has been worn, even in the rain, *it holds its shape*.

That is what we mean by SHAPE PERMANENCE—a quality you secure *only* in a Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Garment.

When selecting your next suit or overcoat buy

Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Garments

For Men and "CAMPUS TOGS" for Young Men

and you are assured of LASTING STYLE and SHAPE PERMANENCE.

"Campus Togs" are cut along more extreme styles and are for Young Men, who desire individuality in their clothes, and yet not "freakishness."

Lasting Style

Means that distinctiveness you note when you first try on a Kaufman suit or overcoat at your clothier's REMAINS in that garment during its entire life. "Pre-Shrunk" shape and style last as long as the cloth itself.

The Kaufman Guarantee

The clothier, who sells you a Kaufman Garment has the authority to make you this guarantee: "If any garment bearing the Kaufman Label is not satisfactory it may be returned and money refunded."

Our handsome Style Book will post you on the correct styles for Fall and Winter. Ask your dealer for it—or send to us direct, if you prefer. It's free.

"Pre-Shrunk"

Chicago Chas. Kaufman & Bros. New York

"I never touched a stick of gum before. I've not enjoyed my meals so much for years. One stick of SPEARMINT gave me a long lost appetite!"

Fine for old folks. It aids appetite and digestion.

Fine for young folks. It aids digestion, cleanses teeth and purifies breath.

The refreshing juice of crushed mint leaves makes it beneficial to all ages.

Look for the Spear!

The Flavor Lasts!

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SPELLS KITCHEN SERENITY

Because

It bakes a large, creamy, white loaf of surpassing nourishment

It gives the best possible results at the hands of every housewife

Many women who fail when baking with ordinary flour, succeed beautifully with GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

What GOLD MEDAL FLOUR does for your baking today it will do tomorrow—and for every tomorrow to come

It is absolutely dependable

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